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SION'S SONGS,

OR

H Y M N S.



[Price 2s. 6d. bound.]

SION'S SONGS

OR

H Y M N S

SION'S SONGS

Part II. of the
the Lord's Church

BY J. M. D.

[The end of the world]

SION'S SONGS,

OR

H Y M N S:

COMPOSED

For the Use of them that love and follow
the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.

By JOHN BERRIDGE, M. A.

VICAR of EVERTON, near Pottou, in Bedfordshire;
late FELLOW of CLARE-HALL, in Cambridge;
and CHAPLAIN to the EARL of BUCHAN.

L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

MANY volumes of Hymns have been lately published, some of them a new composition, others a mere collection; and it may seem needless to add one more to the number, especially after having published a collection myself. But ill health, some years past, having kept me from travelling or preaching, I took up the trade of Hymn-making, a handicraft much followed of late, but a business I was not born or bred to, and undertaken chiefly to keep a long sickness from preying on my spirit, and to make tedious nights pass over more smoothly. Some tinkling employment was wanted, which might amuse and not fatigue me.

Beside, I was not wholly satisfied with the collection I had published. The bells, indeed, had been chiefly cast in a celebrated Foundry, and in ringing were tunable enough, none more so, but a clear gospel tone was not found in them all. Human wisdom and strength, perfection and merit, give Sion's bells a Levitical twang, and
drown

drown the mellow tone of the gospel outright.

The book of Psalms seems intended as a model for Hymns; and after this model I have copied, as nearly as I could. There we find instruction, exhortation, caution, and christian experience, blended with prayer and praise. The thoughts are easy and free, flowing from the heart; and the language simple and plain, yet neat and elegant. And nothing sure can be more unsuitable, than humble prayer uttered in pompous expressions.

In composing the Hymns, an easy flow of words has been sought, with a care to make the sense end, or nearly end, at proper pauses. Some text of scripture also has been taken as a subject for each Hymn, with a view to keep my thoughts from rambling, and to explain scripture with a reference to Christ. He is the *end of the law*, which was a *shadow of things to come*; and *Christ is that body*, to which the shadow belongs. Accordingly he is shadowed forth by patriarchs, prophets, and kings of Israel, and by a vast variety of types and similitudes; and must be sought in the book of Proverbs, as well as in Leviticus, the clearest book of Jewish gospel.

My

P R E F A C E.

My heart, I think, is open to embrace every one of every sect, who truly loves and follows Jesus Christ. The whole household of faith are my brethren, and some care has been taken not to give any of them a needless offence. In matters, which are not fundamental, let every one see with his own eyes, and judge for himself, as God enables him. The Hymns are upon a catholic plan, not intended to depreciate any set of christians, but to sink the creature to his real standard of worthlessness and helplessness, and to exalt the Saviour in the hearts of his people, that they may trust in him, love and obey him. Man's emptiness, and Christ's fulness, are my general topics, but diversified in a variety of cases; and these topics are not suited to the relish of depraved nature, which loveth gilding and varnish to hide a base metal.

The more we feel our own misery, the more we learn to value Jesus; and the more we know of him, the more we shall trust in him; and the more we can trust him, the more we shall love and obey him. *To know Jesus*, was the top of Paul's ambition, and is the joy and crown of each believer; it is the pinnacle of human glory; and according to the Lord's own account, it is *eternal life*.

Where

Where human pageantry appears in any shape, Jesus Christ is veiled by it; and much of this is found among us. Human wealth, human grandeur, human literature, all naturally producing human loftiness, have almost buried Jesus in Great Britain. The power of godliness is gone, and the form is scampering after it. The Head of the Christian body is dishonoured and rejected; and the members can have no life, apart from the Head. These Hymns are likely to please no one, who is pleased with himself. They are designed to set a man at variance with himself, and to shew that his worst foes are lodged in his own breast. Nor yet will they satisfy a Laodicean professor, who is neither cold nor hot, and seemeth to be rich, but is poor, having an head full of knowledge, and a heart full of mammon, talking bravely of the doctrines of faith, but a stranger to holiness and the life of faith. My kindly readers must be such, as feel they have no spiritual supplies in themselves, nor ability to lay up stores for a future supply, and therefore live as daily pensioners on the Saviour's bounty; having vital union with him by faith, producing conformity to him; and centering all their hope *in* him, while receiving all supplies from him.

Do

P R E F A C E

vii

Do you wish to sing as angels sing? Ask of God an heavenly mind. An harp must be tuned, before it makes good music. And when the heart is put in tune, well warmed with the love of God, singing proves delightful service, and a heavenly feast. But genuine praise cannot be offered unto God, while saucy merit roosts in man. Who thanks another for only paying us what is our due? And if eternal life is not the gift of God, but wages due for service, no need to thank him for his heaven. Since merit has prevailed much among us, Psalm-singing is become a vulgar business in our churches. This tax of praise is collected chiefly from an organ, or a solitary clerk, or some bawling voices in a singing loft. The congregation may listen if they please, or talk in whispers, or take a gentle nap. By feeling ourselves monuments of mercy, spared, fed, and redeemed by it, we learn to love and praise the Author of such mercy.

Twelve years ago these Hymns were composed in a six months illness, and have since laid neglected by me; often threatened with the fire, but have escaped that martyrdom. Fatherly mercy prevented that literary death; for authors can seldom prove cruel to their own offspring, how-

ever deformed. But they come into the world naked, neither clothed with recommendation or correction of any friend. Such as they are, I offer them to the Reader, and suppose he may find in them the common lot of human productions, some things to blame, and some to commend.

A few of the following Hymns occasionally rambled into Magazines, under the signature of *Old Everton*, and are now finding their way home again.

Before the Preface shuts up, I must turn to Jesus my Master; and, christian Reader, if thou canst pray, join with me in asking his blessing.

My Saviour and my God, accept this mite of love, which is cast into thy treasury. Give it a blessing, and it shall be blessed. What is water in the Hymns, turn into wine, by giving them a charge to enliven the hearts of the children, and to stir up the wills of aliens to seek thy salvation. Only attend them with an unction of thy Spirit, and whatever be the Hymns, thy glory shall be promoted by them. Amen.

E R R A T A.

Page 24, line 6, read, Guard his breast from harm.

Page 59, line 3, read, Speaks it's worth.

Page 384, line 8, read, Are living in pain.

S I O N'S
SONGS OR HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

“Behold, I was shapen in iniquity!”
Psal. li. 5.

HOW shall I come to thee,
O God, who holy art,
And cannot evil see
But with a loathing heart!
I am defil'd throughout by sin,
And by my very birth unclean.

2.

Soon as my heart could beat,
It drank in various woe;
Pride, lust, and self-deceit,
Thro' all it's channels flow;
A captive born, a child of earth,
It knows and craves no higher birth.

B

3.

From this polluted spring
 All filthy waters rise;
 From this diseased thing
 I date my maladies:
 My heart, a most degenerate root,
 Produceth only canker'd fruit.

4.

And what can wash me clean
 But Jesu's precious blood?
 This only purgeth sin,
 And bringeth nigh to God;
 Lord, wash my sores, and heal them too,
 And all my leprosy subdue.

5.

Thy heavenly image draw
 Upon my earthly heart,
 And well engrave thy law
 Upon the inward part;
 My fallen nature upward raise,
 And teach me how to love and praise.

H Y M N 2.

"I beheld transgressors, and was grieved,"
 Psal. cxix. 158.

1.

JESUS, I long for thee,
 And sigh for Canaan's shore,
 Thy lovely face to see,
 And all my warfare o'er;

SION'S SONGS.

3

Here billows break upon my breast,
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

2.

I mourn to see thy blood
So foully trampled on;
And finners, daring God,
To swift destruction run;
With heedless heart and simp'ring face,
They dance the hell-ward road apace.

3.

Professors, too, in name,
Of Jesus make their boast,
Who put the Lord to shame,
And yet to shame are lost;
Well-skill'd of faith and grace to prate,
And, Judas like, can kiss and hate.

4.

But when thy simple sheep
For forms and shadows fight,
I sit me down, and weep
To see their shallow wit,
Who leave their bread to gnaw the stones,
And fondly break their teeth with bones.

5.

Yet chiefly, Lord, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art;
What poor returns I make to thee
For all the mercy shewn to me!

B 2

SION'S SONGS.

6.

And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord, be near my heart,
To sooth each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

H Y M N 3.

"Thou art my hiding-place," Psal. xxxii. 7.

1.

WHERE must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemn'd to die
Out of the mouth of God?
Can any door of hope be found?
Not any, sure, on nature's ground.

2.

What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife?
These pay no past arrears.
The law, with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death. [Rom. vi. 23.]

3.

Who then shall reconcile
Such jarring things as these?
Say, how can justice smile
At mercy on her knees?

SION'S SONGS.

5

Or how can mercy lift her head,
If all the legal debt is paid?

4.

Jesus, thy helping hand
Has made the contest cease,
Paid off each law-demand,
And bought the blest release;
Stern justice satisfy'd by thee,
Bids mercy bring the news to me.

5.

O tidings sweet of grace
To sinners lost and poor,
Who humbly seek thy face,
And knock at mercy's door;
Who taste the peace thy blood imparts,
And feel the Saviour in their hearts!

6.

All hail! we bless thee now,
Who bought us with thy blood;
Our gracious Shepherd, thou,
To bring us home to God!
On earth we sing thy bleeding love,
And long to see thy face above.



B 3

HYMN 4.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily
of the valleys," Cant. ii. 1.

1.

JESUS, thou art the Rose
That blushest on the thorn;
Thy blood the semblance shews,
When on Mount Calv'ry torn;
A rugged tree thou hadst indeed!
But roses from a thorn proceed.

2.

This Rose has fragrance sweet,
And cheers a conscience well;
Yet pluck it, as it's meet,
Or nothing wilt thou smell;
It's application does impart
The consolation to thy heart.

3.

So lilies low and fair,
Which in the valley grow,
With Jesus may compare,
Since it has pleas'd him so;
Like these an humble form he wears,
And on his robe no spot appears.

4.

A robe so clean and white
No Fuller's art can shew;
Surpassing even light,
And purer far than snow;

Not David's son, on high-days drest,
Could ever match this lily-vest.

5.

Coupled in song we see
The rose and lily are,
And fancy out to me
My surety's office clear;
One shews his blood to wash me whole,
And one his robe to clothe my soul.

6.

Lord, bring the sweet'ning rose
To make my conscience clean;
And give me lily-clothes
To hide my rags within,
So shall thy blood and righteousness
Bring gospel peace and heavenly dress.

7.

Completely thus array'd,
And sweetly cheared on,
No danger shall I dread,
No duty shall I shun:
The rose and lily when combin'd,
Afford a peaceful, loving mind.



HYMN 5.

"I sat down under his shadow with great
delight, and his fruit was sweet to my
taste," Cant. ii. 3.

1.

COME hither, weary soul,
And drop thy burden here;
If thou wouldst be made whole,
A blessed tree is near;
Upon the highway-side it grows,
And sweetly healeth human woes!

2.

It only suits the soil,
Where broken hearts abound;
Yet visits every isle
Where gospel-truth is found:
'Tis planted for the health of man,
And by an heavenly husbandman.

3.

Upon the road it stands
To catch a pilgrim's eye;
And spreads its leafy hands
To beckon strangers nigh;
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,
And charms the humble traveller's sight.

4.

Its friendly arms afford
A screen from heat and blast;
Its branches well are stor'd
With fruits of choicest taste;

SION's SONGS.

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And in the leaf kind juices dwell,
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.

5.

[Rev. xii. 2.]

But stand not gazing on
The branches of the tree,
Go under and *fit* down,
Or sure it helps not thee;
There rest thy feet and aching side,
And in this resting-place *abide*.

6.

No sooner art thou sat
Beneath it's shadow there,
But all thy scalding heat
And all thy fretful care,
And every pain from thee will drop,
As fruit comes tumbling in thy lap.

7.

This is the tree of life
Which first in Eden grew,
But Adam with his wife
Conceal'd it from our view;
Then was it fix'd on Calvary's top,
And is the pillar of my hope.



HYMN 6.

"Draw me, and I will run after thee,"

Cant. i. 4.

1.

HOW sluggish is my heart
In search of endless life!
How loth with toys to part
Which only bring me grief!
Small riddance in the race I make,
Yet pant for breath each step I take.

2.

I cannot well abide
The cross's daily load,
It makes me start aside,
And leave the narrow road:
Like some raw bullock not well broke,
My shoulder frets beneath the yoke.

3.

E'erwhile I fit and sigh,
And loathe my folly too;
Then up I get and try
What human might can do,
Lay to mine arm, but all in vain,
No arm of mine can break the chain.

4.

Ah, whither must I go,
Since flesh and reason fail?
No help on earth, I know,
Can o'er my heart prevail;

SION'S SONGS.

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No man can mend my tardy pace
But he, whose name is Truth and Grace.

5.

To him I lift mine eyes,
Thou Son of David hear,
And let my feeble cries
Bring thy salvation near;
My froward heart is in thy hand,
And it will move at thy command.

6.

If thou, Lord, quicken me,
And draw me with thy voice,
I will run after thee,
And in thy word rejoice:
Refresh me well with manna sweet,
And I will shew thee nimble feet.

H Y M N 7.

" My heart and my flesh crieth out for the
living God," Psal. lxxxiv. 2.

1.

WITH solemn weekly state
The worldling treads thy court,
Content to see thy gate,
And such as there resort;
But, ah, what is the house to me,
Unless the master I can see.

2.

Whilst formalists admire
 The pillars, walls, and roof,
 Which bring no heavenly fire,
 And are but weather-proof;
 I seek a man, more choice than gold,
 That lovely man, whom Judas sold.

3.

Nought will content my heart
 But fellowship with him,
 And when from him I start,
 My life is all a dream;
 I seem to eat and take my fill, [Isai. xxix. 9.
 But wake and feel my hunger still.

4.

In vain I seek for rest
 In all created good,
 It leaves me yet unblest,
 And makes me pant for God;
 And restless sure my heart must be,
 Till finding all its rest in thee.

5.

For thee my flesh will cry,
 And send a labouring groan;
 For thee my heart will sigh,
 And make a pensive moan;
 And each for thee will daily pine,
 And would be always only thine.

6. Lord,

STON'S SONGS.

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6.

Lord, fix me on thy side,
A branch in thy true vine,
Nor let me straggle wide,
But round thee twine and twine;
And clusters bear of heavenly fruit,
By sap receiv'd from thy rich root.

H Y M N 8.

"Having a form of godliness, but denying
the power thereof," 2 Tim. iii. 5.

1.

GOOD doctrines in the head,
Which do not mend the heart,
Are windy food indeed,
And make us proud and pert;
Our cymbal tinkles all day long,
And faith is froth upon the tongue.

2.

Some fast by Calvin hold,
And some for Luther fight,
And each is mighty bold,
And seemeth mighty right;
Well, though with Calvin I agree,
Yet Christ is all in all to me.

3.

The form of baptism too
A cloud of dust will raise;
Here sprinkling will not do,
And there will only please;

C

Some wash the child, and some the man,
And some reject the whole as vain.

4.

And while such waspish worms
Each others side devour,
And bury'd are in forms,
Give me, O Lord, the pow'r,
The pow'r to feast upon thy grace,
And live the life of godliness.

5.

May truth direct my tongue,
And grace my heart control,
And Jesus be my song,
While endless ages roll;
To please him well my single aim,
And all my trust in his dear name.

H Y M N 9 .

"Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any
more with idols?" Hosea xiv. 8.

1.

OUR fancy loves to range
In search of earthly good,
And freely would exchange
A pearl for rotten wood,
Snaps at a shadow thin and vain,
Is fool'd and vex'd, yet snaps again.

2.
Fain would the heart unite
A Christ with idols base,
And link mid-day with night,
Or mammon foul with grace;
And in one bosom, false as hell,
Would have the ark and Dagon dwell.

3. [1 Sam. v. 2, 3.
But Christ will not allow
A rival near his throne;
A jealous God art thou,
And wilt be king alone!
Dagon shall fall before thy face,
Or thy sweet ark will leave the place.

4.
Oft have I forc'd the Lamb
To call away his ark,
And restless then I am,
And flutter in the dark;
Some idol rakes my foolish breast,
Beguiles my heart, and breaks my rest.

5.
These dragons make me weak,
And damp my chearful song,
And of them I am sick,
And hate the noisy throng;
No soundness in my flesh appears,
And on my head are found grey hairs.

[Hosea vii. 9.

6.

Dear Jesus, thou art true,
 Though false from thee I slide ;
 And wilt thou not subdue
 And link me to thy side?
 I would give all my ramblings o'er;
 Speak, Lord, and bid me stray no more.

H Y M N 10.

"My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness,
 and of thy praise all the day long," Psal.
 xxxv. 28.

1.

I Leave the fop to boast
 In titles, wealth, and pow'r,
 Possess and quickly lost,
 Gay phantoms of an hour!
 Of Jesus I would make my song,
 And love and praise him all day long.

2.

In heroes some delight,
 And stile them staunch and good,
 Who sturdy battles fight,
 And fill the world with blood ;
 But of that Hero I will tell,
 Who conquer'd sin, and death, and hell.

3.

A trumpet oft we hear
 Proclaiming charities,
 To dry the widow's tear,
 And hush the orphan's cries ;

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But let my tongue a timbrel be,
To sing his love who dy'd for me.

4.

Rever'd and much renown'd
The hoary sage appears,
Who travels nature round,
And sips among the stars;
But let me sing that Sage's art,
Whose tongue can tune and mend my heart.

5.

Erewhile some patriot man
Pleads well his country's cause,
Brings right abroad again,
And wins a vast applause;
But in that Patriot I will trust,
Whose righteousness makes sinners just.

6.

That hero, patriot, sage,
Is Jesus Christ my Lord,
Whose grace from age to age
Believing souls record:
And some few mites my heart would bring,
To shew it's love for Sion's King.

H Y M N

"Thou art my portion, O Lord, Ps. 134. 7.

1.

I Seek and hope to find
A portion for my soul,
To heal a feverish mind,
And make a bankrupt whole,

A cup of blessing for the poor,
That's free, and full, and flowing o'er.

2.

In vain the world invites
Me to it's empty feast,
And spreads it's gay delights,
But leaves a starved guest;
And sure a soul that feeds on clay
Must sicken, droop, and pine away.

3.

No satisfying rest
Earth's fluttering joys impart;
The portion of a beast
Will not content my heart;
The God of spirits only can
Fill up the vast desires of man.

4.

Then, Jesus, thou shalt be
My portion and my all;
And I will wait on thee,
A servant in thy hall,
My daily wants thou shalt supply,
And find me food, and bring me joy.

5.

Thy blood shall be my peace,
Thy flesh my dainty meat,
Thy robe my wedding-dress,
Thy breast my safe retreat,
Thine eye shall guide me, lest I stray,
Thine arm uphold me day by day.

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6.

Whate'er I wish or want
Shall come from thee alone,
Thou canst my heart content,
And let thy grace be shewn;
I chuse thee for my portion, Lord,
Supply me well from mercy's board.

H Y M N 12.

"Pull me out of the net, which they have
laid privily for me, for thou art my
strength," Psal. xxxi. 4.

1.

A Thousand snares beset
A pilgrim in his walk,
To trap him by the feet,
Or catch him in his talk;
The creature often proves a bait,
And Satan lays his wily net.

2.

But sure a pilgrim's heart
Brings all his heavy woes;
It acts a traitor's part,
And lets in all his foes;
If some poor flouting idol come,
The wanton heart says, "Give it room."

3.

It comes with bashful face,
And seems a modest guest;
Yet meeting one embrace,
It seizeth on the breast,

And setting up a wild uproar,
Would turn the Saviour our of door.

4.

A stubborn guest is sin,
And makes a rueful rout;
We may let Idols in,
But cannot turn them out;
The Saviour's arm is wanted here,
To pluck the sinner from a snare.

5.

And if some idol now
Thy foolish heart subdue,
Go, captive sinner, go,
And try what Christ can do;
Pursue him with an earnest cry,
And he will set thy feet on high.

6.

What if the tyrant roar,
And of his conquest boast?
The Lord will help the poor,
That in his mercy trusts;
And he has gained high renown
In bringing proud Goliaths down.

SION'S SONGS.

H Y M N 13.

"My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry land,
where no water is," Psal. lxxiii. 1.

1.

WHEN Jesu's gracious hand
Has touch'd our eyes and ears,
Oh! what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from it's dust,
No cooling stream to quench the thirst!

2.

Yet long I vainly sought
A resting-place below,
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

3.

Lord, enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay;
Nor prove an hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each saucy idol down.

4.

My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou dost read my heart;
It pineth after thee,
And yet from thee will start;

Reclaim thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart, and bind it fast.

I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side,
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see it's purple tide,
Trace all the wonders of thy death,
And sing thy love in every breath.

H Y M N 14.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love," Gal. v. 22.

1.
POOOR, sickly nature wants
A portion here below;
For earthly food she pants,
And what the mines bestow;
No spark of heavenly love is found,
Till grace manures the barren ground.

2.
Love is the Spirit's fruit,
Shed in the heart abroad;
And love can only suit
The children born of God;
The Father sends the heavenly guest,
To purify the children's breast.

Oh, that most precious love,
Which saints and angels know!
It makes their heav'n above,
And makes our heav'n below!
It sparkles in the Saviour's face,
And clasps his heart with keen embrace.

It cheers a pilgrim's toil,
And lightens all his load;
And makes him sweetly smile,
And sing along the road;
Love yields him all his vigour meet,
A tuneful heart, and nimble feet.

Lord, give me love divine,
And let my cup run o'er;
This is the richest mine,
And yields the choicest store;
It fills the heart with heavenly cheer,
And stamps thine holy image there.

H Y M N 15.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus,
shall suffer persecution." 2 Tim. iii. 12.

THERE is a godly life,
Built on a worldly plan,
Which brings no scorn or strife
Upon the godly man.

With credit he may fast and pray,
When *self* usurps and bears the sway.

2.

His noble will and wit,
And his courageous arm,
Shall guide his trusty feet,
And guard his feet from harm;
And sure of merit such will boast,
For good they seem at their own cost.

3.

But he who seeks to live
A godly life in Christ,
And unto Christ will give
The praise from first to last,
Is surely doom'd to worldly shame,
And born to bear a scoundrel name.

4.

Tho' friendly in his will,
And meek his manners are,
Some persecution still
Attends him every where :
Faith in the cross brings high disdain,
And usage coarse from carnal men.

5.

Oh, let the cross's scorn
Be welcome to my heart,
And patiently be borne,
Though bringing daily smart ;
Nor let me turn my head aside,
Through dastard fear, or fretful pride.

6. Yea,

6.

Yea, let me count that pain,
Which Jesu's cross will bring,
As most substantial gain,
A present from the King;
But let the King smile on my face,
When for his name I meet disgrace.

HYMN 16.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner,"

Luke xviii. 13.

1.

TWO people come to pray,
With different views inclin'd;
One righteous in his way,
And one distress in mind;
One eyes himself with much delight,
And one laments his guilty plight.

2.

One tells the Lord, how good
And how devout he was;
And pertly thanks his God,
It was the very case;
But mercy he forgets to crave,
And mercy says, he none shall have.

3.

The lowly publican,
Stands with a down-cast eye;
And, like a ruin'd man,
Lifts up a doleful cry;

D

His pray'r is sound, and would suit thee,
 "O God, be merciful to me."

4.

To such a contrite soul
 The Saviour draweth nigh,
 And makes the sinner whole,
 And sends him home with joy;
 Binds up his bones in ev'ry part,
 And bids sweet mercy cheer his heart.

5.

So, Lord, I would be fed
 While waiting at thy board;
 I want no better bread
 Than mercy can afford;
 No sweeter bread I can receive,
 No richer bread my God can give.

6.

A pharisee may roost
 On his religious face;
 I am a sinner lost,
 And only sav'd by grace;
 And of my pray'r this is the sum,
 Dear Saviour, let thy mercy come.



H Y M N 17.

"All things were created by Jesus, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible: all things were created by him and *for* him," Coloss. i. 16.

1.

ALL things in heav'n above,
And things on earth below;
All living things that move,
And lifeless matter too,
Created were by Jesus Christ,
And *for* his glory they subsist.

2.

The fairest angel seen
In yonder arched sky,
Owes all his graceful mien
And all his dignity
To Jesu's will and powerful word,
And bows to Jesus as his Lord.

3.

The fowls that float the air,
And insects small that creep,
The beasts that hoofed are,
And fish that sail the deep,
Owe all their various kinds of birth
To Jesu's word, which brought them forth.

D 2

4.

In him we live and move
 And have our being here,
 Refreshed by his love,
 And guarded by his care;
 Thro' him behold the Father's face,
 And taste the precious fruits of grace.

5.

All glory is thy due,
 And everlasting praise;
 For holy, just, and true,
 Art thou in all thy ways!
 The best we can, we do adore,
 Yet help us, and we will do more.

HYMN 18.

"No man can *come* unto me, except the
 Father, who hath sent me, *draw* him,"
 John vi. 44.

1.

NO wit or will of man,
 Or learning he may boast,
 No pow'r of reason can
 Draw sinners unto Christ;
 So fall'n is nature, such her flaw,
 None come, except the Father draw.

2.

His Spirit must disclose*
The deadly plague within,†
Uncover all our woes,
And shew the man of sin;
And feeling thus our ruin'd state,
We humbly fall at Jesu's feet.

3.

The Comforter must teach
The Saviour's toil and smart,
And with conviction preach
Atonement to the heart;
Then sinners gaze with ravish'd eyes,
And feast upon the sacrifice.

4.

The Spirit too must shew
The pow'r of Jesu's arm
To vanquish every foe,
And guard the soul from harm;
Believers then grow strong in faith,
And triumph over sin and death.

5.

So let my heart be drawn
To Jesus Christ my Lord,
And learn to feast upon
His person and his word,
Feel sweet redemption thro' his blood,
And give the glory all to God.

* John xvi. 8. † 1 Kings viii. 38.

HYMN 19.

"My sheep hear my voice," John x. 27.
 "He will speak peace unto his people,"
 Psal. lxxxv. 8.

THE word of God is read
 Too seldom out of choice,
 And few see any need
 To hear the Shepherd's voice;
 A voice the sheep delight to hear,
 And Jesus gives the hearing ear.*

2.

They hear his mild command,
 And like it mighty well;
 His rods they understand,
 And can their meaning tell;
 His promises they hear, each one,
 And listen to their mellow tone.

3.

Yet on a choicer thing
 The sheep do much attend,
 The voice, not of a king,
 But of a dying friend,
 A whisper given to the heart,
 Which bids their sorrows all depart.

* Prov. xx. 12.

4.

O thou sweet voice of peace,
For pilgrim hearts design'd;
The pledge of heav'nly bliss,
The day-spring in the mind,
Thy heav'nly joy no heart can feel,
Till Jesus brings the Spirit's seal.

5.

My dear and dying friend,
Be near my heart each day,
And some kind whisper send
To cheer me on my way:
Thy voice, like music soft and sweet,
Makes dancing hearts and dancing feet.

H Y M N 20.

"How can ye believe, who receive honour
one of another, and seek not the honour
which cometh from God only?" John
v. 44.

1.

MEN follow after fame,
'Tis nature's fond delight,
And court the world's good name,
And think it mighty right;
But how can such in Christ believe,
Who court this honour and receive?

2.

A gracious man can feel
 He has no room to boast;
 Tho' gracious, empty still,
 And fed at Jesu's cost;
 Preserv'd alive at mercy's bow'r,
 A begging life he lives each hour.

3.

When guilt and death appears
 Engraven on a crest;
 How wildly honour stares,
 If perch'd on such a breast!
 All must drop honour in the dust,
 Who in another's merit trust.

4.

But if a gracious man
 This worldly pride rejects,
 The fluttering world again
 This humble man neglects,
 Despise him as a wretch forlorn,
 And load his shoulders well with scorn.

5.

O Lord, I would be poor
 And loathsome in mine eyes;
 And lay at mercy's door,
 Where no ambition lies;
 Abase myself before the Lord,
 And muse and feed upon his word.

6.

So will my God bestow
A gracious look on me;
And heav'nly honour shew,
The highest that can be;
For sure he dwells in broken hearts,
And there his peace and love imparts.

H Y M N 21.

"Jesus said, Some body hath touched me,
for I perceive that virtue is gone out of
me," Luke viii. 46.

1.

A Female, much distressed,
For help to Jesus came,
And thro' the croud she prest,
And touch'd his garment-hem;
Gave, as she thought, a touch conceal'd,
But gave in faith, and she was heal'd.

2.

This female holds a glass
To shew the use of faith;
Recorded is her case,
And much instruction hath;
No virtue comes, no cure is made,
Till hands of faith on Christ are laid.

3.

The promises are sweet,
And meant to kindle hope,
Yet promise brings no meat,
Till faith can take it up;

As yet it proves a barren breast,
And yields a weary soul no rest.

4.

Oh, let my Lord instruct
Me in this needful thing;
My hand aright conduct
All bosom-plagues to bring,
And feel the virtue streaming forth,
To crush my vipers in their birth.

5.

Two gospel-eyes I have,
And couched by thy skill;
A gospel-hand I crave,
Or I am helpless still;
My cure I see, yet sickly stand,
Till thou dost heal my wither'd hand.

HYMN 22.

"Then Jesus *opened* their understanding,
that they might understand the scrip-
tures," Luke xxiv. 45.

1.

SOME of their reason boast,
And haughty is it's sway;
And some in learning trust
To find the gospel-way;
I would not partly these despise,
Yet want to see with better eyes.

2.

Thy reason may judge right
Of worldly things and men,
But spiritual truth and light
Are far beyond thy ken;
Here reason takes her proper road,
When she cries out for help to God.

3.

All seem to understand
The gospel mighty well;
And think in gospel-land
No darkness sure can dwell:
Yet gospel-truth no man can find,
Till Jesus opens his dark mind.

4.

Light of the world he is,*
And light springs at his word;
Yet men regard not this,
Nor call upon the Lord;
What need to ask for light? they say,
Cannot our eyes direct our way?

5.

May Jesus Christ reveal
His truth unto my heart;
And all his gracious will,
As I can bear, impart;
The mists of unbelief remove,
And bring the light of faith and love.

* John viii. 12.

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6.

The Sun of righteousness
Must guide a pilgrim's feet;
His rays alone can bless
The soul with light and heat:
Then rise, thou heav'nly sun, and shine,
And cheer my heart with light divine.

H Y M N 23.

"When I cry and shout, he shutteth out
my prayer," Lam. iii. 8.

1.

I Hear a righteous man,
A prophet good and great,
In deep distress complain,
And thus his grief relate;
I call on God, and cry and shout,
But all my pray'r he shutteth out.

2.

Ye drooping souls give ear,
Who knock at Jesu's gate,
And no kind word can hear,
Tho' knocking loud and late;
Such was the weeping prophet's case,
A man of God, a child of grace.

3.

He cries, and cries again,
And yet no answers come;
He shouts aloud thro' pain,
And still the Lord is dumb;

3

Like

Like some abandon'd wretch he moans,
And Jesus seems to mock his groans,

4.

Let every drooping saint
Keep waiting evermore;
And tho' exceeding faint
Knock on at mercy's door;
Still cry and shout till night is past,
And day-light will spring up at last.

5.

If Christ do not appear,
When his disciples cry,
He marketh every tear,
And counteth ev'ry sigh,
In all their sorrows bears a part,
Beholds their grief, and feels their smart.

6.

He lends an unseen hand,
And gives a secret prop,
Which makes them waiting stand,
Till he complete their hope:
So let me wait upon this Friend,
And trust him till my troubles end.



H Y M N 24 .

"Satan provoked David to number Israel,"
1 Chron. xxi. 1.

1.

ONCE David sent to hear
How many men of might
In Israel's tribes appear
Full grown, and fit for fight;
The tale is brought, and brings him pain,
It cost him seventy thousand men:

2.

Right harmless was the thing,
Nor seems our censure worth;
Yet God rebukes the king,
And sends his judgments forth;
A pride he view'd in David's heart,
And pride will make a monarch smart.

3.

Some caution we shall need
In things that harmless are;
For mischief these may breed,
And prove a woful snare;
Wherever busy pride creeps in,
It surely proves a scourging sin.

4.

Here Satan shews his art,
And here his foot will hide;
To harmless things impart
A puff of hellish pride;
Thus David he provok'd before,
And will provoke thee less or more.

5.

Whatever God may give,
In providence or grace;
The gift with thanks receive,
And use it in it's place;
But trust not in the given store,
Nor count thy treasures o'er and o'er.

6.

Raw pilgrims oft relate
Their gifts and gracious walk,
Nor see how Satan's bait
Is laid in such fine talk;
Oh, let my soul be Jesu's guest,
And only on *his* fullness feast.

H Y M N 25.

"Jesus wept." John xi. 35.

1.

THE heart of Jesus glows
With love divinely fair;
And Jesus only knows
What pity lodgeth there;
Yet babes will prattle of this thing,
And lisp the praises of their King.

2.

He wept to see the spoil
Which sin and Satan made,
Yet weeping gives a smile,
And offers man his aid:

E 2

Sweet mercy sings, and angels gaze
To see the Lord with human face.

3.

A mourner he became,
A man of sorrows made,
Wept o'er the blind and lame,
And o'er the dumb and dead;
A tear he dropt at every grief,
But wept the most at unbelief.

4.

Still yearning o'er the earth,
He sees the lost sheep stray,
And sends his shepherds forth
To guide them in the way;
Allures them with a tender cry,
"O Israel's house, why will ye die?"

5.

Poor drooping soul attend,
And cast away thy fears;
Call on this weeping Friend,
And he will dry thy tears;
A weeping Saviour well suits thee,
And weeping souls he loves to see.



HYMN 26.

"Let a man become a fool, that he may be wise," 1 Cor. iii. 18. "Except ye become as *little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xviii. 3.

1.

MOST of the learned eyes
Grow dim in Jesu's school,
Where none becometh wise,
Till he becomes a fool;
A doctrine strange enough and new,
Yet christian scholars find it true.

2.

The wisdom of the brain,
Tho' shallow at the best,
Creates a christian pain,
And keeps him from his rest;
To Jesus none are reconcil'd,
Till they become a little child.

3.

Our wisdom findeth cause
To quarrel with the Lord,
To set aside his laws,
Or cavil at his word,
To murmur at his judgments just,
And think his promise worth no trust.

E 3

4.

This wisdom is the gall
Of Adam's tainted loin,
True blossom of the fall,
And bitter fruit of sin,
It scorneth Jesus, hates control,
And fighteth hard against his rule.

5.

To sweet submission bred,
And ignorant of pride,
A child or fool is led,
And love to have a guide,
Believe your word, come at your call,
Weep if they're chid, and run for all.

6.

Oh! let me be this child,
Or be the gospel-fool;
For Jesus ever smil'd
Upon a simple soul;
He folds the children in his arms,
And lets the wise ones take their harms.

H Y M N 27.

"It is God, who *worketh* in you both to
will and to *do*, of his *good pleasure*," Philip.
ii. 13.

1.

HOW sinners vaunt of pow'r
A ruin'd soul to save,
And count the fulsome store
Of worth they seem to have,

And by such visionary props
Build up and bolster sandy hopes!

2.

But God must work the *will*
And *pow'r* to run the race;
And both thro' mercy still,
A work of freest grace;
His own *good pleasure*, not our *worth*,
Brings all the will and power forth.

3.

Disciples, who are taught
Their helplessness to feel,
Have no desponding thought,
But work with care and skill;
Work with the means, and for this end,
That God the will and pow'r may send.

4.

They feel a daily need
Of Jesu's gracious store,
And on his bounty feed,
And yet are always poor;
No manna can they make or keep,
The Lord finds pasture for his sheep.

5.

Renew, O Lord, my strength
And vigour ev'ry day,
Or I shall tire at length,
And faint upon the way;
No stock will keep upon my ground,
My all is in thy storehouse found.

HYMN 28.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit," Psal. xxxiv. 18.

1.

SAY, is thy heart well broke,
And feels the plague of sin;
And hateth Satan's yoke,
It sweetly once drew in?
Give Christ the praise, he broke thy heart,
And taught thee how to feel the smart.

2.

What if mount Sinai's smoke
Should darken all the skies,
And thy weak stomach choke,
And bring on weeping eyes,
It points the road to Sion's hill,
Where grace and peace for ever dwell.

3.

Thick glooms lay in the way
To Jesu's heavenly light;
Before a gospel-day,
He sends a legal night;
And while the legal nights abide,
No Christ is seen, altho' the guide.

4.

The Lord is surely near,
When drooping sinners pray;
And lends a gracious ear,
But steals himself away;

Regards their moan with pitying eye,
And brings at length salvation nigh.

5.

Oh, let my Lord bestow
That broken heart on me,
Which feeleth well it's woe,
And blushing looks to thee,
Amaz'd to see myself so vile,
And Jesus smiling all the while.

H Y M N 29.

"He is altogether lovely," Canti. v. 16.

1.

JESUS, thou pleasant art,
And excellently fair,
And for a loving heart
None can with thee compare,
Majestic on a throne, yet mild;
A King, yet lowly as a child.

2.

The Saviour bows his ear,
When sinners humbly cry;
And true heart-broken pray'r
Is sure to bring supply;
He turns no beggars from his gate,
Come when they will, or soon or late.

3.

His hands a scepter hold,
Which none can grasp but he,
Inlaid with pearls and gold,
A shaft from grace's tree;

With this he rules his subjects well,
And all their inbred foes can quell.

4.

His head the fountain is,
Whence heav'nly wisdom flows;
And all things done amiss
Throughout his realm he knows;
If storms are gathering on his friends,
He marks it well, and succour sends.

5.

His face is fair and bright,
With blushes here and there,
As mild and soft as light,
And sweet as roses are;
A single smile from Jesus giv'n
Can lift a drooping soul to heav'n.

6.

This is the sinner's Friend,
Divinely fair and good;
Whose love can have no end,
When sealed with his blood!
His grace I sing, his name adore,
His person love, and would love more.



SION'S SONGS.

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H Y M N 30.

"All men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father," John v. 23.

1.

SOME will no worship pay
To Jesus prince of life,
Reject his god-like sway,
And rail with bitter strife;
And some are fearful to bestow
The honours which are well his due.

2.

As God, our Jesus can
Demand eternal praise,
And as our dear God-Man,
He claims it various ways,
By his two natures close combin'd,
And by the Father's strict command.

3.

So well his natures blend,
So close the union fram'd,
Blood of the *human* Friend
The blood of *God* is nam'd!
And from this close compacted frame,
The human part will worship claim.

4.

Man's carcase, weak and vile,
Whilst to a spirit ty'd,
Expects a courtly smile,
And high respect beside.

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Becoming rev'rence it will crave,
And crave it, till it takes a grave.

5.
Soon as the child is giv'n,
And breathes in Judah's air,
All angels haste from heav'n*
To pay him worship there;
The same his own disciples do,
And Jesus takes the homage too.

6.
So Thomas glorify'd
The God-man in the Son,
When first he fairly spy'd
Both natures link'd in one,
And fixing his adoring eyes,†
My Lord, my God, with transport cries.

7.
May God the Father have
The worship which we owe,
And Jesus Christ receive
Like worship here below;
And where this honour men refrain,
The Father's worship'd all in vain.‡

* Heb. i. 6. † John xx. 28.

‡ John v. 28.



SION'S SONGS.

49

H Y M N

"By the grace of God I am what I am,"

1 Cor. xv. 10.

I Hear much lofty talk,
Of man's amazing wit,
To mend his naughty walk,
And scale the skies outright;
But Paul will tell this lofty race,
Whate'er I am, I am by grace.

2.
Converted unto Christ,
A brave apostle too;
Tho' last among the list,
He did them all outdo;
Yet every labour undergone,
By grace was wrought, and grace alone.

3.
Whate'er is mean and vile,
Or high and overgrown,
Whatever can defile,
The crop is all our own;
No real good dwells in the heart,
Till grace a favoury cast impart.

4.
If thou canst watch and pray,
And dearly love the Lord,
And bless him day by day,
And hang upon his Word.

Oh, lay the thanks at mercy's door,
And see thyself exceeding poor.

5.

Thou canst not think aright
One single godly thought,
Nor keep thy heart upright,
Unless by Jesus taught;
This teaching thou wilt hourly need,
So helpless thou, so poor indeed!

6.

Keep Jesu's grace in sight,
And feed upon it well;
Be strong in Jesu's might,
And thy own weakness feel;
Then sing and boast along with Paul,
I nothing am, and Christ is all.

H Y M N 32.

"Shew me a penny: whose image and superscription hath it? They answered and said, Cesar's," Luke xx. 24.

1.

IF thou art Jesu's coin,
Cast in the gospel-mould,
And wrought with faith divine,
More precious far than gold;
A superscription thou wilt bring,
And some sweet likeness of the King.

His name thou wilt revere,
 And set his titles forth,
 And openly declare
 His riches and his worth,
 Confessing with undaunted face
 That all thy trust is in his grace.

3.
 Such superscription does
 To Jesu's coin belong;
 And ev'ry penny shews
 His likeness, faint or strong;
 A likeness stamp't in his own mint,
 Where Christ is view'd in human print.

4.
 Now, friend, thy penny shew
 With Jesu's image fair,
 For sure no coin will go,
 Unless his stamp appear;
 Some Judas thou or Demas art,
 Unless the stamp is on thy heart.

5.
 O Lord, do thou impress
 Thine image fair on me,
 My penny then will pass,
 And sterling coin shall be;
 My coin will spread thy fame abroad,
 And shew that I am born of God.

HYMN 33.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth,
for the faithful fail from among the chil-
dren of men," Psal. xii. 1.

1.
SEND help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel blest;
For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease;
The righteous are removed home,
And scorers rise up in their room.

2.
While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesu's fold
Are growing lank and few,
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the folds appear.

3.
Old shepherds too retire,
Who gather'd flocks below,
And young ones catch no fire,
Or worldly-prudent grow;
Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land.

4.
O Lord, stir up thy pow'r
To make the gospel spread;
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead,

With feet to run where thou dost call,
With faith to fight and conquer all.

5.

The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Zion's hill,
And thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed 'em still;
But fresh folds build up ev'ry where,
And plentifully thy truth declare.

6.

As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
Let some Elisha rise
To blaze the gospel word;
And fast as sheep to Jesus go,
May lambs recruit his folds below.

* * This Hymn was occasioned by the death of Mr. Whitefield.

H Y M N 34.

The following Ode is designed to vindicate the ways of God in making use of most unlikely means to compass his ends; and chiefly with a view to his sending out unlettered men to preach.

1.

WAYS seeming base and weak.
A God of might will try,
Such ways his presence speak,
And tell his arm is nigh.

F 3.

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His finger in the work is shewn,
And glory springs to God alone.

2.

But wtlings of a span
Will think the Lord a fool;
They judge of God from man,
And measure by that rule;
The likely means a man will use,
And such they think a God will chuse.

3.

When sons of earth surround
An hostile city strong,
The cannons tear the ground,
And trenches creep along;
But when the Lord attacks a town,
With foolish horns* he blows it down.

4.

All preparations great
A feebleness bespeak;
If ten must lift a weight,
It proves each arm is weak;
Yet weaklings love this vast parade,
Nor view the weakness there display'd.

5.

From steeples tall I've seen
An human monster fly;
But, oh! what toil has been,
Before the flight drew high!

* Joshua vi. 5, 6.

What sweating up the steeple-stair,
To rear a scaffold high in air!

6.

What pains to fix aright
The rope, above, below!
What crouds to see the sight
With gaping wonder go!
At length a sky-lark sees him drop,
And, laughing, bids him now fly up.

7.

The greater is the mean
That brings about an end,
The more is weakness seen
With drudgery to blend;
The steeple flight a moral brings,
Such pains to fly shews want of wings.

8.

Means likely or unlike
With God are just the same;
All wait upon his beck,
Alert to spread his fame;
Yet when he would display the God,
He must forsake the common road.

9.

If water he will draw,
Or raise a purling brook,
The spring-head is a jaw,*
The rivulet is a rock:†

* Judges xv. 19. † Numb. xx. 11.

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An angel or an ass's mouth*
Shall preach or carry tidings forth.†

10.

But boys will look to ears,
To voice, and coat, and pile,
And what a coarse look wears
With them is counted vile;
Yet nothing vile was ever seen
Around God's works, excepting sin.

11.

To us an angel seems
A peerless prince of light,
Yet Jesus such esteems
Grasshoppers in his sight,
Will bid 'em fly and fly apace,
And send 'em as he sends his ass.

12.

Where sundry servants wait
In some capacious hall,
On various matters meet
The master useth all,
Sometimes the chaplain will employ,
But oft'ner calls the stable-boy.

13.

Why may not Jesus too
Send servants at his will?
And servants high or low,
His pleasure best fulfil;

* Luke ii. 40. † Numb. xxii. 28.

An angel's wing or afs's tongue
Alarm the giddy flirting throng.

14.

When serpents bit the croud,
And Israel murmuring dy'd,
Had Moses spoke aloud,
"Let unguents be apply'd ;"
The cure with salves had failed not,
But God in med'cine lain forgot.

15.

Now when they see a snake
Fix'd on a simple pole,
And no rich balsam take,
Nor drug to make them whole,
When with a look the wound is cur'd,
They must confess, it is the Lord.

16.

If thunders shake the ground,
Who wonders at the shock ?
A weighty cause is found,
And we no further look ;
But if a feather shook the earth,
That feather sets Jehovah forth.

17.

The afs's jaw,* and tongue,†
The salt,‡ and snake|| to heal,

* Judges xv. 19. † Numb. xxii. 28.

‡ 2 Kings ii. 21. || Numb. xxi. 8.

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The ram's-horn* sounding long,
The pitcher,† stick,‡ and meal,||
With one harmonious voice declare,
The God of all the earth is near.

H Y M N 35.

"Wine, which cheareth God and man,"
Judges ix. 13.

1.

A Wondrous wine there is,
None can with it compare;
Creating most exalted bliss,
Which God and man will cheer.

2.

This most enchanting wine
To mortals is convey'd
From noble grapes of one true vine
At humble Nazareth bred.

3.

It is the wine of love,
That precious love divine,
Which knits and cheers all hearts above,
And makes their faces shine.

4.

Believers know it's taste,
And can it's virtues tell,
Oft when their hearts are sinking fast,
One sip has made them well.

* Josh. vi. 5. † Judges vii. 16.
‡ 2 Kings vi. 6. || 2 Kings iv. 41.

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5.

A single taste on earth
Much heav'nly vigour brings;
The saint in rapture speaks it's wo
And claps his hand and sings.

6.

It is the cordial true;
Lord, hear me with it fill,
Till at thy feat I drink it new,
And take my hearty fill.

H Y M N 36.

" Arise, my love, and come away,"
Cant. ii. 13.

1.

IF Jesus kindly say,
And with a whisp'ring word,
" Arise, my love, and come away ;"
I run to meet my Lord.

2.

My soul is in mine ear,
My heart is all on flame,
My eyes are sweetly drown'd in tear,
And melted is my frame.

3.

My raptur'd soul will rise,
And give a chearful spring,
And dart thro' all the lofty skies,
To visit Sion's King.

4.

He meets me with a kiss,
And with a smiling face!
I taste the dear enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace!

5.

The world now drops its charms,
My idols all depart;
Soon as I reach the Saviour's arms,
I give him all my heart.

6.

A soft and tender sigh
Now heaves my hallow'd breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.

H Y M N 37.

"No man can tame the tongue; it is an
unruly evil, full of deadly poison," James
iii. 8.

1.

O Thou unruly tongue,
The sinner's pride and shame!
A member small, yet far too strong
For mortal man to tame!

2.

The serpent marr'd thy worth,
His venom on thee fell;
Thy flaming sparks, that issue forth,
Are lighted up from hell!

2

3. With

3.

With mischief thou art fraught,
And with a fierce desire
To cast thy burning brands about,
And set the world on fire.

4.

Who shall deliver me
From all it's deadly woe?
No man has might to set me free,
None, but the Lord, I know.

5.

Lord Jesu, shew thy pow'r,
And make this tyger calm;
Bar up his passage, bolt the door,
And screen the mouth from harm.

6.

My tongue is apt to start,
And hasty words let slip;
Oh, bid thy love command my heart,
And that will guard my lip.

H Y M N 38.

"Saw ye him, whom my soul loveth?"

Cant. iii. 3.

1.

AND have ye seen the Lord,
The lovely Prince of peace?
With open'd eye beheld his word,
And tasted of his grace?

G

2.

Then you can hear and feel
What I shall now relate;
Our kindred hearts, like flint and steel,
Some sparks of fire may get.

3.

From Jesus I did rove,
Nor ought of Jesus knew,
Until he taught me how to love;
I wish all lov'd him too.

4.

The darling of my heart!
The balm for all my woe!
I would not with my Jesus part
For thousand worlds below!

5.

Nor health nor friends afford
My heart substantial rest,
Nor plenty on my table stor'd,
If Christ is not my guest.

6.

Yet oft my Lord I grieve,
And seem without concern;
But when he takes an hasty leave,
I sigh for his return.

7.

For thee my heart will pine,
Tho' much from thee it roam;
And sure I would be only thine,
And keep with thee at home.

H Y M N 39.

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," Matt. vi. 22.

1.

TO Canaan art thou bound?
Walk on in Jesu's might;
But mark, the way is holy ground,
And needs an heart upright.

2.

Make Jesus all thy peace,
And make him all thine arm,
Rely *alone* upon his grace
To guard from *ev'ry* harm.

3.

To Jesus some will pray,
Yet not with *single* eye,
They squint and peep another way,
Some creature-help to spy.

4.

In darkness such are held,
And bound in legal fear;
A *double* eye is in the child,
The heart is not sincere.

5.

Such find no gospel-rest,
But into bondage fall;
The Lord will not uphold thy break,
Till he is *all* in *all*.

6.

Lord, give me single sight,
 And make it strong and clear,
 So will my soul be full of light,
 And feel the Saviour near.

H Y M N 40.

“Ye pharisees make the outside of the cup
 clean, but your inward part is full of ra-
 vening and wickedness,” Luke xi. 39.

1.

THE man, that trusts his heart,
 Trusts in a slippery guide;
 It bids him wash the outer part,
 And leave a foul inside.

2.

Be sober, just, and fair,
 And somewhat bounteous too,
 And unto Sunday-church repair,
 And then the man will do.

3.

But sure his heart is foul,
 And feeds upon the earth;
 And tempers fierce enflame his soul,
 And shew their hellish birth.

4.

The breast is all unclean,
 Where wanton fancies lay,
 And brood and hatch up secret sin,
 And revel night and day.

5.

O Lord, thine holy eye
Inspects my heart throughout,
And will not pass an evil by,
Tho' lurking in my thought.

6.

Send down thy holy fire
To consecrate my breast,
A temple fill'd with pure desire,
And with thy presence blest.

H Y M N 41.

"Fools make a mock at sin," Prov. xiv. 9.

1.

FOOLS make a mock at sin,
And with destruction sport;
But death will stop their simple grin,
And cut their laughter short.

2.

Bethink, O thoughtless man,
What mis'ry sin brings forth;
All sorrow, sickness, want, and pain,
From sin receives it's birth.

3.

On angels sin has cast
Destruction without end;
Thro' sin the heavenly form they lost,
And sunk into a fiend!

4.

The sin thou lovest well,
At last will make thee mourn;
It has blown up a fire in hell,
Which will for ever burn.

5.

Sin bringeth ghastly woe,
Yet comes with leering face!
Regard it as thy deadly foe,
And fly it's foul embrace.

6.

Lord, give me godly fear,
And keep me watchful too,
Else I may fit in scorner's chair,
And mock as scorners do.

H Y M N 42.

"To be spiritually minded, is life and
peace," Rom. viii. 6.

1.

MUCH longs a spiritual mind,
On spiritual things to dwell;
It pants for joys which are refin'd,
And keep their relish well.

2.

Access it seeks to God,
And is divinely taught
To soar along the heavenly road
With much delighted thought.

3.

In Jesus sweetly blest,
It tracks him to the skies,
And finds by faith his peaceful rest,
And life that never dies.

4.

It views with high disdain
The pomp of earthly things,
Looks on the vain parade with pain,
And pities courts and kings.

5.

Such mind I now implore,
A truly spiritual wing,
Which, like the lark, will upward soar,
And as it soars, will sing.

H Y M N 43.

"We are (planted) in Jesus Christ; who
is the true God, and eternal life," 1 John
v. 20.

1.

AS branches from the vine
Their birth and growth receive,
And round the stem in friendship twine,
And by their union live.

2.

In Christ so christians dwell,
And life from him derive,
His root makes all the clusters swell,
And all the branches thrive.

3.

In sweetest union join'd,
Emmanuel's name they know,*
 And view the God with man combin'd,
 And feel his virtue too.

4.

Eternal life is giv'n
 To all his saints below;
 A taste he sends them of his heav'n,
 While in the vale of woe.

5.

This makes them love their King,
 And lift his name on high;
 And when with lusty praise they sing,
 Amen, amen, say I.

H Y M N 44.

"He becometh poor, that dealeth with a
 slack hand; but the hand of the diligent
 maketh rich," Prov. x. 4.

1.

ALAS, what mean those fears,
 That dry and wither'd look,
 That head besprinkled with grey hairs,
 And hands with palsy shook?

* Matt. i. 2, 3.

2.

Thy heart once all a flame,
Fed well on Jesu's store,
But starved now, and sick, and lame,
Thou seemest sadly poor.

3.

Besure, thou hast been slack;
And settling on thy lees,
The bible cast behind thy back,
And seldom on thy knees.

4.

To Jesus thou art grown
A stranger once again;
No wonder he has made thee moan,
And look like any Cain.

5.

Come, lift the feeble hand,
And shake the drowzy mind,
Gird up thy loins for Canaan's land,
And fast thy sandals bind.

6.

To Jesus yet return,
And Jesus will receive;
Awhile he makes the rambler mourn,
And then his peace will give.



HYMN 45.

"He, that hath mercy on the poor, blessed is he," Prov. xiv. 21. Psal. xli. 1, 2, 3.

1.

MUCH blessing he will find,
Who much regards the poor,
And with sweet look and bowels kind
Deals out his friendly store.

2.

So Jesus Christ is blest
By all his chosen seed,
Because he hears them, when distressed,
And helps at ev'ry need.

3.

Compassion much he shews
To sinners when they sigh;
And loves to heal up heavy woes,
And wipe a weeping eye!

4.

Such mercy melts the heart,
And tunes the tongue for praise,
And whilst he acts the Saviour's part,
An heavenly song they raise.

5.

How sweet is Jesus then!
Each bosom feels him dear,
Each face with sparkling love is seen,
Each eye with gracious tear!

6.

On mercy, Lord, I live,
And mercy I would shew,
Free alms incline my heart to give,
And forgive ev'ry foe.

H Y M N 46.

"In the light of the King's countenance is
life, and his favour is as a cloud of the
latter rain," Prov. xvi. 15.

1.

THE sick, with frequent sighs,
Pass many a tedious night;
But when the morning suns arise,
How chearing is the light!

2.

So when sad sinners pass
A legal night of fears,
And see the Sun of righteousness;
How sweet his light appears!

3.

It bids their guilt depart,
A heav'n in view it brings;
The peace of God revives the heart,
And life eternal springs.

4.

The seed, in sorrow sown,
Springs up and thrives apace;
New verdure on the field is grown,
And wears a smiling face.

5.

Yet grain, of kindly birth,
Will sigh for help again,
Nor can be foster'd by the earth,
Without a latter rain.

6.

The gospel-fields must call
Upon the Gospel-King;
And when he bids his showers fall,
Oh, how they laugh and sing!

HYMN 47.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God,
they are the sons of God," Rom. viii. 14.

1.

AN earthly heart I have,
And earthly made by sin!
No good, but sensual, it will crave,
And sweetly drinks it in.

2.

No joy it finds in God;
And when my tongue would pray,
My heart will take a different road,
And start and prance away.

3.

No converse can we find
With him, our God, we call;
No will or pow'r lodg'd in the mind
To walk with God at all.

4. Such

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4.

Such is man's nature now,
Sunk and bewir'd in earth!
And what can raise his fallen brow,
And give him heav'nly birth?

5.

Who can the spirit turn,
And unto God unite,
And make the heart with fervour burn,
And in it's God delight?

6.

Thou, holy Spirit, must
The mighty work perform,
Awake the sleeper from his dust,
And wing the groveling worm.

7.

Oh, let thy breath inspire
All needful pow'r and will,
And make my soul to God aspire,
And with his presence fill.

H Y M N 48.

"I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth,
what (good) does it?" Ecclef. iii. 21

1.

NO wonder worldly mirth
Should suit a worldly mind,
No joy they taste of heavenly birth,
So take the best they find.

H

2.

Their laughter sure is mad,
Their mirth a crackling noise!
The giggling heart is left more sad
By all it's tittering joys.

3.

As some poor blazing thorn
Will cast it's sparks about,
And in a moment cease to burn;
So is their mirth soon out.

4.

But, O thou man of God,
This empty mirth beware;
March off and quit the giggling road;
No food for pilgrims there.

5.

It checks the Spirit's aid,
And leaves the heart forlorn,
And makes thee look as Sampson did,
When all his locks were shorn.

6.

May Jesus be my peace,
And make up all my joy;
His love can yield me serious bliss,
And bliss that will not cloy.



H Y M N 49.

" Evil pursueth finners," Prov. xiii. 21.

1.

WHERE, sinner, canst thou flee,
Where God will not pursue?
Thy secret sins the Lord can see,
And will repay them too.

2.

The evils, thou hast done,
Will hunt thee ev'ry where,
And track thy footsteps, one by one,
As hounds will track the hare.

3.

The sins, thou hast forgot,
Or fain would overlook,
The Lord with careful hand has wrote
Them in his dooms-day book.

4.

Tho' numerous years are past,
Thou surely wilt be caught,
Thy sin will find thee out at last,
And vengeance will be sought.

5.

Destruction hasteth nigh,
And hems thy feet around;
O lift up now a fervent cry,
While mercy may be found.

H 2

75. 2 O SION'S SONGS.

6.

Delay not, lest he shut
And bar up mercy's door;
If once the thread of life is cut,
Sweet mercy pleads no more.

H Y M N 50.

"The sons of God are born, not from blood,
(or descent) nor from the *will* of the
flesh, nor from the *will* of man, but of
God," John i. 12, 13.

1.

A Child of God is made
Not from the parent's blood,
No worth the father has convey'd
To make his infant good.

2.

Nor may the *will* of man
Convert a sinful heart,
Nor *sense* nor mighty *reason* can
A spark of help impart.

3.

No man has found the skill
To make a child of God;
It soars above the human will,
And out of nature's road.

4.

Without the Spirit's aid,
An earthly worm I am;
Conceiv'd in *sin*, my soul is dead,
My worship blind and lame.

5.

O Lord, afford relief,
And quick'ning pow'r convey;
Or sure mine ear remaineth deaf,
And sure my feet will stray.

6.

Create my heart anew,
And breathe the life divine,
And fan it with fresh vigour too,
Or soon it will decline.

H Y M N 51.

"Ye have received the spirit of adoption,
whereby we cry, Abba, Father," Rom.
viii. 15. Gal. iv. 6.

1.

WELL, canst thou read thine heart,
And feel the plague of sin?
Does Sinai's thunder make thee start,
And conscience roar within?

2.

Expect to find no balm
On nature's barren ground;
All human medicines will do harm,
They only skin the wound.

3.

To Jesus Christ repair,
And knock at mercy's gate;
His blood *alone* can wash thee fair,
And make thy conscience sweet.

H 3

4.

In season due he heals
 A pardon on the breast;
 The wounds of sin his Spirit heals,
 And brings the gospel-rest.

5.

So comes the peace of God,
 Which cheers a conscience well;
 And love shed in the heart abroad,
 More sweet than we can tell.

6.

Adopted sons perceive
 Their kindred to the sky;
 The Father's pardoning love receive,
 And, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 52.

"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on
 me," Mark x. 47.

1.

I Stand at mercy's door,
 O Lord, look on me now,
 A beggar knocks, exceeding poor,
 And none can help but thou.

2.

Thro' sin born dark I was,
 Nor cared for the light,
 All knowledge of thy truth and grace
 Was banish'd from my sight.

3.

Exceeding lame beside,
A cripple from my birth,
And need a crutch as well as guide
To help my ankles forth.

4.

A ragged soul I am,
My breast and shoulders bare,
And nothing left to hide my shame
But fig-leaves here and there.

5.

With sore disease I smart,
From pain am seldom free,
It is the evil in my heart,
My father gave it me.

6.

Lord, I have told my case,
Well known to thee before,
Let Jesus shew his lovely face,
And heal up every sore.

7.

Mine eyes with salve anoint,
That I may see thy light;
And strengthen every tottering joint,
That I may walk upright.

8.

My naked soul array
In thy own righteousness;
And let thy precious blood convey
The pledge of heavenly peace.

9.

My evil, thou dost know,
 Torments my bosom much,
 But let the King of Israel shew,
 He cures it with a touch.

10.

Some manna also bring
 To feast my pilgrim days,
 And thou shalt hear a beggar sing,
 And shout forth Jesu's praise.

HYMN 53.

"When I passed by thee, and saw thee
 polluted in thine own blood, I said unto
 thee, Live," Ezek. xvi. 8.

1.

POLLUTED in my blood,
 And filthy from my birth,
 My froward heart, averse to good,
 All evil bringeth forth!

2.

Sunk in the mire of sin,
 And in my sin perverse!
 Rebellious nature rul'd within,
 And well I lik'd its course!

3.

But Jesus passing by,
 Beheld my woful case,
 He call'd the wretched rambler nigh,
 And seiz'd me by his grace.

4.
He said unto me, Live,
And life his word convey'd;
The dead his quick'ning voice perceive,
And living souls are made.

5.
Henceforth my whole concern
Must be to shew his praise,
And in the school of grace to learn
Obedience all my days.

6.
But let my Lord renew
His quick'ning word each hour,
And bring my worthlessness in view,
To keep my spirit poor.

HYMN 54.

"O Lord, thou art my refuge," Psal. cxlii. 5.

1.
NO help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin and death and hell.

2.
To Christ for help I fly,
The friend of sinners lost,
A refuge sweet and sure and high,
And there is all my trust.

3.

All other refuge fails,
 And leaves my heart distressed;
 But this eternally prevails
 To give a sinner rest.

4.

Lord, grant me free access
 Unto thy pierced side,
 For there I seek my dwelling-place,
 And there my guilt would hide.

5.

In ev'ry time of need
 My helpless soul defend,
 And save me from all evil deed,
 And save me to the end.

6.

And when the hour is near
 That flesh and heart will fail,
 Do thou in all thy grace appear,
 And bid my faith prevail.

H Y M N 55.

"Come up to me into the mount, and be
 there," Exod. xxiv. 12.

1.

MY foolish heart would find
 A portion here below;
 Yet soon a rough and blasting wind
 Nips every comfort through.

2.

Befool'd and vexed oft,
I would no longer rove,
But lift my weary eyes aloft
To Jesu's mount above.

3.

He kindly bids me come,
Nor linger longer here,
But make his happy mount my home,
And feast upon his cheer.

4.

I would mount up on high,
Above all earthly things;
Yet well thou know'st I cannot fly,
Unless thou lend me wings.

5.

Good wings of faith impart,
And I shall reach thy seat;
Good wings to cheer a drooping heart,
And brace up tardy feet.

6.

And tho' an earthly cell
My carcase still embrace,
My spirit on the mount shall dwell,
And feel thy perfect peace.



HYMN 56.

"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good," 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1.

POOOR angry bosom, hush,
Nor discontented grow;
But at thy own sad folly blush,
Which breedeth all thy woe.

2.

If sick, or lame, or poor,
Or by the world abhorr'd,
Whatever cross lays at thy door,
It cometh from the Lord.

3.

The lions will not tear,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace shall not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave.

4.

The Lord is just and true,
And upright in his way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we run astray.

5.

With caution we should tread;
For as we sow we reap,
And oft bring mischief on our head
By some unwary step.

6. Lord,

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6.

Lord, plant a godly fear
Before my roving eyes,
Lest some hid snare or wily snare
My heedless feet surprize.

7.

Or should I start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But weep and kiss the rod.

H Y M N 57.

"While one saith, I am of Paul; and another saith, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal?" 1 Cor. iii. 4.

1.

SOON as the gospel-sound
Was publish'd all abroad,
The din of party echoes round,
And clogs the gospel-road.

2.

One cries, I am for Paul;
And one Apollos takes;
Each thinks his leader all in all,
And wild dissention makes.

3.

If carnal feuds appear,
Where gospel truth is taught,
Sweet love is quickly banish'd there,
And Jesus Christ forgot.

1

4.

The gospel suffers harm,
And infidels blaspheme,
When fierce disciples lift their arm,
And raise a party flame.

5.

Yet oft, full oft we see
Much unbecoming strife;
Nor sheep nor shepherds can agree
To lead a peaceful life.

6.

From thy disciples, Lord,
Such carnal strife remove,
Subdue them by thy gracious word,
And teach 'em how to love.

H Y M N 58.

“ Preach the unfearchable riches of Christ,”
Ephes. iii. 8.

1.

I Try and try again
To publish Jesu's worth,
And fain I would, but never can
Set half his riches forth.

2.

The love his bosom feels,
His tongue can only tell;
And till the Lord his love reveals,
No one admires it well.

3.
'Tis deep unfathom'd love,
And charms the hosts on high;
Yet will in man no wonder move,
Without an opened eye.

4.
His blood so freely spilt
Is loud proclaim'd to all;
Rich balm to heal the deepest guilt!
Yet few regard the call.

5.
Sweet health his grace imparts,
And grace divinely free;
Rich grace to cleanse the foulest hearts!
Yet few say, Give it me.

6.
Some footsteps of thy grace
My tutor'd heart can find;
And view some beauties of thy face,
And yet at best am blind.

7.
Our dear Redeemer is
An endless wealthy store;
And when we taste his offer'd bliss,
We bless, and ask for more.



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H Y M N 59.

"Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see
greater abominations," Ezek. viii. 6, 13, 15.

1.

THAT image-chamber foul,
Which met Ezekiel's eye,
Points out the breast of every soul,
Where lurking idols lie.

2.

When God the *vision* gives,
A man his heart can read;
Abominations he perceives,
And finds it bad indeed!

3.

Yet ask for further light,
And turn to see thy woe,
And God will clear thy misty sight,
And deeper visions shew.

4.

As we the light can bear
To break upon our eyes,
Still deeper idols shall appear,
And more will after rise.

5.

Thus pride is broken down,
And humbled in the dust;
We view our vileness, and must own
The Lord is all our trust.

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89

6.

May Jesus Christ disclose, how I wot
The plagues within my heart, I am of
And as my soul more humbled grows,
A brighter faith impart.

H Y M N 60.

"Look unto me and be saved, all the ends
of the earth, for I am God, and none else."
Isa. xlv. 22.

TO Christian, Jew, and Greek,
The Prince of Israel saith,
All sinners, who salvation seek,
Look unto me by faith.

2.

Almighty pow'r I have, I
Am God, and nothing less;
And surely none but God can save,
So deep is your distress.

3.

How welcome is the light,
Which Jesu's word has giv'n!
For much I fought with human might
To force my way to heav'n.

4.

My vapouring arm was weak,
Yet would be counted bold,
And in the fight my heart would speak,
And could no weapon hold.

5.

Now, Lord, I look to thee,
To make the battle good,
To fight and give me victory,
And pardon thro' thy blood.

6.

My heart is naughty still,
And ugly things would do;
But he, who quells the winds at will,
Can quell my bosom too.

7.

Oh, bid my foot stand fast
Upon thy faithful word;
And sweetly teach me how to cast
All burdens on the Lord.

H Y M N 61.

"In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be
justified, and shall glory," *Isai. xlv. 25.*

1.

THE sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad,
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.

2.

The heavenly word declares,
And faithful is the word,
That Israel's seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.

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3.

In Jesus they shall trust,
From first to last, each one;
Thro' Jesus shall be counted just,
And boast in him *alone*.

4.

Amen, the word is good,
My trust is in his name;
I have redemption thro' his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

5.

He hears my sad complaints,
And heals old wounds and new;
Hosannah to the King of saints,
His ways are just and true!*

6.

His worth I love to tell,
And wish the world to know;
And where the Son is honour'd well,
The Father's honour'd too†

H Y M N 62.

"Lead me to the rock, that is higher than
I," Psa. lxi. 2. "And this rock is Christ,"
1 Cor. x. 4.

1.

A Rock salutes mine eye,
Which faith alone has trod;
It lifts a pilgrim near the sky,
And brings the heart to God

* Rev. xv. 3.

† John v. 23.

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2.

I held a flattering hope,
And thought, as some think yet,
This rock may sure be scrambled up,
By human hands and feet.

3.

But now amazed, I cry,
As David did before,
The rock is higher much than I,
And help I must implore.

4.

Upon it I would dwell,
But help is wanting here,
Except the Father draw me well,
I never shall get there.

5.

Oh, lead me to this rock,
And keep me on it too;
For on this rock, thy favour'd flock
The promis'd land can view.

6.

Upon this happy hill
I would employ my days,
Till thou shalt call me higher still,
To sing eternal praise.

* John vi. 44.

A



H Y M N 63.

"Jesus saith, I am the *way*; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me," John xiv. 6.

1.

A New and pleasant door,
A friendly *way* to God,
Is open'd for the gospel-poor,
Thro' Jesu's precious blood.

2.

Here mercy smiling fits
The famish'd poor to feed,
Bestows a kiss on all she meets,
And deals out heavenly bread.

3.

But finners are so blind,
From mercy they will stray;
Or lifted with a lofty mind,
They will despise the *way*.

4.

I was a rover too,
And roving found no rest;
But now at length the *way* I view,
And here I build my nest.

5.

Of Christ I chirp and sing,
And when he casts an eye,
I flutter up with brisker wing,
And warble in the sky.

6.

Such is my pleasant task,
 To sing of this sweet road:
 And if the cause a stranger ask;
 It is my way to God.

H Y M N 64.

"Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath
 not the Father," 1 John ii. 23.

1.

A Base and proud neglect
 Of Jesus Christ is shewn;
 His honours impious men reject,
 And scandalize the Son.

2.

But scorers pert and wise
 May from the Father know,
 That all, who dare the Son despise,
 Reject the Father too.

3.

His Godhead who denies,
 Or his atoning death,
 Shall fall himself a sacrifice,
 And feel the Father's wrath.

4.

All, who in him believe,
 And seek his offer'd grace,
 A joyful pardon shall receive,
 And see the Father's face.

5.

O my sweet Prince of peace,
Who bought me with thy blood,
Thy person and thy love I bless,
And hail thee as my God.

H Y M N 65.

"Jesus is ordained to be the Judge of quick
and dead," Acts x. 42.

1.

LET wanton men beware,
How Jesus they despise;
In awful pomp he will appear,
Descending from the skies!

2.

His trumpet will proclaim
"The Judge, the Judge is near!"
And earth will melt with fervent flame,
And seas dry up with fear!

3.

A shouting heav'nly host *
Around him will be rang'd!
The dead will hear and start up first,
And then the quick be chang'd!

4.

Ye wise and favour'd few,
Who lodge at mercy's gate,
Oh, keep the Saviour well in view,
And for his coming wait.

* 1 Thess. iv. 16.

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5.
And hear, ye foolish men,
Who talk with impious breath,
And glory in a life unclean;
Such mirth will end in death.

6.
Your bitter sad remorse
No tongue can truly tell,
If Jesus once pronounce his curse,
And sink you down to hell.

7.
O thoughtless men, be wise,
Before it be too late,
From sleep awake, from sin arise,
And knock at mercy's gate.

H Y M N 66.

"Faith without works is dead," James ii. 20.

1.
FRRIEND, if thy tree is good,
And faith lay at the root,
It gathers life from Jesu's blood,
And beareth goodly fruit.

2.
Assent is earthly weed,
And brings no profit forth;
But gospel-faith is noble seed,
And claims an heavenly birth.*

* Ephes. ii. 8.

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3.

It surely works by love,
And acts a kindly part;
It draweth pardon from above,
And purifies the heart.

4.

Tho' baffled o'er and o'er,
Faith will prevail at length,
Because it fights in Jesu's pow'r,
And not in human strength.

5.

If faith work peace within,
And worketh merit out,
And beareth fruit, and conquer sin,
'Tis sterling faith, no doubt.

6.

Such faith, Lord, give to me,
As yields it's blossoms fair,
And sheweth fruit upon the tree,
And all it's fruit will rear.

H Y M N 67.

"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be
free indeed," John viii. 36.

1.

TO free myself I strove,
But feeble was my pow'r,
My galling guilt would not remove,
And sin prevailed more.

K

2.

At length I weary was,
 And unto Jesus came,
 And told him all my helpless case;
 How weak I was and lame.

3.

A smile he cast on me,
 And said, I know thy need;
 But if the Son shall make you free,
 You will be free indeed.

4.

Salvation would you have?
 Upon me cast your cares;
 None but the Saviour sure can save,
 As well his name declares.

5.

Lord, let me know thy name,
 That I may rescue'd be
 From sin's dominion, guilt and shame,
 And thy salvation see.

6.

I would have free access,
 When unto God I cry;
 And nourish'd with the word of grace,
 Thy free-man live and die.



H Y M N 68.

“Unto the *Son* he saith, Thy throne, O God,
is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righte-
ousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom,”
Heb. i. 8.

1.
THO’ scorners thee defy,
And proud blasphemers roar,
Thy throne, O Jesus, God most high,
Endureth evermore!

2.
Thine hands a sceptre hold,
Which only God can grasp,
Which wisdom sway’d all times of old,
And truth and mercy clasp.

3.
Thou lovest righteousness,
And wilt uphold it’s seat,
And daring sinners, great or less,
Shall perish at thy feet.

4.
Thy subject I would be,
And willing made by grace,
A servant waiting here on thee,
Till call’d to see thy face.



HYMN 69.

To the Trinity.

1.

OUR Father who dost lead
The children of thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
Throughout the wilderness!

2.

Thy providential care
In dangers past we own,
And beg thine arm may still be near,
And still thy love be shewn.

3.

Dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Our lovely dying friend!
Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
And truth and mercy send.

4.

Thou art a master kind,
With voice and person sweet,
Bestow on us a loving mind,
And keep us at thy feet.

5.

Thou, holy Spirit, art
Of Gospel-truth the seal,
Convincing pow'r thou dost impart,
And Jesu's grace reveal.

6.

Oh, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

H Y M N 70.

"Blessed is the man, that watcheth daily
at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of
my doors," Prov. viii. 34.

1.

MY bus'ness lays at Jesu's gate,
Where many a Lazar comes,
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumbs.

2.

My rags and wounds my wants proclaim,
And help from *him* implore;
The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

3.

My Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheareth souls distressed;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

4.

His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus shew his face,
And bring his gospel-store?

K 3

5.

Supplies of every grace I want,
 And each day want supply,
 And if no grace the Lord will grant,
 I must lay down and die.

6.

But oh! my Lord, such news shall ne'er
 Be told in Sion's street,
 That some poor soul fell in despair,
 And dy'd at Jesu's feet.

H Y M N 71.

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant;
 for in *thy fight* shall *no man* living be jus-
 tified," Psal. cxliii. 2.

1.

WHERE must a burden'd conscience go
 To find a sure relief?
 Nor tears, nor alms a balm bestow
 To heal a sinner's grief?

2.

No help on nature's ground appears,
 Sin has such noisome breath;
 A solemn voice from God declares,
 The wage of sin is death.

3.

With man thy conduct may be fair,
 Thy dealings all upright;
 With God the best much faulty are,
 And guilty in his sight.

4.

Forbear to ease thine aching heart,
By merits of thine own;
Or God will mark thy strict desert,
And judgment weigh thee down.

5.

Thy sinful debts to Jesus bring,
His payment makes thee just;
And of thy surety think and sing,
And only in him trust.

6.

Yet ask him for a full receipt,
And lock it in thy breast;
This makes obedience free and sweet,
And sets the heart at rest.

H Y M N 72.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,
meekness, and temperance," Galat. v.
22, 23.

1.

THAT man alone is truly blest,
Who dwells in love divine,
Who finds the Saviour's joyful rest,
And keeps his peace within.

2.

He bears the wrongs that others bring,
Unmoved all the while;
His bounty bids the cripple sing,
And makes the widow smile.

3.

By faith he acts a christian part,
 Much favoury in his talk,
 Child like and lowly in his heart,
 And temperate in his walk.

4.

And can these plants of virtue grow
 In such a soil as mine?
 Yes, if thy quick'ning Spirit blow,
 They spring and open fine.

5.

A fallow ground if Jesus till,
 Tho' weeds were only there,
 The fallows quickly own his skill,
 And precious fruit will bear.

6.

Come then, my Lord, thy grace impart,
 Thy Spirit breathe on me;
 Plant all it's fruit within my heart,
 And make me all like thee.

H Y M N 73.

"He shall let go my captives, not for price
 nor reward," Isai. xlv. 13.

1.

ART thou by sin a captive led,
 And sin thy daily grief?
 The man, who brake the serpent's head,
 Can bring thee sweet relief.

2.

His name is Jesus, for he saves,
And setteth captives free;
His office is to purchase slaves,
And give them liberty.

3.

No money for thy ransom take,
But mercy much intreat;
Go with the chains about thy neck,
And fall before his feet.

4.

Tell how thy bosom tyrants lash,
And rage without control;
Shew where the fetters gall thy flesh,
And bruise thine inmost soul.

5.

The sight will melt his piteous heart,
Soon touch'd with human woe;
And healing up thy guilty smart,
His freed-man thou shalt go.

H Y M N 74.

"Carry them in thy bosom, as a nurse
beareth the sucking child," Numb. xi. 12.

1.

O Lord, how lovely is thy name,
How faithful is thine heart!
To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind thou art!

2.

No change of mind our Jesus knows,
 A true and constant friend!
 Where once the Lord his love bestows,
 He loves unto the end!

3.

He well remembers we are flesh,
 At best a bruised reed;
 And fainting souls he will refresh,
 And gently rear their head.

4.

Full breasts of milk, that cannot cloy,
 He, like a nurse, will bring;
 And when he draws the promise nigh,
 Oh, how we suck and sing!

5.

No danger can thy soul await,
 While resting on this rock;
 The winds may blow, and waves may bear,
 But he sustains the shock.

6.

Dear Jesus, let me lay and rest
 Within thy arms divine;
 Thy daily care, to make me blest;
 To love and praise thee, mine.



H Y M N 75.

"I will clothe thee with change of raiment,"
Zach. iii. 4.

1.

DRESS uniform the soldiers wear,
When duty calls abroad,
Not purchas'd at their cost or care,
But by the prince bestow'd.

2.

Christ's soldiers too, if Christ-like bred,
Have regimental dress,
'Tis linen white and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

3.

A rich and sightly robe it is,
And to the soldiers dear;
No rose can learn to blush like this,
Nor lily look so fair.

4.

No wit of man could weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all the globe
By purchase make it mine.

5.

The robe was wrought by Jesu's hand,
And dy'd in his own blood;
And all the cherubs gazing stand
To view this robe of God.

6.

Tho' worn, it never waxeth old,
 No spots upon it fall,
 It makes a soldier brisk and bold,
 And dutiful withal.

7.

Array me in this robe complete,
 For this will hide my shame,
 And make me sing, and make me fight,
 And bless my captain's name.

H Y M N 76.

"Though he tarry, wait for him,"
 Habak. ii. 3.

1.

IF guilt pursue thee with it's cry,
 And would to prison hale;
 To Jesus Christ, the surety, fly,
 And he will offer bail.

2.

If hellish foes beset thee round,
 And grin and dodging stand;
 On Jesus call, and keep thy ground,
 And he will help command.

3.

If hope; that us'd thy soul to chear,
 Now leaves thee dark as night,
 And neither sun nor stars appear;
 Yet wait for morning-light.

4. Still

4.

Still look to Christ with longing eyes,
Tho' both begin to fail;
Still follow with thy feeble cries,
And mercy will prevail.

5.

What, if he drop no gracious smile,
Or bid thee leave his door;
Yet if thou knock, and wait awhile,
He must relieve the poor.

6.

He tarries oft, till men are faint,
And comes at evening late;
He hears and will relieve complaint,
But we must pray and wait.

H Y M N 77.

"So Daniel was taken up out of the den,
and no manner of hurt was found upon
him, because he *believed* in his God,"
Dan. vi. 23.

1.

EACH human breast is Daniel's den,
Where lusts, like lions, lay,
And yell and rend unfaithful men,
Who fall an easy prey.

2.

But he, who in the Lord believes,
Has lions at his will;
The pow'r, which stilled winds and waves,
A roaring lust can still.

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3.

Yet if the monsters round thy head
 Lay harmless down, like sheep;
 Ah, never once surmize them dead,
 They are but dropt asleep.

4.

While unbelief makes mid-night skies,
 For prey the lions roar;
 But soon as faith bids morning rise,
 They lay them down and snore.*

5.

O Jesus, thou the tamer art,
 Faith rests upon thy pow'r,
 Faith calls, and thou dost help impart
 In every needful hour.

6.

All dens to thee are just the same,
 Where thou art, there is rest;
 Then give me Daniel's faith to tame
 The lions in my breast.

H Y M N 78.

"My heart is smitten, and withered like
 grass," Psal. cii. 4.

1.

A LAS! poor soul, what ails thee now,
 So feeble and so faint?

Why hangs a cloud upon thy brow?
 Come, tell thy sad complaint.

* Psal. civ. 20, 22.

2.

"No wither'd stick is half so dry,
 "No flint so hard is found,
 "Like some dead dog I lumpish lie,
 "And putrify the ground."

3.

Well, Jesus shews thee, what thou art,
 How naked, blind, and poor!
 Discloses all thy wretched heart,
 To make thee prize him more.

4.

Lay down submissive at his feet,
 And meekly tell thy pain,
 And with a sigh his love intreat
 To send a gracious rain.

5.

But when he brings a chearing gleam,
 And brooks gush from the rock,
 Boast in your fountain, not the stream,
 For human cisterns leak.

6.

The streams may take a various turn,
 Run ebb, or muddy flow,
 Or dry up ere to-morrow's morn,
 But not the fountain so.

7.

The fountain always full and clear
 Flows on serenely still,
 Is free and open all the year,
 For whosoever will.

8.

Oh, may this rock afford me rest,
 This brook still follow me;
 To quench my thirst, and wash my breast,
 Till Canaan's land I see.

H Y M N 79.

"In my prosperity I said, I shall never be
 moved; my mountain standeth strong:
 but thou didst hide thy face, and I was
 troubled," Psal. xxx. 6, 7.

1.

WHEN I can sit at Jesu's feet,
 And he anoints my head,
 Such peace ensues, so calm and sweet,
 I think my foes all dead.

2.

My simple heart then fondly dreams,
 It shall see war no more;
 Too firm to shrink my mountain seems,
 And every storm blown o'er.

3.

While thus a queen in state I sit,
 Self hunts about for praise,
 Talks much of frames and victories great,
 That you may hear and gaze.

4.

Then Jesus sends a trying hour,
 This lurking pride to quell;
 My dead foes rise with dreadful pow'r,
 And drag me down to hell.

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5.

Now faints my heart within me quite;
My mountain disappears,
All grace is vanish'd from my sight,
And faith seems lost in fears.

6.

At length my Lord with sweet surprize,
Returns to loose my bands,
Brings kind compassions in his eyes,
And pardons in his hands.

7.

I drop my vile head in the dust,
And at my Lord's feet fall;
His grace is now my song and boast,
And Christ my all in all.

H Y M N 80.

"I kill and I make alive; I wound and I
heal," Deut. xxxii. 39.

1.

THE Saviour empties whom he fills,
And quickens whom he slays;
Our legal hope he kindly kills,
To teach us gospel-praise.

2.

He wraps in frowns, as well as smiles,
Some tokens of his love;
And if he wounds, or if he heals,
In both his grace we prove.

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3.

His simple flock are often slack,
And make the Lord retire;
But when he frowns and turns his back,
It is to draw them nigh'r.

4.

No sooner we begin to mourn,
And feel a broken heart,
But Jesus cries, Return, return,
And let me heal thy smart.

5.

The starv'd and wounded may receive
Refreshments at his door;
Good bread and balms he loves to give
To sinners sick and poor.

6.

My legal self may Jesus kill,
And make my heart alive;
My guilty wounds may Jesus heal,
And make my spirit thrive.

H Y M N 81.

"Christ is precious unto you who believe"
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1.

EXCEEDING precious is my Lord,
His love divinely free!
And sure his name does health afford
To sickly souls, like me.

2.

It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
And breaks his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace
To feed the gospel-poor.

3.

And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart,
And hear him say, it was for you,
This breaks the stony heart.

4.

An heavenly joy his words convey,
The bowels strangely move,
We blush and melt, and faint away,
O'erwhelmed with his love.

5.

In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till join'd with saints above the sky,
I tune my harp with *their's*.

H Y M N 82.

"My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and
barren land, where no water is." Psal.
lxiii. 1.

1.

WHERE must a weary sinner go,
But to the sinner's friend?
He only can relieve my woe,
And bid my sorrows end.

3114 SION'S SONGS.

3.

His simple flock are often slack,
And make the Lord retire;
But when he frowns and turns his back,
It is to draw them nigh'r.

4.

No sooner we begin to mourn,
And feel a broken heart,
But Jesus cries, Return, return,
And let me heal thy smart.

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Refreshments at his door;
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And make my heart alive;
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"Christ is precious unto you who believe,"
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1.

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His love divinely free!
And sure his name does health afford
To sickly souls, like me.

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2.

It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
And breaks his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace
To feed the gospel-poor.

3.

And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart,
And hear him say, it was for you,
This breaks the stony heart.

4.

An heavenly joy his words convey,
The bowels strangely move,
We blush and melt, and faint away,
O'erwhelmed with his love.

5.

In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till join'd with saints above the sky,
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"My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and
barren land, where no water is." Psal.
lxiii. 1.

1.

WHERE must a weary sinner go,
But to the sinner's friend?
He only can relieve my woe,
And bid my sorrows end.

2.

Thou art, O Lord, my resting-place;
 The promis'd land I see,
 And long to live upon thy grace,
 And lose myself in thee.

3.

A glimpse of thee, and thy sweet store
 Thou dost to me impart;
 But kindly shew me more and more,
 Till thou dost fill my heart.

4.

The wilderness I cannot bear,
 So far from thee to stand;
 Nor yet from Pisgah's top to stare
 Upon the promis'd land.

5.

I want to eat and drink my fill
 Of Canaan's milk and wine;
 Let Moses die upon the hill,
 And soon I shall be thine.

6.

'Tis self, that legal thing and base,
 Which keeps me from my rest,
 Me from myself let Christ release,
 And soon I shall be blest.



HYMN 83.

"I will raise up for them a plant of renown," Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

1.
THY glory, Jesus, fills the skies,
Plant of renown thou art,
A tree desir'd to make one wise,
And cheer a drooping heart!

2.
Thou bearest ripe and goodly fruit,
Fresh blooming all the year,
Which every famish'd soul will suit,
And withering health repair.

3.
Upon this fruit whoever feeds,
No want or care he knows,
None other food he seeks or needs,
This healeth all his woes.

4.
No tree like this among the wood!
It grows on Calvary,
And, water'd well with Jesu's blood,
Bears choicest fruit for me.

5.
The fruit is righteousness divine,
To cleanse and clothe my soul;
And all, who on the fruit can dine,
Are made completely whole.

6.

Not like the tree of knowledge fair,
 Yet treacherous to the eye!
 Whoever comes to banquet here,
 Shall eat and never die.

7.

Too long, O Lord, my soul has fed
 On graces, duties, frames,
 Yet these are not my heavenly bread,
 Tho' lovely things and names.

8.

Thou art my gospel-bread and food,
Thou art my joyous feast;
 To eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood,
 Is gospel-health and rest.

9.

Thy life and death are my repast,
 The precious fruit of grace;
 And when this dainty food I taste,
 I live, and love, and bless.

H Y M N 84.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us
 from all sin," 1 John i. 7.

1.

DOES conscience lay a guilty charge,
 And Moses much condemn,
 And bring in bills exceeding large?
 Let Jesus answer them.

2.

He paid thy ransom with his hand,
And ev'ry score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments of one debt.

3.

Now justice smiles on mercy sweet,
And looks well reconcil'd;
Join'd hand in hand they go to meet,
And kifs a weeping child.

4.

But ask the Lord for his receipt,
To shew the payment good;
Deliver'd from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with his blood.

5.

The law thy feet will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest;
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Lock'd up within thy breast.

6.

The fight of this will melt thine heart,
And make thine eyes run o'er;
An happy pardon'd child thou art,
And heav'n is at thy door.



H Y M N 85.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head, but
the fool walketh in darkness," Ecclef. ii. 14.

1.

THE Lord proclaims that man a fool,
Who does in darkness walk;
And tho' untaught in Jesu's school,
Will of salvation talk.

2.

No peace he feels from Jesu's blood,
No work of grace begun,
Yet vainly hopes his path is good,
And walks in darkness on.

3.

No gospel way-post can he find,
To prove his road is right;
Yet flattering hopes beguile his mind,
And mists deceive his sight.

4.

A wise man's eyes are in his head,
And Christ his head is found;
And while the head the members lead,
They keep on gospel-ground.

5.

Lord, let my light come down from thee,
Thy head direct my feet;
For only in thy light I see
The gospel clear and sweet.

HYMN 86.

SION'S SONGS.

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H Y M N 86.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know my
sheep, and am known of mine;" John x. 14.

WITH tender heart, and gentle hand,
And eyes that never sleep,
Our Shepherd leads to Canaan's land
His bleating helpless sheep.

2.
Of him they love to sing each day,
Of him they love to learn,
And when he talketh by the way,
Oh, how their bosoms burn!

3.
A word from Jesus fires their heart,
And sweetly tunes their tongue,
Bids every anxious care depart,
And helps their feet along.

4.
He knows his sheep, and tells their names,
And will not lose his own,*
The bleating ewes, and dancing lambs,
Are marked every one.

5.
And Jesu's sheep their shepherd know,
And follow out of choice;
They will not after strangers go,
Nor heed an hireling's voice.

* John xviii. 9.

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HYMN 87.

"I determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1.

SOME wise men of opinions boast,
And sleep on doctrines sound;
But, Lord, let not my soul be lost
On such enchanted ground.

2.

Good doctrines can do me no good,
While floating in the brain;
Unless they yield my heart some food,
They bring no real gain.

3.

Oh, may my single aim be now
To live on him that dy'd,
And nought on earth desire to know
But Jesus crucify'd.

4.

Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
But godliness in all it's life
At Jesu's cross we find.

5.

Lord, let thy wondrous cross employ
My musings all day long,
Till in the realms of purest joy
I make it all my song.

H Y M N 88.

"Ye are the temple of the living God, as
God hath said, I will dwell in them,"
2 Cor. vi. 16.

1.

GOD's living temple wouldst thou be,
Devoted to his fear?
To Christ thy bosom open free,
And he will enter there.

2.

There he reveals his secrets deep,
And sheds his love abroad,
And there he teacheth us to keep
Sweet fellowship with God.

3.

What if thy bosom is a den,
Where gangs of robbers sleep,
Or some foul cage of birds unclean,
The stable Christ can sweep.

4.

If he but shew his awful face,
The wanton birds will fly,
And thievish gangs march off apace,
To shun his piercing eye.

5.

Lord Jesus, consecrate my breast,
An house for God below;
And wash it sweet, and keep it chaste,
Thy blood can make it so.

M 2

H Y M N 89.

"Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled," Psal. xxx. 7.

1.

IF but a single moment's space
My Lord himself withdraws,
Dark clouds and storms come on apace,
And debts and broken laws.

2.

My heart reveals it's dross and dung,
And loathsome is my breath,
My harp is on the willows hung,
And Esau vows my death.

3.

Mine eyes refuse to lend a tear,
My throat is hoarse and dry,
I slip and falter in my prayer,
And sick and faint am I.

4.

If Jesus loves the gospel-poor,
That broken-hearted be,
A mourner waiteth at thy door,
Who wants a sight of thee.

5.

Look from the windows of thy grace,
And cheer a drooping heart ;
A single smile from thy sweet face
Will bid my griefs depart.

6.

Thou art the life of all my joys,
Thy presence makes my heav'n;
Whatever else my Lord denies,
Thy presence, Lord, be giv'n.

H Y M N 90.

"They, that wait upon the Lord, shall re-
new their strength, and mount up with
wings as eagles," Isai. xl. 31. "And I
will bring the blind by a way they knew
not," Isai. xlii. 16.

1.

ART thou a weakling poor and faint,
And sorrowful each hour,
Exceeding full of sad complaint,
Lest Satan thee devour?

2.

Right welcome tidings Jesus brings
To feeble hearts, like thine;
He will bear up the weak with wings,
And cheer the faint with wine.

3.

In darkness dost thou pensive go,
Nor any path canst find?
Thy Jesus still can bring thee thro',
And loves to lead the blind.

4.

Tho' blind, step on and fear no ill,
The Lord is near at hand,
And safe thro' fire and water will
Lead to the promis'd land.

M 3

5.
But ask for light, and patient look,
Till Christ himself reveals,
Till water issuing from his rock
Thy empty cistern fills.

6.
Then walk with him, as loving friends,
Nor from his side depart;
And till your painful journey ends,
Oh, keep him in your heart.

HYMN 91.

"Surely the land of Canaan floweth with
milk and honey, and this cluster of grapes
is the fruit of it," Numb. xiii. 27.

1.
TOO long, alas! I vainly fought
For happiness below,
But earthly comforts, dearly bought,
No solid good bestow.

2.
If blest with plenty, still my mind
Sick and consumptive grew;
I fed on ashes, drank the wind;
And what can such food do?

3.
My carcase may be fitly fed
With what this earth supplies;
My spirit needs some better bread,
Or sick it grows and dies.

* Isai. xlv. 20. Hosea xii. 1.

4.

At length thro' Jesu's grace I found
The good and promis'd land,
Where milk and honey much abound,
And grapes in clusters stand.

5.

My soul has tasted of the grapes,
And now it longs to go,
Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow.

6.

Upon the true and living vine
My famish'd soul would feast,
And banquet on the fruit divine,
An everlasting guest.

7.

And wouldst thou feed on Canaan's store,
When all thy days are past?
Then taste it on this earthly shore,
Or thou wilt never taste.

H Y M N 92.

"A man shall be an hiding-place from the
wind, and a covert from the tempest,"
Isai. xxxii. 2.

1.

A Man, with meek and lowly form,
Can hide thee from the wind,
And from the rattling thunder storm,
Which frights a guilty mind.

2.

His name is Jesus, mighty dear
 To them that know his name;
 It charms away a sinner's fear,
 And sets his heart on flame.

3.

This *man* of meekness dost thou know,
 And can his Godhead trace?
 And fearless to him wouldst thou go?
 Look on his *human* face.

4.

The tender husband, brother, friend,
 Meet in this lovely *man*,
 And these are charms to recommend,
 Or surely nothing can.

5.

Approach him, as they did of old,
 In Juda whilst he dwelt;
 Thy griefs to this dear man unfold,
 And his kind heart will melt.

6.

A *man* of sorrows much he was,
 Well vers'd in human woe,
 And he can grieve at thy sad case,
 And needful help bestow.

7.

Upon the *man* thine eyes may gaze,
 And feel no guilty dread;
 His excellence will not amaze,*
 When wrapt in human shade.

* Job xiii. 11, 21.

8.

Behold *the man!* his wounds, his smart! *

See how he lov'd and dy'd!
The fight will melt thy stony heart,
And crucify thy pride.

H Y M N 93.

"Bring forth the blind people that have
eyes, and the deaf that have ears," Isa.
xliii. 8.

1.

A Dark and empty shade is man,
Yet full of fancy'd light!
But all his penetration can
Obtain no gospel-light.

2.

If heavenly truth is blaz'd abroad,
~~His heart~~ rejects the call;
If gospel newmen shew the road,
He will grope for the wall.

3.

Perhaps he stands to hear the sound,
But deaf his ears remain;
No meaning in the word is found,
It raiseth mirth or pain.

4.

O Lord, thine holy arm make bare,
For thou the help must find;
Afford the deaf an hearing ear,
And heal the brain-sick mind.

* John xix. 5.

5.

Behold, how unconcern'd they dwell,
 Tho' dark and deaf they be,
 And think they hear and see right well,
 And need no help from thee.

6.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
 The blind their sight receive;
 And both shall in thy name rejoice,
 And to thy glory live.

H Y M N 94.

" Whosoever will, let him take the water
 of life freely," Rev. xxii. 17.

1.

O F cistern-waters art thou sick,
 And loathe the mire they bring?
 Then hither stretch thy thirsty neck,
 And taste a living spring.

2.

A spring, that issues from a rock,
 Where purest waters flow;
 And rocky hearts, by Moses struck,*
 May to these waters go.

3.

No spring will quench a thirst like this!
 It makes a conscience whole,
 Inspires the heart with heav'nly bliss,
 And purifies the soul.

* Exod. xvii. 6.

4.
Whoe'er can truly say, I thirst,
May come and take his fill,
'Tis free for good, and bad, and worst,
For whosoever will.

5.
Come when thou wilt, or soon or late,
It stands inviting thee;
And will admit no market-rate,
It is divinely free.

6.
It's owner is an heavenly king,
And by his winning ways,
He draws the thirsty to his spring,
Who drink and sing his praise.

7.
Lord, draw me by thy secret touch,
Or backward I shall start;
For sure I want intreating much,
So fearful is my heart.

H Y M N 95.

"We glory in tribulations, knowing that
tribulation worketh patience," Rom. v. 3.

1.
HOW simple are thy children, Lord,
Unskill'd in what they pray!
Full oft they lift an hearty word,
Yet know not what they say.

* Mark x. 38.

2.

For patience when I rais'd a cry,
 Fresh burdens made me rear;
 My foolish heart would then reply,
 For patience pray no more.

3.

So much my Master seem'd to blame,
 I thought to leave his school;
 But now I learn to blush for shame,
 And see myself a fool.

4.

I fancy'd patience would be brought
Before my troubles rose;
 And by such granted help I thought
 To triumph o'er my woes.

5.

But Paul has clear'd my misty sight,
 And taught by him I find,
 That tribulations, working right,
 Produce a patient mind.

6.

When our dear Master would bestow
 Much patience on his friends,
 He loads their shoulders well with woe,
 And thus obtains his ends.

7.

I must expect a daily cross,
 Lord, sanctify the pain;
 Bid every furnace purge my dross,
 And yield some patient gain.

H Y M N 96.

"When thou makest a feast, call the poor,
the maimed, the lame, and the blind; and
thou shalt be blessed," Luke xiv. 13, 14.

1.

A Feast of fat things Jesus makes,
With store of choicest wine;
And starved souls he calls and takes
To sit with him and dine.

2.

Come all ye poor, who cannot buy,
Yet long for living bread;
The Saviour will your wants supply,
And make you rich indeed.

3.

Come every sick and bruised soul,
Who sigh with guilty smart;
This feast will make the maimed whole,
And heal a bleeding heart.

4.

Come all ye lame and crippled throng,
Who limp in Jesu's ways;
His table-food will make you strong,
And dance, and sing his praise.

5.

Come all ye blind, who inly pine
For faith's reviving light;
A cup of Jesu's precious wine
Will clear your cloudy sight.

N

6.

The poor and maimed, blind and lame,
 May come to Jesu's feast;
 And all that come will bless his name,
 When of his cheer they taste.

H Y M N 97.

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal
 upon thine arm," Solom. Song. viii. 6.

1.

I Ask my dying Saviour dear
 To set me on his heart;
 And if my Jesus fix me there,
 Nor life, nor death shall part.

2.

As Aaron bore upon his breast*
 The names of Jacob's sons,
 So bear my name among the rest
 Of thy dear chosen ones.†

3.

Yea, set me as a precious seal
 Of covenant grace divine,
 Which may the covenant-love reveal,
 And mark me truly thine.

4.

And let the seal be stamped clear,
 With holiness in view,
 That I may bear thine image fair,
 And others read it too.

* Exod. xxviii. 9, &c.

† John xv. 16.

5.

But seal me also on thine arm,
Or yet I am not right;
I need thy love to ward off harm,
And need thy shoulder's might.

6.

This double seal makes all things sure,
And keeps me safe and well;
Thy heart and shoulder will secure
From all the host of hell.

H Y M N 98.

"Break up your fallow-ground, and sow
not among thorns," Jerem. iv. 3.

1.

UNTILL'D by grace, the human heart
Resembles fallow-ground,
Unbroken, churlish, proud and pert,
And weeds in plenty found.

2.

If gospel-seed is sown thereon,
It takes no kindly root,
Is quickly picked up and gone,
Or choaked if it shoot.

3.

Then let the Lord my fallows till,
And plough them every year,
For sure my heart is churlish still,
And loathsome weeds are there.

4.

Root up the thorns of worldly grief,
 And sprigs of self-conceit,
 That monster too of unbelief
 O'erturn, o'erturn him quite.

5.

If thus my heart is broken small
 With Jesu's gospel-plough,
 And harrow'd till the clumpers fall,
 The gospel-seed will grow.

6.

But water too the springing-crop,
 Or yet it springs in vain;
 Refresh my faith, and love, and hope,
 With gracious dew and rain.

7.

So will my soul become a child.
 And lean on Jesu's breast,
 Be simple, loving, meek, and mild,
 And find his promis'd rest.

H Y M N 99

" Little children, abide in him,"

1 John ii. 28.

1.

OH, let my Jesus teach me how
 I may in him abide;
 From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
 And keep it near thy side.

2.

Thy side is all the tow'r I have
To screen me from my foes,
And in that side a fountain is,
Which healeth human woes.

3.

When at this fountain-side I keep,
All things go wondrous well;
But if I take a wandering step,
I meet with death and hell.

4.

Put round my heart thy cord of love,
It hath a kindly sway,
But bind me fast, and draw me still,
Still nearer every day.

5.

No more I would from thee depart,
No more thy spirit grieve,
But love and follow like a child,
And like a child believe.

6.

United as the groom and bride,
Or as the branch and vine,
Yet so, that death should not divide,
But make thee ever mine.



HYMN 100.

"Wait on the Lord, be of good courage,
and he will strengthen thine heart; wait, I
say, on the Lord," Psal. xxvii. 14.

1.

AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make it's pensive moan?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

2.

These pinings prove a Christ is near,
And testify his grace;
Call on him with unceasing pray'r,
And he will shew his face.

3.

Tho' much dismay'd, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.

4.

He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thine heart,
And bring renewed strength.

5.

These holy hung'ring rings in thy breast,
Are not for mockery meant;
He has prepar'd a royal feast
To give thy soul content.

6.

Then wait, I say, upon the Lord,
Believe and ask again;
Thou hast his kind and faithful word
That none shall ask in vain.

H Y M N 101.

To the Trinity.

1.

ETERNAL Father, Lord of all,
By heav'n and earth ador'd!
Regard a guilty creature's call,
"Who much reveres thy word."

2.

Thou askest for my worthless heart;
Be it thine earthly throne;
And there a father's love impart,
And make thy mercy known.

3.

Lord Jesus, Son of God most high,
Of all the rightful heir;
Ador'd by hosts above the sky,
And by the faithful here!

4.

Thee, Saviour of the world we own,
Incarnate Lord and God!
Refresh us now, and send us down
The blessings of thy blood.

* Isa. lxvi. 2.

* Prov. xxiii. 26.

5.

Thou, Holy Ghost, who dost reveal
 The secret things of grace,
 And knowest well the Father's will,
 And his deep mind can trace:*

6.

Disclose the heavenly mysteries,
 And bring the gospel-feast;
 Give gracious hearts, and opened eyes,
 That we may see and taste.

H Y M N 102.

The hundredth Psalm paraphras'd.

1.

LET all the nations of the earth
 Be joyful in the Lord,
 With pleasant songs and godly mirth
 The Saviour's name record.

2.

The *Lord* we know, is God indeed,
 Emmanuel is his name;
 A helping God lost sinners need,
 And Jesus helping came.

3.

His *word* brings every creature forth,
 No help we could afford;
 His *grace* gives sinners heav'nly birth,
 And be his grace ador'd;

* 1 Cor. ii. 10.

4.

To sin and Satan we were sold,
And long in bondage were;
But Jesus call'd us to his fold,
And keeps us by his care.

5.

Our Shepherd we have cause to bless,
And bless we will his name,
Frequent his courts, and sing his grace,
And loud his love proclaim.

6.

A gracious Lord! whose mercy still
Remaineth ever sure;
Whose truth and faithful promise will
From age to age endure.

H Y M N 103.

"Buy and eat without money," Isa. lv. 1.

1.

GOLD or spices have I none,
For a present to my King,
All my livelihood is gone,
Only rags and wounds I bring.

2.

But I'll traffic, Lord, with thee,
For thy market suits me well;
All my blessings must be free,
And I know thou wilt not sell.

5.

Thou, Holy Ghost, who dost reveal
 The secret things of grace,
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SION'S SONGS.

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And long in bondage were;
But Jesus call'd us to his fold,
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All my livelihood is gone,
Only rags and wounds I bring.

2.

But I'll traffic, Lord, with thee,
For thy market suits me well;
All my blessings must be free,
And I know thou wilt not sell.

3.

Yet my Jesus bids me *buy*,
 Something sure he would receive;
 Well, to please him I will try,
 And my something I will give.

4.

Take my burdens for thy rest,
 Take my death for thy life giv'n,
 Take my rags for thy rich vest,
 Take my hell for thy sweet heav'n.

5.

Now the sale I understand,
 Know what Jesu's market is;
 Much he asketh of my hand,
 All my woe to *buy* his bliss.

H Y M N 104.

" My soul is even as a weaned child,"

Psal. cxxxi. 2.

1.

JESUS, cast a look on me,
 Give me sweet simplicity,
 Make me poor, and keep me low,
 Seeking only thee to know.

2.

Weaned from my lordly self,
 Weaned from the miser's self,
 Weaned from the scorner's ways,
 Weaned from the lust of praise.

3.

All that feeds my busy pride,
 Cast it evermore aside,
 Bid my will to thine submit,
 Lay me humbly at thy feet.

4.

Make me like a little child,
 Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd,
 Seeing only in thy light,
 Walking only in thy might.

5.

Leaning on thy loving breast,
 Where a weary soul may rest;
 Feeling well the peace of God
 Flowing from thy precious blood.

6.

In this posture let me live,
 And hosannas daily give;
 In this temper let me die,
 And hosannas ever cry.

H Y M N 105.

"I Jesus am the bright and morning star,"

Rev. xxii. 16.

1.

"**M**ORNING Star," I wait for thee,
 Let thy welcome light appear,
 Thou my guide in trav'ling be,
 And no danger need I fear.

2.

"Star of good old Jacob's loins,"*
 Who the God of Israel art!
 On thy drooping pilgrims shine,
 Chearing each benighted heart.

3.

Guard me, "day-spring," from all ill;[†]
 Guard my heart, and mend my pace,
 Till I come to Sion's hill,
 And adore thee face to face.

4.

Thou the wise men well didst lead †
 By a star-light from the east;
 Shew me also where to tread,
 Else I rove, and miss my rest.

5.

Go before me in the way,
 Shine upon me sweet and clear,
 Sparkle brighter ev'ry day,
 Till my star "a sun appear."§

* Num. xxiv. 17. † Luke i. 78.

† Matt. ii. 1, 2. § Malac. iv. 2.



HYMN 106.

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, I will arise and go to my father," Luke xv. 16, 17, 18.

1.

PINCH'D with want, and full of woes,
Craving husks, and them deny'd,
Spent are all my living stores,
Nothing left besides my pride!

2.

Dig I cannot, and to beg
Much my heart ashamed is,
Loth to stoop and make my leg,
Loth to tell my grievances.

3.

But I am in woful case,
Perish must without relief,
And there is an house of grace,
Where one Jesus is the chief.

4.

Mighty kind he is, they say,
Rich as any king, and more,
Listens hard when beggars pray,
Pleas'd to see 'em at his door.

O

5.

Others, bringing their complaints,
To this friend of strangers go ;
I will tell him too my wants,
Who can tell what he may do ?

6.

Jesus, on a stranger look,
Much afflicted, have I been,
Poor and wretched here I knock,
Breadless, friendless am I seen.

7.

Lame I limp without a shoe ;
Only rags around my breast,
These are sadly filthy too ;
Canst thou harbour such a guest ?

8.

" Yes," he cries, " I feel thy woe,
" And will wash thy filth away,
" Clothe thee well from top to toe,
" Feed thee well from day to day.

9.

" As a brother thee receive,
" Make thee mine adopted heir,
" Riches, honours freely give,
" Let thee in my kingdom share."

10.

" This is *grace* of Sion's King,
" Canst thou take it, and adore ?"
Yes, my Lord, this is the thing,
Well it suits the gospel poor.

11.

Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Sinners, beggars hither come,
Sick or poor, and blind or lame,
Jesus Christ will find you room.

H Y M N 107.

"God is the rock of my salvation,"
Psal. lxxxix. 26.

1.

SELF-condemned and abhorr'd,
How shall I approach the Lord?
Hard my heart, and cold, and faint,
Full of ev'ry sad complaint.

2.

What can soften hearts of stone?
Nothing but *the Rock* alone.
Thou *the Rock*, my Jesus, art;
Lay the Rock upon my heart.

3.

This would bruise my bosom well,
Press my fulsome pride to hell,
Squeeze my idols from my breast,
Bring the blessed gospel-rest.

4.

Oh, the rock, which Moses struck,
Soon would make my heart a brook!
Only this can make me feel!
Bring it with thy burial-seal.

5.
 With it's oil my limbs amoint,*
 That will supple ev'ry joint;
 Of it's honey let me eat,
 That will make my temper sweet.

H Y M N 108.

"My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand," Solom. Song v. 10.

1.
SOON as faith the Lord can see
 Bleeding on a cross for me,
 Quick my idols all depart,
 Jesus gets and fills my heart.

2.
 None among the sons of men,
 None among the heav'nly train,
 Can with Jesus then compare,
 None so sweet, and none so fair!

3.
 Then my tongue would fain express
 All his love and loveliness,
 But I lisp and falter forth
 Broken words, not half his worth.

4.
 Vex'd, I try and try again;
 Still my efforts all are vain:
 Living tongues are dumb at best,
 We must die to speak of Christ.

* Deut. xxxii. 13.

5.

Blessed is the upper saint,
Who can praise and never faint,
Gazing on thee evermore,
And with flaming heart adore.

6.

Let the Lord a smile bestow,
On his lisping babes below;
That will keep their infant-tongue
Prattling of him all day long.

H Y M N 109.

“Why gaddest thou about so much?”

Jer. ii. 36.

1.

LIGHT and fickle is my mind,
Veers about with every wind!
Jesus, mighty to subdue,
Take my heart, and keep it too.

2.

Sure it would be thine alone,
Yet it leaves the corner-stone,
Rambles from its resting-place,
Not cemented well with grace.

3.

Like the dove from Noah sent,
Wand'ring, but without content,
Thus I rove, and would be blest,
Rove and find no settled rest.

4.

Let me covet nothing here,
Only reckon Jesus dear;
Leaving all the world behind;
Only to my Jesus join'd.

5.

Dearly love him evermore,
And his dying love adore;
Taste and see that he is good,
Live upon him as my food.

6.

Let the King a look bestow,
That will fix my eyes, I know;
Let the King his love impart,
That will stay my gadding heart.

H Y M N 110.

"Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that
thou shouldst take knowledge of me, see-
ing I am a stranger?" Ruth ii. 10.

1.

LONG, O Lord, I went astray,
Wand'ring from the gospel-way,
Down a steep destructive road,
Far from peace, and far from God.

2.

Earthly good was all my aim,
Worldly pastime, wealth, and fame;
In the paths of death I trod
With the giddy multitudes.

8.

But my Jesus pitying low,
Check'd me with an holy awe,
Dropt his collar on my neck,
Turn'd me round and drew me back.

4.

Now I stand amaz'd to see,
Why the Lord should look on me,
Since I was a stranger poor,
And had slighted him before!

5.

Well ; to him be all the praise,
What I am, I am by grace !
Might I live as Enoch long,
Mercy shall be all my song.

6.

Thou hast fetch'd me back from hell ;
Let me love and praise thee well ;
Lead me safe to Canaan's shore,
There to love and praise thee more.

H Y M N 111.

" I will satisfy her poor with bread,"
Psalm cxxxii. 15.

1.

MOST are fair in their own eyes,
Beautiful, and strong, and wise,
Prattling of their virtuous store :
Lord, I am, and would be poor.

2.

Poor in spirit, meek and small,
Of my brethren least of all,
Fast abiding at thy gate,
Knocking early, knocking late.

3.

Finding no supplies at home,
Poor and destitute I come,
Seeking to the church's head;
Give me, Lord, the church's bread.

4.

Gospel-bread the poor may eat,
And I want no better meat;
This my soul will satisfy,
Give it, Lord, or I must die.

5.

Should I perish at thy door,
How the Philistines would roar!
Shall this tale be told of thee?
No, my Lord, it cannot be.

6.

Sure I must believe thee kind,
And may look some help to find;
Let me, Lord, not ask in vain,
Feed me, and I'll come again.



H Y M N 112.

"I dwell with him that is of a broken and
humble spirit," *Isai. lvii. 15.*

1.

WELL; at length I plainly see,
Ev'ry man is vanity,*
In his best and brightest form,
But a shadow or a worm.

2.

Such a shade I am in view,
Empty, dark; and fleeting too;
Such a worm, of nothing worth,
Crawling out and in the earth.

3.

Very foolish, very base,
Notwithstanding Jesu's grace!
Murm'ring oft for gospel-bread,
Growing wanton, when full fed!

4.

Brisk and dull in half an hour,
Hot and cold, and sweet and sour!
Sometimes grave at Jesu's school,
Sometimes light, and play the fool!

5.

What a motly wretch am I,
Full of inconsistency?
Sure the plague is in my heart,†
Else I could not act this part.

* Psalm xxxix. 5. † 1 Kings viii. 38.

6.

Let me come unto my Lord,
Self-condemned and abhorr'd,
Take the sinner's safe retreat,
Lay and blush at Jesu's feet.

7.

If my heart is broken well,
God will surely with me dwell;
Yet amazed I would be,
How the Lord should dwell with me!

HYMN 113.

To the Trinity.

1.

HOLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Always meet to be ador'd!
At thy gracious throne I bow,
Universal Parent thou!

2.

Fall'n I am, and yet I cry,
Dwell with me, O thou Most High!
Bless a poor returning child,
Shew the Father reconcil'd.

3.

Son of God, the Father's love,
Worshipped by all above,
Worshipped by saints below,
Trusted and beloved too!

4.

Bare thine arm, and shew thy face,
Spread the gospel of thy grace,
Teach the earth thy praise to sing,
Yielding honours to it's king.

5.

Holy Ghost, who didst inspire
Mortals with prophetic fire,
Thee divine we own and bless,
" Spirit of glory, truth and grace ! " *

6.

Breathe upon my languid soul,
" Stir the waters in the pool, " †
Life, and love, and peace impart,
Bringing Jesus to my heart.

H Y M N 114.

" Go ye and *learn* what that meaneth, I
will have mercy and not sacrifice,"
Matt. ix. 13.

1.

ALL, that seek the Lord, beware
How ye come to Jesu's door,
Bring no sacrifices there,
None of your own gracious store.

* 1 Pet. iv. 14. John xiv. 17. Heb. x. 29.
† John v. 3, 4.

2.

Kind acceptance would ye find?
Only bring your present woe;
Leave your righteous self behind,
Christ will only mercy shew.

3.

If the guilty bosom smart,
And a thousand fears arise,
Go to Jesus, as thou art,
"Mercy I will have," he cries.

4.

Seems thy prayer mighty flat,
And thy heart like any stone?
What of this, or what of that?
Ask, and mercy will be shewn.

5.

Mercy dost thou no more need,
Seeming in thyself complete?
Jesus loathes thy pride indeed,
And will spurn thee from his feet.

6.

I would love and well obey,
Yet be found in spirit poor,
All my trust on Jesus lay,
Seeking mercy evermore.

7.

As commanded by the Lord,
Well to know his will I crave,
Learn the meaning of that word,
"Mercy, mercy I will have."

HYMN

H Y M N 115.

"Abraham said of Sarah his wife, She is my sister: and Abimelech, king of Gerar, sent and took Sarah," Gen. xx. 2.

1.

MAN at best is only man,
Floating up and down thro' life!
Who would think that Abra'm can
Thro' a fright deny his wife?

2.

See how craftily he treads,
Tells his artful story well,
Falls into the pit he dreads!
Oh! remark how Abra'm fell.

3.

Had he sought to God *alone*,
Resting on his mighty arm,
Sarah still had been his own,
He had felt no sin or harm.

4.

Twice dissembling he was caught,*
Yet of faithful souls the first!
Thus the best of men are taught,
Strength and safety lay in Christ.

5.

Know thy weakness, O my soul,
Take the Saviour for thy guard;
If the wisest play the fool,
What is human watch and ward?

P

* Gen. xii. 13.

6.

Jesus, make my heart upright,
 Full of sweet simplicity,
 Trusting only in thy might,
 Casting all my care on thee.

HYMN 116.

“ Abimelech said, In the integrity of my heart, and the innocence of my hands, I have done this. And God said unto him, I know thou didst this in the integrity of thy heart, for I withheld thee from sinning against me,” Gen. xx. 4, 5, 6.

1.

LORD, how wonderful thou art,
 Working with a gentle hand,
 Acting on the human heart,
 Drawing it to thy command.

2.

While we fancy reason's aid
 Turns our feet aside from ill,
 And no thanks to grace are paid,
 'Tis the Lord directs us still.

3.

Secretly his pow'r is shew'n,
 Over-rules without constraint,
 And we think the deed our own,
 And we make ourselves the saint.

4.

Thus Abimelech replies, Y H
 Sure my hands and heart are clean :
 True, the God of Spirits cries,
 For I kept thee back from harm.

5.

Know, it was my secret arm
 Curbed in thy rampant neck,
 And the woman sav'd from harm,
 For my servant Abram's sake.

6.

Here my Master teacheth me,
 What restrains my giddy feet:
 Lord, the thanks are due to thee,
 Take them as thy tribute meet.

7.

When my will is well inclin'd,
 It obeys the call of grace,
 Tho' my ear no noise can find,
 Nor my heart thy finger trace.

8.

Not my wisdom, or my might,
 Makes a gracious walk, I know:
 God creates the heart upright,*
 Working both to *will* and *do*.†

* Psal. li. 10.

† Philip. ii. 13.

HYMN 117.

"The Lord said unto Joshua—Israel hath sinned—therefore they could not stand before their enemies—An accursed thing is in the midst of thee," Josh. vii. 10, 11, 12, 13.

1.

IS the christian soldier beat,
Can he feel no Saviour nigh,
Does he pray, and yet retreat,
Turn his back, and wounded fly?

2.

Surely some accursed foe
Lodgeth lurking in his breast,
Makes him weak, and brings him low,
Fearful keeps him, and distressed.

3.

In the battle we are foil'd,
If we cherish idols base,
Either Achan's wedge of gold,
Or some Babylonish dross.

4.

Till the bosom is sincere,
Till the camp is purged well,
That no favour'd lust be there,
We shall fight, but not excel.

5. M Y H

Jesus, take my roving heart,
Make it willing to be thine,
Freely with it's idols part,
All the world for thee resign.

6.

If a traitor lodge within,
Lust, or pride, or mammon's hoard,
And the serpent lurk unseen,
Shew it, and expel it, Lord.

H Y M N. 118.

"A troop shall overcome him, but he shall
overcome at last," Gen. xlix. 19.

1.

TROOPS a feeble saint engage,
Armed with relentless rage,
Troops within and troops without
Hard beset him round about.

2.

Satan is the leader chief,
Bringing pride and unbelief,
Stubborn wills and tempers vile,
Wanton lusts that will defile.

3.

Troops assault him from the earth,
Mammon base and gaudy mirth;
Troops beside of Esau's race,
Taught to make a mock of grace.

4.

While a pilgrim yet is weak,
Mighty apt he is to sneak,
Then the troopers thrust him home,
Wound him oft, and oft o'ercome.

5.

But the promise standeth sure,
Will from age to age endure,
'Tho' the pilgrim oft is cast,
He shall overcome at last.

6.

Keep the promise well in fight,
Trust in Jesu's word and might,
Pray and fight, and pray again,
Faith will overcome and reign.

H Y M N 119.

"He, that hath a bountiful eye, shall be
blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the
poor," Prov. xxii. 9.

1.

JESUS hath a bounteous eye,
Calls the sick and needy nigh,
Seeks the friendless as they roam,
Brings the wretched outcast home.

2.

Gathers crouds around his door,
Looks and smiles upon the poor,
Gives the bread for which they cry,
Bread, which princes cannot buy!

3.

Pleas'd to help 'em in their need,
Pleas'd, if hungry they can feed,
Pleas'd to hear 'em tell their case,
Pleas'd to chear 'em with his grace.

4.

All that hunger for his bread
May and will be kindly fed;
He will pass no beggar by,
You may eat, and so may I.

5.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Let the poor exalt his name,
Raise your voice, as angels raise,
Sing, and give him lusty praise.

6.

Jesus, with thy bread, impart
Something of thy bounteous heart;
I would learn to copy thee,
Feed the poor, as thou dost me.

H Y M N 120.

" Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child,
but the rod of correction shall drive it
far from him," Prov. xxii. 15.

1.

FOLLY in a child is found,
Round about his heart is bound,
Bred and born with it, no doubt,
But a rod shall drive it out.

2.

Mark the promise made to you,
God is wife, and God is true;
Rods apply'd with faith and pray'r,
Make the folly disappear,

3.

Much indulgence spoils a child,
Makes him masterful and wild,
But correction makes him wise,
Silencing his froward cries.

4.

And art thou a child of God?
Then expect to feel his rod;
Adam dwelleth in thee still,
And has got a faucy will.

5.

Yet the plague is in thy heart,
And with folly loth to part!
This a gracious Father knows,
And his loving stripes bestows.

6.

Oft he brings an heavy cross,
Biting pain or nipping loss;
Thus the children steady grow,
Meek and rulable by woe.

7.

Father, sanctify the rod,
Dip it in the Saviour's blood,
Let the stripes my folly heal,
And a father's love reveal.

H Y M N 121.

"Praise is comely for the upright,"

Pfal, xxxiii. 1.

1.

NEIGHBOUR, is thy heart upright,
Dost thou walk in Jesu's light?
If thy faith his glory see,
Come and sing along with me.

2.

Praise is comely sure for such;
We should love and bless him much,
Chearful sing his works and ways,
Give him everlasting praise.

3.

Lost we were, and roam'd about,
Till his pity sought us out,
And reveal'd his lovely face;
Oh! the riches of his grace!

4.

We were wholly dead in sin,
Hateful, wretched, and unclean,
Till he brought us home to God;
Oh, the virtue of his blood!

5.

We were open rebels quite,
Acting treason in his sight;
Yet he drew us from above,
Oh, the sweetness of his love!

6.

We are sometimes slack and cold,
Sometimes mighty pert, and bold,
But he chides and loves his friends,
Oh, his mercy never ends!

7.

Sweet and gentle is the Lamb!
Let us love and bless his name,
Live and feed upon his store,
Feed and bless him evermore.

H Y M N 122.

"Let not thine heart be glad when thine
enemy stumbleth or falleth; lest the Lord
see it, and it displease him, and he turn
away his wrath from him (to thee),"
Prov. xxiv., 17, 18.

1.

LORD, how evil is my heart,
Much corrupt in ev'ry part!
Most unkindly it will stray
From the friendly gospel-way.

2.

If some harm befel my foe;
How I danced at his woe!
If he stumbled into sin;
How refresh'd my heart has been.

3.
Had he perish'd by a fall,
Sure I had not car'd at all;
Had he pin'd away in want,
Truly I had been content.

4.
What a sorry wretch am I!
Justice says, I ought to die:
Vengeance might have reach'd my head,
Spar'd the foe, and struck me dead.

5.
May the mercy I have found,
Ever in my bowels found;
Mercy yet I daily want,
Mercy let me freely grant.

6.
Jesus, teach me how to live,
Always ready to forgive;
Teach me also how to pray
For offenders night and day.

7.
Holy skill I now desire,
How to cast sweet mercy's fire
On a spiteful neighbour's crown,
Not to burn, but melt him down.



HYMN 123.

"He that tilleth his land, shall have plenty
of bread," Prov. xxviii. 19.

1.

PINEST thou for Jesu's bread,
And with plenty wouldst be fed?
Learn to work with godly skill,
And the ground unwearied till.

2.

Ground I mean of thy own heart,
Churlish sure in ev'ry part,
Most unhealthy, barren ground,
Such as no where else is found.

3.

Get it broken up by grace,
Else it weareth legal face;
Sow it well with Bible-feed,
Else it bringeth only weed.

4.

Dung the ground with many pray'rs,
Mellow it with gracious tears,
Drench it too with Jesu's blood,
Then the ground is sweet and good.

5.

Watch the swine, a filthy train,
Swinish lusts will eat the grain;
Hoe up all the ragged thorn,
Worldly cares will choak the corn.

6.

Muse upon the gospel-word,
Seek direction from the Lord,
Trust the Lord to give it thee,
And a blessing thou shalt see.

7.

He will cram the barn with store,
Make the wine-press trickle o'er,
Bless thee now, and bless thee still,
Thou shalt eat, and have thy fill.

H Y M N 124.

"He, that trusteth in his own heart, is a
fool," Prov. xxviii. 26.

1.

HE, that trusteth in his heart,
Acts a raw and foolish part,
Base it is, and full of guile,
Brooding mischief in a smile.

2.

Does it boast of love within?
So it may, and yet may sin:
Peter lov'd his Master well,
Yet a loving Peter fell.

3.

Does it feel a melting frame?
David also felt the same;
Yet he made a woful trip,
And perceiv'd his mountain slip.

Q

4.

Does it talk of faith and boast ?
 Abram had as much as most ;
 Yet beguil'd by unbelief,
 Twice he durst deny his wife.*

5.

Trust in no received store,
 Else thou wilt be quickly poor ;
 Manna kept, as Moses tells,
 Breedeth worms, and quickly smells.

6.

I will thank my loving Lord
 For the grace he does afford,
 Yet on nothing I receive
 Would I rest, or can I live.

7.

Every prop will first or last,
 Sink and fail, but Jesus Christ :
 On this sure foundation-stone
 Let me build and rest *alone*.

H Y M N 125.

"Christ is all and in all, or all in every thing,"
 Coloss. iii. 11.

1.

LOFTY sinners love to talk
 Of their wisdom and their walk,
 Of their merit and their might,
 Till they weary patience quite.

* Gen. xii. 13. and xx. 2.

2.

From the word of God I know,
 Man is weak and worthless too,
 Man is obstinately blind,
 Till the light of Christ he find.

3.

Something once I seem'd to have,
 And to Jesus something gave;
 Now I tell to great and small,
 Jesus Christ is all in all.

4.

All my wisdom to direct,
All my power to protect,
All the merit I can claim,
All my hope is in his name.

5.

Bountiful is Sion's King,
All he is in every thing,
 Giveth eyes to see my way,
 Will and pow'r to watch and pray.

6.

Will and pow'r to love the Lord,
 Will and pow'r to trust his word,
 Will and pow'r to run the race;
 Glory be unto his grace.



H Y M N 126.

"David departed to the cave, Adullam, and every one in distress, or in debt, or discontented, gathered themselves unto David, and he became a captain over them," 1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2.

1.

ALL in debt or in distress,
Discontented much or less,
All that would protection have,
Post away to David's cave.

2.

What a base and motly crew
In this royal band I view!
Yet the Son of David takes
Scoundrels such, and such like rakes.

3.

All, who find their sinful debt,
Deep and deeper growing yet;
All who have been Satan's tool;
Much his madman or his fool.

4.

All who discontented are,
Full of guilt and full of fear;
Ev'ry soul, who would not die,
Unto Jesu's *cave* must fly.

5.

Jesus all your debts will pay,
Chace your legal duns away,
Ev'ry foe he will subdue,
World and flesh, and devil too.

6.

Haste and seek the Saviour's face,
Rise and bless him for his grace,
To his scorned *cave* repair,
He will wash and feast you there.

H Y M N 127.

"Who am I? and what is my life? or what
my father's family? that I should be son-
in-law to the king," 1 Sam. xviii. 18, 23.

1.

WHO *am I*, that I should be
Rais'd to royal dignity!
Made a child of heaven's King,
Call him Father, as I sing!

2.

From the dust I had my birth,
And shall soon return to earth;
Stript of all my comely form,
Sin has sunk me to a worm!

3.

What has been my *former life*?
Full of vain or noisy strife,
Making light of Jesu's blood,
Rambling in a way not good!

Q 3

4.

What has been *my father's house?*
 Nothing in it good or choice,
 Base and proud enough they were,
 Just as all the children are!

5.

O my Father, now I see,
 Why such love is shewn to me,
 Sinner of a sinful race;
 All is owing to thy grace!

6.

Mercy, mercy thou wilt have!
 Freely, freely thou wilt save!
 Raise a beggar from his dust!
 Love and bless thee sure I must!

7.

Make me thy obedient child,
 Simple, tractable, and mild;
 Acting now a thankful part,
 Loving thee with all my heart.

H Y M N 128.

“Adam, where art thou?” Gen. iii. 9.

1.

FATHER Adam, *where art thou?*
 Much ashamed I see thee now;
 All thy righteousness is gone,
 Holy raiment thou hast none.

2.

Why alarm'd with ghastly fear?
Sure some horrid guilt is there.
Why the leaves around thy waist?
Sorry screen for filthy lust.

3.

Why afraid of Jesu's voice?
Christ is no more Adam's choice;
Sure I hear thy rebel-heart
Saying unto God, "Depart."

4.

Why so hid behind a tree?
What! has God no eyes to see?
Yes; but Adam waxeth blind,
Sin has darken'd all his mind.

5.

Why of Eve this idle tale,
As if made to work thy fall?
Adam must the trade begin,
Teach us how to cover sin.

6.

Why amaz'd at Abel slain?
In thy likeness born was Cain!
Well he wears the father's face!
Thou hast murder'd all thy race!

7.

Here I stand a guilty soul!
Adam, thou hast made me foul,
Brought a curse upon my name,
Fill'd my heart with sin and shame.

8.

Second Adam, spring of hope !
 Help a fallen sinner up ;
 O thou blessed woman's seed,
 Rise and bruise the serpent's head.

H Y M N 129.

" I will put thee in a cleft of the rock,
 while my glory passeth by," Exod.
 xxxiii. 22.

1.

WOULD thy ravish'd eyes behold
 Glory better felt than told ?
 Wouldst thou hear the Lord proclaim
 All the glory of his name ?

2.

He must lead thee to the rock,
 Which his servant Moses struck ;
 Rock to build his mercy on,
 While eternal ages run !

3.

In the rock is found a cleft,
 Which in Herod's time was rest
 By a wanton soldier's spear ;
 And the Lord must put thee there.

4.

There the Lord reveals his face,
 Passeth by in love and grace,
 Bids the mountain-guilt depart,
 And bestows a loving heart.

58

Blessed Rock ! for ever blest !
Bringing weary pilgrims rest ;
Here they sing and joyful stand,
Gazing on the promis'd land.

6.

On the Rock I would abide,
In the cleft my head would hide ;
Long a Rambler I have been,
Reach thy hand, and put me in.

H Y M N 130.

" The spirit that dwelleth in us, lusteth to
envy," James iv. 5.

1.

E NVY, source of pining woes,
From a cursed parent rose !
Satan first the child begat,
Then impos'd on Eve the brat.

2.

She with much unkindly care,
Made each rising child her heir ;
Now 'tis in each bosom pent,
Nurs'd by pride and discontent.

3.

Nature wallows in this mire,
Pining much with base desire,
Sick'ning at a neighbour's health,
Famish'd by a neighbour's wealth !

4.

Gracious men the poison know,
And are often pining too
At a brother's gifts or grace,
And would soil a brother's face.

5.

Jesus, let me not repine
At a better lot than mine;
From my heart this hell remove,
Quench it by a flood of love.

6.

Take this envy from my breast,
Making up a devil's feast;
Give me love, which thinks no ill,
Bearing all a pure good-will.

7.

Pleased with their health and store,
Though I should be sick and poor;
Pleased with their honour'd name,
Though it darken all my fame.

H Y M N 131.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even
unto death," Matt. xxvi. 38.

1.

WHAT a doleful voice I hear!
What a garden-scene is there!
What a frightful ghastly flood!
Jesus welt'ring in his blood!

2.

Groaning on the ground he lies,
Seems a slaughter'd sacrifice!
Tells me with a feeble breath,
"Sorrowful, yea unto death!"

3.

How his eyes astonish'd are;
Sure they witness huge despair!
On his face what sadness dwells!
Sure he feels a thousand hells!

4.

O my Jesus, let me know
What has brought this heavy woe?
Swords are piercing through thy heart;
Whence arose the tort'ring smart?

5.

"Sinner, thou hast done the deed,
"Thou hast made the Saviour bleed,
"Justice drew it's sword on me,
"Pierc'd my heart, to pass by thee.

6.

"Now I take thy deadly cup,
"All it's dregs am drinking up;
"Read my anguish in my gore,
"Look and pierce my heart no more."

7.

O thou bleeding Love divine!
What are other loves to thine?
Their's a drop, and thine a sea,
Ever full, and ever free!

8.

If I lov'd my Lord before,
I would love him ten times more;
Drop into his sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite.

H Y M N 132.

"The wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23.

1.

AWFUL is thy threat'ning, Lord!
Let me mark the solemn word,
What the righteous Ruler saith,
"Wages due to sin is death."

2.

Then I stand condemn'd to die,
By the mouth of God most High!
Sins I have, a thousand too,
And a thousand deaths are due.

3.

Should I spend my life in pray'rs,
Water all my couch with tears,
Turn from every evil past,
Still I am condemn'd and cast.

4.

Could I run no more in debt?
Old arrears are standing yet;
Still the law remains in force,
Breathing out it's deadly curse.

5. Lord,

5.

Lord, I own the sentence just,
Drop my head into the dust,
If my soul is cast to hell,
Thou, O Lord, art righteous still.

6.

In myself I have no hope,
Justice ev'ry plea will stop;
Yet for mercy I may plead,
Springing from the church's Head.

7.

Knock I may at Jesu's door,
Mercy for his sake implore,
Mercy, such as thou wilt give,
Shew it, Lord, and let me live.

H Y M N 133.

"Eternal life is the gift of God, through
Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. vi. 23.

1.

LIFE eternal is bestow'd
Not for thy good service done,
'Tis a precious gift of God,
Freely granted thro' his Son.

2.

Gift alone from first to last;
God in Christ is all in all,
Seeking up the poor outcast,
Granting him a gracious call.

R

3.

Working sorrow for his sin,
With a godly hatred too,
Bringing peace and love within,
With an heart created new;

4.

Salting well his table-talk,
Daily helping to believe,
Teaching how with God to walk,
And in sweet communion live.

5.

But the faint's a sinner still,
Soil will cleave unto his feet,
All his best works ever will
Want a bleeding Saviour yet.

6.

God will hold his mercy fast,
Give what sinners cannot claim,
Grace at first, and glory last;
Hallelujah for the same!

H Y M N 134.

To the Trinity.

"Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty,
who was, and is, and art to come," Rev.
iv. 8. Isai. vi. 3.

1.

HOLY Father, God most high,
Thron'd in awful majesty!
Just and true in all thy ways,
Worthy of eternal praise!

2.

Plant thy grace within my heart,
Peace and righteousness impart,
Thy fair image on me seal,
And thy love in Christ reveal.

3.

Holy Jesus, Lamb of God!
Send thy healing word abroad,
Shew how strong and kind thou art,
Lift thine arm, and bare thy heart.

4.

Tend the flocks in ev'ry fold,
Make them lusty grow and bold,
Sing thy praises and adore,
Love and trust thee evermore.

5.

Holy Spirit, quick'ning breath!
Raising sinners dead from death,
Working faith, inspiring peace,
And creating holiness!

6.

Breathe upon us from above,
Teach us truth, and give us love;
All that feel thy quick'ning flame
Will adore and bless thy name.

7.

Holy, Holy, Holy Three!
Each in peerless might agree;
Each in one eternal home,
Was, and is, and is to come!

R 2

HYMN 135.

"A fountain open'd for sin," Zech. xiii. 1.

1.

A Fountain! cries the man of God,
A fountain with a purple flood!
A fountain open'd for the poor,
Where sickly souls may find a cure!

2.

It softens well the heart of stone,
And kindly knits a broken bone,
Restoring hearing, speech, and sight,
And puts all guilty fears to flight.

3.

It heals the soul of feverish heat,
And helps a pulse with grace to beat;
The fretful look, the wanton eye,
And lordly self before it fly.

4.

No spring, like this, makes lepers whole;
Not that renown'd Bethesda's pool,*
Nor Siloam's † stream, nor Jordan's ‡ flood,
Were altogether half so good.

5.

Come hither souls, defil'd with sin,
And wash the heart, and make it clean;
Ah! do not pass it loathing by,
Or you must wash, or you must die.

* John v. 2.

† John ix. 7.

‡ 2 Kings v. 2.

6.

Fast by this fountain let me stay,
And drink and wash my sores away;
If but a moment I depart,
Sick is my head, and faint my heart.

H Y M N 136.

"Come unto Me," Matt. xi. 28.

1.

WHAT pleasant voice is this I hear?
It whispers softly in mine ear,
Come hither, stranger, and be blest,
Come unto Me, and take my rest.

2.

I like the sweet inviting word,
And sure the voice is from the Lord;
But tell me, Jesus, how to come,
And guide a wand'ring sinner home.

3.

Come laden well with guilty woe,
And come in rags, as vagrants do;
No apron bring thy shame to hide,
But cast thy fig-leaves all aside.

4.

Come weary of the world's pursuit,
It's empty trash, and griping fruit;
Come loathing of thyself and sin,
And Jesus Christ will take thee in.

R 3

5.

Cast all thy burdens on my back,
And put my collar round thy neck,
And lay thy soul at mercy's door,
The friendly gate for sick and poor.

6.

O Lord, I view the friendly gate,
But find a lameness in my feet;
They stumble in this narrow path;
Instruct me how to come in faith.

H Y M N 137.

"Abide in Me," John xv. 4.

1.

REMARK, my soul, the gracious word,
A second message from the Lord;
"Come to Me," sinner, first he cry'd;
And now he says, "In Me abide."

2.

Abide in me, thou roving heart,
Nor from my pierced side depart;
Keep in the haven of my breast,
And there enjoy the gospel-rest.

3.

Nor canst thou walk, if left alone,
Nor shew thy face before the throne;
Thy Aaron must his mitre bring
To hallow every holy thing.*

* Exod. xxviii. 36, &c.

4.

Thy heart, if wand'ring far from me,
A dry and wither'd stick will be,
No fruit or blossom fair can bring,
No will to work, or pray, or sing.

5.

I keep my lepers mighty poor,
Allow no month or weekly store,
But feed them daily, soon and late,
And thus retain them at my gate.

6.

Enough, my Lord, I see it meet
To lay, like Mary, at thy feet;
I would not leave thy pierced side,
But in that pleasant cave abide.

H Y M N 138.

"If any man will come after me, let him
take up his cross daily, and follow me,"
Luke ix. 23.

1.

AFFLICTIONS are the lot of saints,
And Jesus sends a needful crop;
But naughty children make complaints,
Nor care to take the crosses up.

2.

If inward conflicts press me fore,
And pain me much, and bow me quite,
Still let me rest on Jesu's pow'r
To put these bosom foes to flight.

3.

In darkness when I pensive go,
 And see no sun or star appear,
 Instruct me how to trust thee so,
 And wait till day-light draweth near.

4.

If house-hold friends against me rise,
 Or taunting neighbours round me dwell,
 Yet let me give no tart replies,
 But bear the sad unkindness well.

5.

Should famine cast a meagre stare,
 And thrust his head within my door;
 Still let me trust in Jesu's care
 To feed and clothe his helpless poor.

6.

Should pain o'er my weak flesh prevail,
 And fevers boil within my breast,
 And heart, and strength, and reason fail,
 Be yet my soul on Jesus cast.

7.

In every trial let me be
 Supply'd with all-sufficient grace,
 My spirit calmly stay'd on thee,
 And sweetly kept in perfect peace.



H Y M N 139.

"Let not the water-flood overflow me,"
Psal. lxi. 15.

1.

THE roaring waves and ruffling blasts,
Like pirates, keep my soul in chase;
They break my anchor, sails, and masts,
And yield me no reposing place.

2.

Temptations come, like hasty floods,
And plunge me in the deep outright;
My heav'n is oft o'ercast with clouds,
And sheds an awful low'ring light.

3.

Storm after storm is black with ill,
And thunders rattling make me start;
Wave after wave come dashing still,
And burst their foam upon my heart.

4.

Oh! that my ship was safe on shore,
Lodg'd in the port, where Jesus is;
Where neither winds nor waters roar,
And all the tides are tides of bliss.

5.

But while my ship is doom'd to ride
And beat on life's tempestuous sea,
My floating ark may Jesus guide,
And pilot and sheet-anchor be.

HYMN 140.

"Zaccheus, make haste, and come down,"

Luke xix. 5.

1.

ZACCHEUS mounts himself on high
To seek, O Lord, a sight of thee;
And thus we hope to scale the sky,
By perching on a legal tree.

2.

But lofty branches soonest break,
And breaking, bring a fatal shock,
Trust not a leafy arm so weak,
Come down, and rest upon the Rock.

3.

Make haste, and quit thine airy seat,
Thou art above the gospel-terms;
Relinquish every high conceit,
And meekly sink into my arms.

4.

This day salvation Jesus brings,
And brings it freely to thy home,
A present from the King of kings!
Incline thine ear, and quickly come.

5.

To publicans the grace I give,
Which scornors think below their care;
And all, that would my gifts receive,
May with Zaccheus take a share.

6.

Then Jesus, since thy gifts are free,
A share or two of them impart;
I come a publican to thee,
And ask a loving, lowly heart.

H Y M N 141.

"Make thy face to shine upon thy servant,
and teach me thy statutes," Psal. cxix. 135.

1.

JESUS, thou dearest, sweetest friend,
The Joy of all thy feeble train!
Some tokens of thy presence send,
Or we shall sing and pray in vain.

2.

Reveal thyself, and shew thy face;
And make thy tender mercies known;
Breathe on our souls a breath of grace,
And send the Holy Spirit down.

3.

Thy gracious coming here we wait,
And long to view thee, as thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

4.

Our broken walls and gates repair,
And water well thy Sion's hill;
The feeble hearts with kind words cheer,
And famish'd souls with good things fill.

5.

Make darkness vanish by thy light,
And make our rugged tempers plain,
Lead on thy soldiers to the fight,
'Till unbelief and death are slain.

6.

Refresh us in the wilderness,
And when to Jordan's bank we come,
Bid those rough waves asunder pass,
And bring the pilgrims dry-shod home.

HYMN 142.

"Why will ye die, O house of Israel,"
Ezek. xviii. 31.

1.

THE fearful debt of endless woe,
Which sinners unto justice owe,
Was by the heav'nly Surety paid,
And blood for blood the ransom made.

2.

He freely took our deadly cup,
Beheld the dregs, and drank them up,
And having brought salvation nigh,
His heart complains, "Why will ye die?"

3.

O *Israel's house* to Christ repair,
His blood will wash the foulest fair,
His arms, like rainbows, open stand,
And pardons seal'd are in his hand.

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4. Free

4.

Free love and mercy, truth and grace,
The sun-beams are of Jesu's face,
Sweet beams to thaw a frozen heart,
And make the gloom of hell depart.

5.

Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
And view the Lord, your sacrifice;
His gaping side cries, "Here is room,
"Drop all your guilt within this tomb."

6.

Go, sinners go, approach him near;
When Christ invites, you need not fear;
He calls you to his bleeding breast,
The seat of love and gospel-rest.

H Y M N 143.

"At thy right-hand are pleasures for ever-
more," Psalm xvi. 11.

1.

O Happy faints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let 'em fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

S

3.

And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

4.

They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind, and charming grace,
And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

5.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

6.

Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

H Y M N 144.

"I will feed my flock, saith the Lord God;
I will seek the lost, and bring again the
scattered, and bind up the broken, and
strengthen the sick," Ezek. xxxiv. 15, 16.

1.

WITH watchful eye and wisdom deep,
Our gentle Shepherd tends his flock,
Leads on and guards the helpless sheep,
And grounds them on himself, the Rock.

2.

He seeks the lost with tender care,
And finds them in the wilderness,
Conducts them to his pastures fair,
And feeds them with his word of grace.

3.

Some from his fold are forc'd away
By howling wolves, a rav'nous train,
And these he follows when they stray,
And brings them to his fold again.

4.

He lends his shoulder to the weak,
And bears the lambkins in his arms,
And all the broken and the sick,
Are healed by his Calvary balms.

5.

And while they walk in humble love,
His pleasant heritage are they,
And he defends them from above,
And guides them in the gospel-way.

6.

So guide and guard us, dearest Lord,
As children walking, hand in hand,
And many a gracious look afford,
To cheer us thro' this barren land.



H Y M N 145.

"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; why standest thou without? And he came in, and unladed his camels," Gen. xxiv. 31, 32.

1.

COME in, come in, thou heav'nly guest,
Why stands my Lord without the door?
Thou seek'st a lodging in my breast,
And I would keep thee out no more.

2.

Thy camels bring embroidery
To garnish out a homely bride;
And brides are waiting here for thee,
And wish the marriage-knot was ty'd.

3.

Rebeccas, looking for the Lord,
With eager expectation stand,
And only wait his asking word,
To give the chearful wedding-hand.

4.

Yet, Lord, we need a wedding-suit,
A robe of righteousness divine,
Of thy sweet love the costly fruit,
A robe to make the virgins fine!

5.

Supply us too with fervent pray'r,
And praises flaming up above,
Bedeck each eye with gracious tear,
And ev'ry heart with bridal love.

6.

And tho' be found no wealth or wit,
Nor merit in thy freckled maid,
Yet sure she looks and stands complete,
When in thy righteousness array'd.

H Y M N 146.

"What is thy Beloved more than another
beloved? He is altogether lovely," Song
of Solom. v. 9, 16.

1.

IF gazing strangers want to know
What makes me sing of Jesus so;
I love his name, 'tis very dear,
And would his loveliness declare.

2.

His head abounds in wisdom deep,
No secret can his notice slip;
And sweet instruction he conveys,
To mend my heart, and guide my ways.

3.

No sinful taint his bosom knows,
But with amazing kindness glows;
He wrought a righteousness divine,
And bids me take and call it mine.

4.

His eyes are full of melting love,
More soft and sparkling than the dove;
A single smile, from Jesus giv'n,
Will lift a drooping soul to heav'n.

S 3

5.

His open arms, like rainbows, stand,
 And circle round a guilty land;
 And in his side is dug a cave,
 Where all my guilt may find a grave.

6.

His mercies, like himself, endure,
 And like his love, are ever sure;
 And when your eye his worth can view,
 Your heart, like mine, will love him too.

HYMN 147.

"And Moses made a serpent of brass, and
 put it on a pole, and it came to pass,
 if a serpent had bitten any man, when
 he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived,"
 Numb. xxi. 9.

1.

WHEN Jacob's tribes, with travel faint,
 Had utter'd rash and pert complaint,
 Some fiery serpents nip their pride,
 And much were stung, and many dy'd.

2.

Right humbly now they raise a cry,
 And see a serpent rear'd on high,
 A snake of brass upon a pole,
 And all, who give a look, are whole.

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3.

A most mysterious cure is wrought,
Like what the cross of Christ has brought,
A look of faith in both we find,
One heals the flesh, and one the mind.

4.

While scorers turn the face aside,
And such mysterious cure deride,
Revile it as an hope forlorn,
And laugh and perish in their scorn.

5.

Here would I fix adoring eyes,
And look and gaze with sweet surprize;
For sure each look of faith imparts
Renewed health to contrite hearts.

6.

Oh, let me bless the Saviour's name,
And glory in the cross's shame!
My life is bound up in his death,
And comes convey'd by looks of faith.

H Y M N 148.

"My son, give me thine heart," Prov.
xxiii. 26.

1.

AND will the Lord accept my heart?
Most freely with it I would part;
Much daily plague it gives me, sure,
And nought on earth can find it cure.

2.

It proves a churlish piece of stuff,
 Rebellious, waspish, proud enough;
 A stubborn foe to gospel-light,
 And full of guile, and full of spite!

3.

Here Jesus once set up his throne,
 And lov'd and call'd the house his own;
 But soon it turn'd Apollyon's inn,*
 A pest-house for the man of sin.

4.

This vile polluted heart I bring,
 And yield up to it's ancient King;
 Re-enter, Jesus, with thy grace,
 And hallow this unholy place.

5.

Thy gentle arm beneath it keep,
 Or when I wake, or when I sleep;
 And near thy bosom let it dwell,
 And it will love thee dearly well.

6.

It is exceeding prone to stray,
 And wilder than a beast of prey;
 No human fetter can it bind,
 But thou canst tame and make it kind.

* Rev. ix. 11.



H Y M N 149.

"A great multitude stood before the throne
clothed in white robes," Rev. vii. 9.

1.

WHite robes the gospel-warehouse brings
For Jesu's chosen priests and kings;
White robes of righteousness divine,
The wedding-robes of linen fine!

2.

Faith eyes the rich embroider'd suit,
Of Jesu's glorious toil the fruit;
And finds the royal robe will hide
All rags, and warm the breast beside.

3.

It brings the wearer tempers sweet,
A loving heart, and nimble feet;
And now to court he may repair,
And see no angel look so fair.

4.

Some of the robe can lightly talk,
But shew they want it by their walk;
The world a welcome guest within,
The robe a goodly cloak for sin!

5.

Yet let me not the coat despise,
Nor cast it off with loathing eyes;
It surely claims a seat above,
And fills the heart with humble love.

6.

When Jacob unto Isaac goes,
Equipp'd in Esau's Sunday-cloaths;
The father pores upon the vest,
He felt and smelt, then kist and blest.*

H Y M N 150.

"The law is not of (the same nature with)
faith," Gal. iii. 12.

1.

THE law demands a weighty debt,
And not a single mite will bate;
But gospel sings of Jesu's blood,
And says it made the payment good.

2.

The law provokes men oft to ill,
And churlish hearts makes harder still;
But gospel acts a kindly part,
And melts a most obdurate heart.

3.

Run, John, and work, the law commands,
Yet finds me neither feet nor hands;
But sweeter news the gospel brings,
It bids me fly, and lends me wings.

4.

Such needful wings, O Lord, impart,
To brace my feet, and brace my heart:
Good wings of faith, and wings of love,
Will make a cripple sprightly move.

* Gen. xxvii. 27.

5.
With these a lumpish soul may fly,
And soar aloft, and reach the sky;
Nor faint nor falter in the race,
But chearly work, and sing of grace.

H Y M N 151.

"In Christ dwelleth all the fulness of the
Godhead bodily," Col. ii. 9.

1.
HOW glorious is thy human frame,
Divine Redeemer, true God-Man!
No seraph's tongue can reach thy fame,
Yet babes will prattle, as they can.

2.
A temple is thine earthly case,
Where true substantial Godhead dwells;
And wisdom, goodness, pow'r and grace,
The man with all their fulness fills.

3.
Tho' veil'd on earth thy glory was,
The God shone out to human view;
And all who could discern thy face,
Beheld the Father's image too.*

4.
All human gifts and heav'nly stores
In Jesu's wondrous person meet;
The Godhead fills him with it's pow'rs,
And forms the Saviour all-complete!

* John xiv. 9.

5.

His person searcheth out of sight,
 A myst'ry, magnify'd by Paul! *
 A child, and yet the God of might, †
 A worm, and yet the Lord of all! ‡

6.

The *man*, believers worship now,
 As eastern sages did the *child*; §
 And all before the *man* must bow; ||
 Saints, seraphs, fiends, and scorners wild.

H Y M N 152.

" Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, be-
 cause thou hast wrought all our works in
 us," Isa. xxvi. 12.

1.

VAIN are the hopes that sinners build
 On works which their own hands have
 wrought ;

The cistern is no sooner fill'd,
 But leaks it's miry waters out.

2.

Our arm no spiritual store can bring,
 No joy in God, or heavenly peace,
 No loyal heart to Christ our king,
 No faith that works and sings of grace.

* 1 Tim. iii. 16. † Isa. ix. 6. ‡ Ps. xxii. 6.
 § Matt. ii. 11. || Philip. ii. 10.

3. Unless

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3.

Unless the Lord work on my heart,
Whate'er I seem, I nothing am;
Defiled still in ev'ry part,
And foul as from the womb I came.

4.

Then, O my God, thy help bestow;
And send the holy Spirit down;
Work in me both to will and do,
And let almighty grace be shewn.

5.

A nature give me, new and kind,
A broken spirit, meek and poor,
A lovely, child-like, waiting mind,
Which taps and calls at Jesu's door.

6.

The work of faith in me fulfil,
And daily send some gracious rain;
Conduct my soul to Calvary's hill,
And peace for me thou wilt ordain.

H Y M N 153.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is
the kingdom of heaven," Matt. v. 3.

1.

IN darkness born, I went astray,
And wander'd from the gospel-way;
And since the Saviour gave me sight,
I cannot see without his light.

T

2.

My limping feet are apt to trip,
And need a prop at every step;
If Jesus once let go his arm,
I fall and get some woful harm.

3.

I cannot walk without his might;
I cannot see without his light;
I can have no access to God
But thro' the merit of his blood.

4.

So poor, and blind, and lame I am,
My all is bound up in the Lamb;
And blessed am I, when I see
My spirit's inmost poverty.

5.

It makes me feel my ruin'd state,
It lays my soul at mercy's gate;
And Jesus smiles at such a guest,
And cheers him with an heav'nly feast.

H Y M N 154.

“ Acquaint thyself with God, and be at
peace,” Job xxii. 21.

1.

AND does my Maker condescend
To ask a worm to be his friend?
Will God forgive a rebel wild,
And make the hateful wretch his child?

2.

O height of grace, and depth of love !
Sure angels stand amaz'd above !
Amaz'd, that God with man should dwell,
A slave of sin, a child of hell !

3.

Oh, take this worthless heart, my God,
And rinse it in the Saviour's blood,
From earthly idols set it free,
And keep my breast intire for thee.

4.

In holy silence let me wait,
A daily watchman at thy gate,
And feel thy gracious presence near,
And all thy loving counsels hear.

5.

Much heart-acquaintance carry on,
Till life it's hourly sands has run;
Then call me up to see thy face,
And sing eternal songs of grace.

H Y M N 155.

" While the king sitteth at his table, my
spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof,"
Song of Solomon i. 12.

1.

THE King of saints a table spreads
For servants in his courts below,
And while with them he sits and feeds,
Not one distressing thought they know.

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2.

His look enlivens every guest,
Makes budding grace in blossom rise,
Re-kindles love in every breast,
And lifts the heart above the skies.

3.

As morning suns refresh the earth,
And make the blossoms open fair,
And draw the balmy fragrance forth,
And scatter odours thro' the air.

4.

So when the Sun of righteousness
Ariseth on the plants of grace,
They spring up into beauteous dress,
And with their songs perfume the place.

5.

O dearest, sweetest, heavenly Friend,
The spring of life and heav'nly joys,
Some look afford, or message send,
Or all devotion quickly dies.

6.

No fragrance riseth with our pray'r,
No spices in our praises found,
Unless the King himself appear,
And then the harp in tune is found.



H Y M N 156.

"When pride cometh, then cometh shame,"

Prov. xi. 2.

1.

IN heav'n no hateful pride appears,
It cannot breathe on holy ground,
But covets damp unwholesome airs,
And in polluted breasts is found.

2.

'The plague on angels first began,
And thrust 'em quickly down to hell:
Then stole upon aspiring man,
And pierc'd his soul, and down he fell.

3.

Let Jesu's simple flock beware,
Nor once surmise the danger o'er;
This deadly fruit is dazzling fair,
And hides it's canker in it's core.

4.

If once thy bosom catcheth fire,
Delighted with it's gifts or grace,
The Saviour drops thee in the mire,
And fastens shame upon thy face.

5.

O Jesus, save me from this foe,
A fiend with most enchanting smile,
Who stabs my bosom thro' and thro',
Yet can delight me all the while.

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H Y M N 157.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
therefore do the virgins love thee,"
Song of Solomon i. 3.

1.

JESUS, how lovely is thy name,
To virgin-hearts betroth'd to thee,
To all the poor, and sick, and lame,
Who thy salvation taste and see.

2.

Like precious ointment poured forth,
Thy name perfumes a faithful soul;
And by it's rich and fragrant worth
Revives and makes a sinner whole.

3.

It brings the hungry soul a feast,
Where all delightful dainties meet;
And when the royal cheer we taste,
Oh! then thy name is charming sweet!

4.

No harmony so heals the heart,
No music so delights the ear,
No concert can such joy impart,
As thy melodious name to hear!

5.

It proves our daily joy and boast,
Our rock of hope and bulwark strong,
Our anchor when the ship is tost,
And will be our eternal song.

6.

Thy name, like vernal mornings, will
Seem always pleasant, always new,
And groweth dear and dearer still,
As we can take a closer view.

H Y M N 158:

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule,
but the slothful shall be under tribute,"
Prov. xii. 24.

1.

YE followers of the Lamb give ear,
And keep this counsel in your heart,
A diligent hand the rule shall bear,
And slothful under tribute smart.

2.

The man, who walks with jealous care,
And fix'd on Jesus keeps his eye,
And watcheth daily unto pray'r,
Shall find the Lord's help ever nigh.

3.

His inbred foes with rage may rise,
And kindle war within his breast,
But Jesus Christ will send supplies,
And make him rule and give him rest.

4.

But lazy souls that live at large,
And lounge along with pray'rless pace,
Unmindful of the Saviour's charge,
Will find no help from Jesu's grace.

5.

Much gospel-truth may croud the head,
 No gospel-grace their hearts controul;
 But under tribute they are laid,
 And tyrant-lusts oppress the soul.

6.

O Lord, arouse my drowsish heart,
 And make me fight and make me rule;
 Else I shall act a sluggard's part,
 And prove at last a gospel-fool.

HYMN 159.

"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak
 well of you," Luke vi. 26.

1.

AN awful truth the Lord declares,
 And meant to startle worldly ears,
 A woe on such good people lays,
 Whom all the world agree to praise.

2.

An earthly man seeks earthly fame,
 Ambitious of the world's good name,
 And much presumeth on his cause,
 If it procures the world's applause.

3.

Yet if thy heart is right with God,
 And finds it's peace from Jesu's blood,
 If dead to pleasure thou shalt be,
 The world will take offence at thee.

4.

They love the men that decent are,
The tombs that shew a whitewash fair,
With such they walk and kindly prate,
But hearts renew'd by grace they hate.

5.

Lord, make me dead to all below,
Content to have the world my foe,
Content to hear 'em blast my name,
Nor turn my head aside from shame.

6.

Keep worldly prudence from mine eyes,
And let me only Jesus prize,
Tread in the track by Jesus giv'n,
Pursu'd by scorn quite up to heav'n.

H Y M N 160.

"Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God," Rom. x. 3. "Even the righteousness of God which is (received) by faith in Jesus Christ, (imputed) unto all that believe," Rom. iii. 22. "Even as David describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputed righteousness without works," Rom iv. 6. "And as Abraham is the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised, that

righteousness might be imputed to them also," Rom. iv. 11. "So by the obedience of *one* shall many be made righteous," Rom. v. 19. "And that *one* is Jesus, whose name is, the Lord our righteousness," Jerem. xxiii. 6. "Wherefore believers sing this song, In the Lord have I righteousness: and in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory," Isa. xlv. 24, 25. "And David leads up the chorus with his harp, saying, I will make mention of thy righteousness, and of thine *only* (to justify me)." Psal. lxxi. 16.

1.

IMPUTED righteousness is strange,
Nor will with human fancies range;
We guess the lurking motive well,
And Paul the hateful truth shall tell.

2.

The lofty heart cannot *submit**
To cast itself at Jesu's feet;
It scorns in borrow'd robes to shine,
Tho' weav'd with righteousness divine.

3.

Proud nature cries, with loathing eyes,
This imputation I despise;
And from it she will pertly start,
Till grace has broken down her heart.

* Rom. x. 3.

4.
Oh, give me, Lord, thy righteousness
To be my peace and wedding-dress;
My sores it heals, my rags it hides,
And makes me dutiful besides.

H Y M N 161.

"Without holiness no man shall see the
Lord." Heb. xii. 14.

1.
A Sinner's claim to heavenly bliss,
Rests on the Lord's own righteousness;
Our legal debts he came to clear,
And make a *title* full and fair.

2.
Yet holiness the heart must grace,
A *meetness* for his dwelling-place;
No filthy souls in heav'n appear,
They cannot breathe in holy air.

3.
The faith that feels the Saviour's blood,
And finds in Christ a title good,
Rebellious lusts will conquer too,*
And build the soul divinely new.

4.
And where no work of grace is wrought,
Nor holiness with hunger fought,
Such barren souls, with all their boast,
Are sinners dead, and sinners lost.

* 1 John v. 4.

5.

May Jesu's grace to me convey
 Much pow'r to watch, and will to pray,
 Much seeking of the things above,
 Much store of faith, and fruits of love.

6.

More broken hearted let me be,
 And more devoted unto thee;
 More sweet communion with thee find,
 And more of all thy heavenly mind.

HYMN 162.

"Lest we should *offend* them, go thou to the sea and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for me and thee," Matt. xvii. 27.

1.

NO tax on Jesus might be laid,
 Who was the Lord of earth and skies;
 Yet needful's tribute Jesus paid,
 And paid lest some *offence* should rise.

2.

Here, christian brother, pause a while,
 And on thy lovely pattern look;
 Good soldiers march in rank and file,
 And take the step their captain took.

3. Be

3.

Be guided by the Saviour's light,
And act with grace and gospel-sense;
Insist not on a meagre right,
For fear thou give the world offence.

4.

Where self prevails, and nature reigns,
The hand will grasp it's own till death;
But gracious men bring some gains,
To show and recommend their faith.

5.

In Jesu's footsteps let me tread,
And not depend on gospel-talk;
But by his loving Spirit led,
Adorn the gospel by my walk.

6.

May heav'nly truth enlarge my mind,
And heav'nly love inspire my heart,
To make me gentle, meek and kind,
And with a small right freely part.

H Y M N 163.

"All things are delivered unto me by my
Father — (therefore) come unto me."
Matt. xi. 27, 28.

1.

ALL things a sinner wants below,
All things the saints above receive;
All things the Father can bestow,
Are lodg'd in Jesu's hand to give.

U

2.

Supreme in heav'n the Man appears,
 And rules with universal sway,
 Guides all events thro' circling years,
 And holds up all without decay.

3.

He calls and wakes the dead in sin,*
 And gives repentance unto life; †
 He brings the peace of God within; †
 And trains the bride-maid for his wife.

4.

The Saviour calls, Come unto Me,
 And rest your souls upon the Lord;
All things are ready now for thee;
 Eternal life is in my word.

5.

I come; O Lord, or perish must,
 And thank thee for thy loving call;
 My foul rejects all other trust,
 And takes thee as my God, my all.

6.

Of thee I love to muse and sing,
 And thou wilt hear me when I pray;
 My heart says, Jesus is it's King,
 And seeks and loves his gentle sway.

* John v. 25.

† Acts v. 35.

† John xiv. 27.

7.

Lord, guide the stewards how to speak
Of thy sweet person, and thy grace;
And draw the people, wise or weak,
To trust in thee, and seek thy face.

H Y M N 164.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye
pray, believe that ye receive them, and
ye shall have them," Mark xi. 24.

YE poor afflicted souls, give ear,
Who seek the Lord, but fear his
frown;
What things ye ask in fervent pray'r,
Believe, and Christ will send 'em down.

2.

If sin is loathsome to thine heart,
And shews a most ill-favour'd face;
If guilt affords thee fearful smart,
It flows from Jesu's love and grace.

3.

A feast is now prepar'd for thee;
Reject it not by unbelief;
A feast of mercy, sweetly free
For sinners, and the sinners' chief.

4.

No guilt contracted by long years,
His tender mercies shall confine;
No bar but unbelief appears;
The pray'r of faith makes all things thine.

U 2

5.

Take courage then, ask and believe,
Expecting mercy from the Lord;
The promise runs, Ask and receive,
And Christ is faithful to his word.

6.

O Lord, increase my feeble faith,
And give my straiten'd bosom room
To credit what thy promise saith,
And wait till thy salvation come.

HYMN 165.

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who
teacheth my hands to war.—Thou art
my shield, in whom I trust," Psalm
cliv. 1, 2.

1.

B ESET I am with crafty foes;
Which stir up war against my soul;
And hourly break my sweet repose,
Nor can mine arm their rage control.

2.

My feebleness I clearly see,
And see my help on Jesus laid;
And much I long to trust in thee,
But feel my heart is oft afraid.

3.

I rest not wholly on thine arm,
But heave my shoulder to the fight;
And then I surely meet some harm,
My foes fall on, and slay me quite.

4.

Thine armour teach me how to wield,
To brandish well the Spirit's sword,
To lift up faith's victorious shield,
And cast my burdens on the Lord.

5.

On thee be fix'd my asking eye,
On thee be stay'd my helpless heart;
And let the Lord attend my cry,
And help, in time of need, impart.

H Y M N 166.

" Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my
blood, hath eternal life," John vi. 54.

1.

TOO long, O Lord, my soul has fed
On earthly trash, on froth and air,
And famish'd by this husky bread,
My heart cries out for better cheer.

2.

No more the world allures my sight,
I bid it's starving feast adieu;
No more my best works give delight,
I quit their fluttering merit too.

3.

Nor on the earth, nor in myself,
I find a single meal of good;
Then reach my Bible from the shelf,
For there I find substantial food.

Eph. vi. 17.

U 3.

4.

The Saviour is a sumptuous feast;
His flesh, or living work, supplies
A naked soul with legal dress,
And gives him title to the skies.

5.

The garden-sweat, and stripes he bore,
The cross's wounds, and groans, and blood,
Revive the gospel sick and poor,
And feast 'em with the peace of God.

6.

Upon this banquet let me feed,
And find eternal life is mine;
For sure thy flesh is meat indeed,
And sure thy blood is heav'nly wine.

H Y M N 167.

"Unite my heart, to fear thy name,"
Psalm lxxxvi. 11.

1.

HOW long, my Saviour, must I find
A gadding heart, and roving eye?
Hast thou no charms my heart to bind,
To draw it near, and keep it nigh?

2.

E'er while I muse upon thy love,
And find it excellently sweet;
Yet soon my thoughts begin to rove
On some gay object that I meet.

3.

Of all I shoot I weary grow,
 Each roving step creates me pain;
 Then turning unto thee I go,
 But quickly start aside again.

4.

O Lord, unite my soul to thee,
 A grafted branch in thy true Vine;
 Nor let the branch a straggler be,
 But round thy lovely person twine.

5.

With faithful claspers arm my heart,
 And every lofty shoot rebranch,
 And to my clasping soul impart
 Thy heav'nly sap to feed my branch.

6.

Thus nourish'd from thy kindly root,
 And cleaving closely to thy stem,
 My branch will bend with clust'ring fruit,
 And glorify thy gracious name.

HYMN 168.

To the Trinity.

1.

FATHER, to thee we lift our voice,
 Supremely wise, and just, and good,
 Whose mercy makes our hearts rejoice,
 Whose bounty fills our mouths with food.]

2.

When rebel man was doom'd to die,
Thy love reliev'd his ruin'd race,
And sent a Saviour from the sky,
To build a glorious throne of grace.

3.

Our Jesus is that heav'nly word,
Which all things form'd, and richly drest,
The life in him did life afford
To angels, insects, man, and beast.

4.

He tends us with a shepherd's care,
And paid our ransom with his blood;
In him we live, and move, and are,
Hosanna to the Son of God!

5.

Spirit of wisdom, grace and pow'r!
Our comforter, and quick'ning spring!
With Father, Son, thee saints adore,
And holy, holy, holy sing!

6.

Breathe on our souls the breath of grace,
And feed the lamp of love within,
Reveal the Father's smiling face,
And quicken sinners dead in sin.

FAATHER, to thee we lift our voice,
Thy goodness will us guide and give,
Thy love will us from sinners free,
Thy grace will us from sinners free.

HYMN 169.

"Mark the upright man, for the end of
that man is peace," Psalm xxxvii. 37.

1.

HOW sinners pass their life away!
A short and mirthful time it seems,
In riot spent, or childish play;
But death will end their pleasant dreams!
And late, too late they learn to mourn,
When bound in bundles up to burn.

2.

But upright men the Lord obey,
And walk distinguish'd from the croud;
And if a storm perplex the day,
Their sun shall set without a cloud:
Behold they die in Jesu's peace!
Sweet earnest of eternal bliss!

3.

Then give me, Lord, this upright heart,
Well nurtur'd with a godly fear,
Which from thy precepts will not start,
When clouds and threatening storms appear,
But march along with even pace,
Refresh'd and fortify'd by grace.

4.

Let active faith inspire my breast,
And love constrain me by it's pow'r,
And, Jesus, let me find thy rest
In every sharp afflicting hour.

And sing thy love with fervent breath,
When passing thro' the vale of death.

H Y M N 170.

"In chains they shall come after thee (Jesus),
and shall fall down, and make supplica-
tion unto thee, saying, *Surely God is in
thee.*" *Isaiah xlv. 14.*

1.
WHILE sinners wander far from peace,
And feel no deadly harm in sin,
Deaf ears they turn to calls of grace,
And wallow on in works unclean,
To Jesus Christ they make no moan,
And his true Godhead oft disown.

2.
But if the Lord give heav'nly light,
A sinner learns to fear and feel;
He sees in sin a loathsome sight,
And knows it's damning nature well;
And finds himself so fast a slave,
That nothing less than God can save.

3.
He comes a captive bound in chains,
And humbly falls at Jesu's feet,
And of his heart and guilt complains,
And peeps upon the mercy-seat,
Beholds the Lord with open'd eye,
And in the man his God can spy.

4.
At length the sprinkled blood appears,
Which in the heart sheds love abroad,
And sweetly bringing gracious tears,
He cries, it is the *blood of God!**
I feel it's virtue, and I know
That *God is surely in thee now.*

H Y M N 171.

"O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us
walk in the light of the Lord," Isa. ii. 5.

1.

VAIN mortals seek no better fight
Than what their own dim eyes afford;
They blow up sparks to give them light,
Regardless of the *written word*;
But such in sorrow shall lay down,†
And find their sparks extinguish'd soon.

2.

But, O ye *House of Jacob, come,*
And in the light of Jesus walk;
His heav'nly sun must guide you home,
And you of him should think and talk;
His word, with pray'r devoutly read,
Will plant new eyes within your head.

3.

Come, let us seek more light of faith,
To cheer the heart, and guide the feet,

* Acts xx. 28.

† Isa. l. 11.

To keep us from the shades of death,
 And open wide the mercy-seat;
 Each act of faith will faith increase,
 And kindle up a brighter peace.

4.

Lord, warm us well with holy fire,
 And sweetly thaw the frozen breast;
 Bid every heart approach thee nigh'r,
 And daily seek and find thy rest;
 Walk in the light of Jesu's face,
 And sweetly feast upon his grace.

HYMN 172.

"When he (the Spirit of truth) is come, he
 will convince the world of sin, because
 they believe not on Me," John xvi. 8, 9.

1.

NO awful sense we find of sin,
 The sinful *life* and sinful *heart*;
 No loathing of the plague within,
 Until the Lord that feel impart;
 But when the Spirit of truth is come,
 A sinner trembles at his doom.

2.

Convinc'd and pierced thro' and thro',
 He thinks himself the sinner chief;
 And conscious of his mighty woe,
 Perceives at length his *unbelief*;
 Good creeds may stock his head around,
 But in his heart no faith is found.

1

3. No

3.
No pow'r his nature can afford
To change his heart, or purge his guilt;
No help is found but in the Lord,
No balm but in the blood he spilt;
A ruin'd soul, condemn'd he stands,
And unto Jesus lifts his hands.

4.
So lift I up my hands and eyes,
And all my help in Jesus seek;
Lord, bring thy purging sacrifice
To wash me white, and make me meek;
And give me more enlarged faith,
To view the wonders of thy death.

H Y M N 173.

"When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will convince the world of (my) righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye see me no more," John xvi. 8, 10.

1.
A Righteous garment much we want,
To clothe and beautify the soul;
Not rent and patch'd, or light and scant,
But one full piece, and fair and whole;
The perfect law such coat demands,
And on the coat our title stands.

2.
Such coat our Jesus wove for us,
To hide a naked sinner's shame;

W

Up from the cradle to the cross
 He toiled only in our name;
 And wrought the garment rich and good,
 And dying dipt it in his blood.

3.

No more on earth the Lord comes down,
 A proof the robe was made complete;
 And we must have the Lord's coat on,
 Or much ashamed the Lord shall meet:
 Yet till the Spirit shews our case,
 We loathe *imputed* righteousness.

4.

Put on me, Lord, thy goodly robe
 To hide my rags and naked breast;
 Not all the worth of all the globe,
 Can make me fair without thy vest:
 In Jesu's righteousness I trust,
 And *his obedience* makes me *just*.*

H Y M N 174.

"When the Spirit of Truth is come, He
 will convince the world of judgment,
 because the prince of this world is
 judged," John xvi. 8, 11.

1.

NO man with all his wit can know
 How poor and wretched is his case;
 He neither feels his inbred woe,
 Nor sees a need of Jesu's grace:

* Rom. v. 19.

The Holy Spirit must impart
Such truth, and seal it on his heart.

2.
In Sunday church, and outward deeds
The most of man's religion lays;
He will not seek, or think he needs
A bosom fill'd with love and praise:
A tyrant foul his heart obeys,
And much approves the tyrant's ways.

3.
But when the Spirit of Truth is come,
And shews the serpent in his breast;
The lawless lusts that wanton roam,
And tempers fierce that break his rest;
With lifted hands and earnest eyes,
Create my heart anew, he cries.

4.
So prays my heart to thee, O God;
The serpent's wicked seat pull down,
And sprinkle it with Jesu's blood,
And there erect thy gracious throne:
An holy heart for heav'n is meet,
Thro' Christ my title is complete.



HYMN 175.

"The mixt multitude fell a lusting; and the children of Israel also wept, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? Our soul is now dried away, and there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes," Numb. xi. 4, 6.

1.

WHEN tidings new of gospel-grace
First strike upon a list'ning croud,
With tears and sighs the guilty race
Cry out aloud for Jesu's blood;
They hunger much for heav'nly bread,
And sweet the manna seems indeed!

2.

But if the gospel-seed is sown
In stony or in thorny ground,
The heavenly cry is quickly gone,
When storms begin to gather round;
The bread is dry, they now complain,
And pine for Egypt's leeks again.

3.

Such lustings oft the children taint,
And make them fretful, sick, and weak;
A softer preaching now they want,
And ramble far to find a leek;
Or trench themselves in doctrines deep,
Lay down their arms, and fall asleep.

4.

From all such lusting save me, Lord,
And wholesome appetite create ;
Thy manna in much love afford,
And make me find it dainty meat ;
No more for Egypt's garlick pine,
But sweetly on thy manna dine.

H Y M N 176.

" A rod for a fool's back," Prov. xxvi. 3.

1.

I Wonder not, if giddy men
Run roving all the world about,
Pursuing folly with much pain,
And weary'd oft, yet give not out ;
The world must be their fluttering aim,
Who see no charm in Jesu's name.

2.

Yet none so foolish are and base,
As they who felt the legal lash,
And having tasted gospel-grace,
Good manna leave for earthly trash :
When such from wisdom's teaching start,
A rod shall make their shoulders smart.

3.

In vain they seek the world's relief,
The Lord will weary them with woe,
And lash them well with grief on grief,
With rods and stinging scorpions too :

W 3.

234 SION'S SONGS.

They drink of ev'ry bitter cup,
Till sick, they cast their idols up.

4.

My heart too after idols fought,
And roved from the gospel-track;
And by such roving I have brought
A thousand stripes upon my back;
Lord, take my foolish heart at last,
And guide it right, and hold it fast.

H Y M N 177.

"Turn away thine eyes from me, for they
have overcome me," Cant. vi. 5.

1.

THOU poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
With fears and doubts, and tempests tost,
What if the billows rise and roll,
And dash thy ship, it is not lost:
The winds and waves, and fiends may roar,
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

2.

What ail those eyes bedew'd with tears,
Those labouring sighs that heave thy breast,
Those oft repeated broken pray'rs?
Dost thou not long for Jesu's rest?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a mourning sinner die?

3.

Alas, thou art a stranger yet
To Jesu's sympathizing heart;

When sinners mourn and clasp his feet,
In all their grief he bears a part;
His bowels melt at ev'ry cry,
And while they groan, he gives a sigh.

4.

If once the wound is ripe to heal,
A balm shall make thy heart rejoice,
The Saviour will thy pardon seal,
And whisper with enchanting voice,
"Oh, turn away those weeping eyes,
"Thou hast o'ercome me with thy cries."

H Y M N 178.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,"
Matt. vi. 24.

1.

THE heart by nature earthly is,
And from the earth it's comfort draws,
No taste it has for heav'nly bliss,
No love for Jesus and his cause;
To church the man may faunt'ring come,
But leaves his carnal heart at home.

2.

As well may heat with coldness dwell,
And light with darkness come abroad,
As soon may heav'n unite with hell,
As man may serve the world and God:
Until the heart's created new,
It shrinks from God, and hates him too.

3.

And where the salt of grace appears,
 To season all the inward part,
 If wanton mirth, or thorny cares,
 Or idols base beguile the heart,
 A lumpish frame the pilgrim feels,
 And drives without his chariot-wheels.

4.

From fordid Mammon, save me, Lord,
 It's pining cares, and gaudy mirth,
 From all the traps it can afford,
 And all the baseness it brings forth;
 From all it's idols set me free,
 And make my heart intire for thee.

H Y M N 179.

"The companions hearken to thy voice;
 cause me to hear it," Cant. viii. 13.

1.

MY heart would quickly weary be
 Of him, who should no answer make,
 Nor cast a chearful look on me;
 Such silence must communion break:
 Nor could my heart in Christ rejoice,
 Unless it heard his chearing voice.

2.

No wonder sinners weary grow
 Of praying to an *unknown* God,
 Such heartless pray'r is all dumb show,
 And makes them listless, yawn, and nod;

The voice of God they cannot hear,
Till Jesus gives the *waken'd* ear.*

3.

Such *waken'd* ear the sheep receive,
Despised flock of Jesu's fold,
His voice they hear and well perceive,†
And sweet communion with him hold;
Yet all *communion* is absurd,
If God is neither felt nor heard.

4.

This voice the scorers much deride,
And pass it off as godly cant;
Yet let me hear no voice beside,
'Tis all I wish, and all I want;
It sure creates my present peace,
And brings a pledge of future bliss.

H Y M N 180.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God,"
Rom. viii. 7.

1.

THE natural man with carnal mind
Seeks only from the world his food;
What earthly joy, his heart can find,
He takes, and makes his sov'reign good,
Delights in pleasure, wealth, and fame,
And wonders all do not the same.

* Isai. 1. 4, 5.

† John x. 27.

2.

Posselt with such self-seeking view,
The carnal mind abhors restraint,
Will tread on law and gospel too,
And loathe the very sound of saint;
Yet oft he fears a scourging rod,
Which makes him hate the holy God.

3.

Devotion puts their heart in pain;
How can they pray to one they hate?
Yet think, oh think, ye foolish men,
An hated God how can ye meet?
No carnal heart with God can dwell,
It makes a sinner ripe for hell.

4.

O Lord, a spiritual mind impart,
To lift my thoughts to things above,
To give new relish to my heart,
And light the lamp of heav'nly love,
To make my soul with thee unite,
And in thy holy law delight.

H Y M N 181.

"Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd,
against the man that is my *fellow* (my
equal) saith the Lord of Hosts," Zech.
xiii. 7.

1.

A Wake, O sword, with vengeance wake,
Against the man, my *fellow* found;

Rush on him, make his bowels quake,
And gash him well with ghastly wound;
Assault his hands, his feet, and head,
Then pierce his heart, and strike him dead.

2.

My fellow is that wondrous man,
In whom is found my awful name,*
Eternal with a mortal span,
Almighty with a feeble frame! †
The man can bleed, the God atone,
And both shall build my gracious throne.

3.

O Lord of Hosts, and God of love!
We bless thee for this act of grace:
Amazing mercy sure we prove
Towards a lost rebellious race,
Which bid the sword awake and smite
Thine only Son, thy heart's delight!

4.

And, O thou bleeding Love divine!
What tender pity fill'd thy breast,
'To take my hell and make it thine,
And toil thro' death to bring me rest!
Eternal praise to thee be giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

* Exod. xxiii. 21.

† Isa. ix. 6.



HYMN 182.

"My son, be strong in the grace that is in
Christ Jesus," 2 Tim. ii. 1.

1.

A Child of earth, untaught of God,
Would fain be strong in nature's might,
And learn to walk the heav'nly road
By human strength and human light,
And vainly thinks a wither'd arm
May well defend his breast from harm,

2.

A new born child to God will cry,
Of all his earthly props bereav'd,
And seeks from heav'n a rich supply,
Yet lives at first on grace receiv'd,
Is happy when his comforts dawn,
But faints when sun-shine is withdrawn.

3.

At length the child is better taught,
And lives not on it's gracious hoard,
But, with more heav'nly wisdom fraught,
Lives on the grace in Jesus stor'd;
Looks up to Jesus every hour,
And rests upon his love and pow'r.

4.

So let my soul on Jesus rest,
And with his comforts be supply'd;

And while his love constrains my breast,
Lean on the man that lov'd and dy'd;
Not resting on a comfort-prop,
But on the Lord my strength and hope.

H Y M N 183.

" If a man strive for the mastery, yet is he
not crowned, except he strive lawfully."
2 Tim. ii. 5.

MUCH hapless pains some mortals take
To build their house upon the sand;
With fruitless struggling strive to make
The heart submit to God's command;
And by some faucy merit find
A balm to heal the troubled mind!

If man may wash the black Moor white,
Or make the leopard change his spots,
Then he may plant his heart upright,
And cleanse the conscience from it's blots:
Such buildings make Apollyon smile,
And mock the foolish builder's toil.

In lawul way the soul must build,
And Christ the lawul way is found;
His precious blood on Calvary spill'd,
Alone can heal a guilty wound;
His Spirit turns the tempers right,
And makes the heart in God delight.

4.

The lawful way I learn to prize,
 And well I may, 'tis rich with gain:
 Here let me walk with steadfast eyes,
 And gather ease from Jesu's pain;
 Still look to him to mend my heart,
 And feel he acts a Saviour's part.

H Y M N 184.

"God hath exalted this (man) Jesus, to be
 a Prince and a Saviour, for to give re-
 pentance to Israel, and remission of sins,"
 Acts. v. 31. Luke xxiv. 47.

1.

HOW oft we hear vain sinners talk
 Of mighty things their hands can do,
 To change the heart, and guide the walk,
 And give themselves repentance too;
 And by such works of human might
 Atonement make for sin outright.

2.

A lean repentance sinners find,
 Which their own will and wisdom breed;
 It cannot break the sturdy mind,
 And will a fresh repentance need;
 This humbling grace we must receive,
 And Jesus must repentance give.

3.

A gift it is, which none can earn!
 A gift, which Jesus must bestow!

And Jesus makes a mourner learn
That all things from his bounty flow;
Then grants forgiveness thro' his blood,
And makes salvation understood.

4.

What human strength cannot procure,
Of Jesus Christ I must entreat,
An heart well broken, meek and poor,
Which lays and fawns upon his feet;
But let my Lord his peace impart,
To warm and chear the broken heart.

H Y M N 185.

"Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, I am
the Lord thy God, who teacheth thee to
profit," *Isai. xlviii. 17.*

1.

AN able teacher much I need,
Who sweetly can allure my heart,
And in the path of duty lead,
Or fetch me back, if I should start:
Much human teachers I have try'd,
And find I want an abler guide.

2.

Rough storms arise within my breast,
And beat all human counsel down;
And only he can give me rest,
Who stills them with a word or frown;
Then sure to Jesus I must look,
For storms are still, at his rebuke.

3.

His voice divine can rouse the dead,
 And such a voice would suit me well;
 For oft I drop my drowsy head,
 And not a spark of life can feel;
 And when the spiritual feel is gone,
 My earthly heart can give me none.

4.

His voice will help the blind to see,
 The lame to leap, the deaf to hear!
 Then only Jesus Christ for me;
 None other can with him compare!
 His teaching will revive my heart,
 And eyes, and ears, and feet impart.

H Y M N 186.

"If the prophets had caused my people to
 hear *my words*, then they should have
 turned the people from their *evil way*,"
 Jer. xxiii. 21, 22.

1.

HEAR, O ye priests of Aaron's house,
 This message sure is meant for you;
 To Jesu's word be true and close,
 Or you shall toil and nothing do;
 Shall much exhort, rebuke, and pray,
 Yet none forsakes his evil way.

2.

The strictest morals you may teach,
 And wet your sermon-cup with tear,

Yet nothing will the conscience reach;
And no good fruit will yet appear;
The listless flocks will doze around,
Unless they hear a gospel-sound.

3.

If much your heart has been perplex
To find the Sunday-teaching vain;
And at the flock's supineness vex,
Have felt a tender Shepherd's pain;
Then take good counsel from the Lord,
"Your sermon suits not with *his* word."

4.

Lift up your voice and cry aloud,
And shew to Jacob's house their sin;
Proclaim to all the yawning croud,
Your hearts and lives are all unclean;
And tell with stoutest look and breath,
The wages due to sin is death.

5.

When sin and guilt are understood,
To Jesus Christ direct their eye;
And preach a pardon thro' his blood,
And bid them on his grace rely,
And bid them ask in earnest pray'r
For peace, and love, and godly fear.

6.

So will the Lord your labours own,
And dig and dung the fallow-ground;
From gospel-seed, when truly sown,
Some heavenly crop will sure be found;

Good morals will spring up and shoot,
When grafted on a gospel-root.

HYMN 187.

"Our Father, who art in heaven!"

Matt. vi. 9.

1.

THOU great and good, and wise and true,
The first and last, and Lord of all,
A God majestic we can view,
Yet him a tender parent call;
With kind affection taught to say,
"Our Father," when we kneel to pray.

2.

Our Father's throne is on the sky,
And heavenly hosts around him dwell,
And he beholds with piercing eye,
All things on earth, and things in hell,
Beholds with sharp and awful ken
The workings in the hearts of men!

3.

O Father, give me love to thee,
And love to all thy children dear,
And thy free love reveal to me,
Attested by thy Spirit clear,
Thro' Jesus take me for thy child,
And make me lowly, meek, and mild.

4.

Our Father, who in heaven art!
Direct my eyes up to thy throne,

And bless me with a praying heart,
And lively faith in thy dear Son;
A stranger make me here on earth,
To shew the world my heavenly birth.

H Y M N 188.

"Hallowed be thy name," Matt. vi. 9.

O Father, tell the world thy fame,
And shew them what Jehovah is;
A God, unchangeably the same,
Of perfect truth and righteousness,
Who built up all things at his will,
And reigneth on his heavenly hill!

Behold! the heathen still adore
A carved god of wood and stone!
Arise, Jehovah, and restore
The worship due to thee alone;
Be jealous for thy own renown,
And cast the breathless idols down.

But Christians act a baser part,
Who much a carved god disdain,
Yet rear up idols in their heart,
And take thine awful name in vain!
Plant in their breast a godly fear,
And make thy name be honour'd there.

4.
 Jehovah, send thy Spirit forth,
 And light and saving health impart,
 That all the ends of all the earth
 May know how great and good thou art,
 Thy lofty name with reverence treat,
 And learn to worship at thy feet.

H Y M N 189.

" Thy kingdom come," Matt. vi. 10.

1.
O Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Thy kingdom built on love and grace,
 In every province give it room,
 In every heart afford it place;
 The earth is thine, set up thy throne,
 And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2.
 Still nature's horrid darkness reigns,
 And sinners scorn the check of fear;
 Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
 Where Jesu's messengers appear!
 We pray that Christ may rise and bless
 The world with truth and righteousness.

3.
 Bid war and wild ambition cease,
 And man no more a monster prove;
 Fill up his breast with heavenly peace,
 And warm it well with heavenly love,

To Jesus bid the people go,
And Satan's kingdom overthrow.

4.

More labourers in the vineyard send,
And pour thine unction on them all;
Give them a voice to shake and bend
The mountains high, and cedars tall,
That flocks of sinners, young and old,
May shelter seek in Jesu's fold.

H Y M N 190.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in
heaven," Matt. vi. 10.

1.

O Father, where thy truth is spread,
And brings the light of gospel-day,
Thy holy Spirit richly shed,
And sweet transforming grace convey;
New cast the heart in gospel-mould,
And stamp thine image fair and bold.

2.

Root out the carnal selfish mind,
Averse to thee and thy command,
And plant a will and temper kind,
A ready foot and liberal hand,
With mind alert, and waiting still
To hear and do thy holy will.

3.

As angels in thy courts above
Pay suit and service to their King,

And all thy pleasure hear and love,
 And execute with rapid wing;
 So may we move, so may we feel,
 Pick up their wing, and catch their zeal.

4.

When burdens sore of pain or loss
 Are on the feeble shoulder thrown,
 Instruct us how to bear the cross
 Without a peevish look or groan;
 And in the furnace while we lay,
 Let all our dross be purg'd away.

H Y M N 191.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"

Matt. vi. 11.

1.

OUR Father, unto thee we cry,
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 And with a gracious hand supply
 Whate'er thy helpless children need;
 With daily wants beset we are,
 And need thy providential care.

2.

If hungry ravens, when they croak,
 And ravenous lions, when they roar,
 Do find their food by thee bespoke,
 And are replenish'd from thy store!
 He, who for birds and beasts will carve,
 Can never let his children starve.

SION'S SONGS. 251

We only ask for *this* day's food;
 And ask for bread, not dainty meat;
 But fare that homely is and good,
 Such as the hungry child may eat;
 Nor dare we ask it thro' desert,
 But as a gift, the bread impart.

4.
 And if the carcase has it's meal,
 The lamp within of heavenly fire,
 Some daily feeding needeth still,
 Or quickly must the lamp expire;
 Refresh the lamp, to make it shine,
 And feed the soul with bread divine.

H Y M N 192.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our
 debtors," Matt. vi. 12.

1.
O Father, much we are in debt,
 Much failing in obedience due,
 And daily running deeper yet;
 Past follies multiply'd by new!
 Nor compensation can we bring,
 For all we have, we owe the King.

2.
 The wages due to sin is death;
 A deep and ghastly debt to pay!
 And yet we sin with daily breath;
 O Lord, our God, what shall we say?

252 SION'S SONGS.

Forgive the vast and deadly sum,
Nor let the threaten'd vengeance come.

3.

If awful justice draw the sword,
And aim it at my guilty breast,
Let smiling mercy help afford,
And interpose to make me blest;
And mercy wins, if she intreat,
For Jesus is my mercy-seat.

4.

With gracious heart I would forgive,
When debtors have no mite to pay;
Nor drag them in a gaol to live,
But send the bankrupts clear away;
So let my Father deal with me,
And strike my debts off full and free.

H Y M N 193.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," Matt. vi. 13.

1.

O Father, save me from the snares
Which would to sure temptation lead,
From wealthy pride; or hungry cares,
And with the food convenient feed;
Lest I be rich, and thee blaspheme,
Or needy, and distrust thy name.

2.

I find a much rebellious will,
And selfish tempers most unkind;

A load

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A load of unbelief I feel,
And pride before me and behind;
Much evil in my heart I see,
Lord, from it's plague deliver me.

3.

Allurements in the world are found,
To court me from the gospel-road;
And evil men, in pleasure drown'd,
Would draw or drive my heart from God;
With subtil baits the world is strown,
Lord, save me from it's smile and frown.

4.

A wicked tempter too unseen
Will craftily besiege mine ear,
And with a gay or frightful mein
Would breed presumption or despair;
All human mischief he has done;
Lord, save me from this evil one.

H Y M N 194.

“For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for ever. Amen.” Matt. vi. 13.

1.

O Father, cast a gracious eye
Upon thy children, as they pray;
In mercy all our wants supply,
And all our sins put far away:
Our sins and wants are not a few,
Yet what will not a Father do?

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2.
We have been Satan's subjects true,
His tempers shewn and ugly face,
But now we seek a kingdom new,
Of mercy, peace, and righteousness;
Thine is the kingdom, which we crave,
And what is thine a child may have.

3.
But not the hand of human might
Can rear this kingdom in my heart,
Nor can the head of human wit
A single gem or pearl impart;
Thine is the pow'r to set it up,
Nor can it fail with such a prop.

4.
The kingdom is thy work and care;
Thine is the glory, thine alone!
Which raiseth hope in every pray'r,
That God will see the work is done:
The glory thine! we shout again,
And will be ever thine; *Amen.*

H Y M N 195.

"The loftiness of man shall be bowed down,
and the Lord *alone* shall be exalted in
that day," *Isai. ii. 17.*

1.
IN that sweet day of dawning grace,
When Jesus gives a sinner light,
He first perceives his ugly face,
And stands amazed at the sight!

His sins, a frightful number too,
And quite forgot, start up in view.

2.

His former lofty looks are gone,
His fancy'd merit all is lost,
His haughty heart is bowed down,
The Lord *alone* is all his trust;
On Jesus Christ he turns his eyes,
And hungers for the sacrifice.

3.

And now he loathes his filthy heart,
It's sore and sickness taught to feel;
And now he owns his sin's desert,
Convinc'd it's proper wage is hell;
And now for mercy sweetly cries,
The mercy he could once despise.

4.

And now the Saviour precious is,
The chief among ten thousand fairs;
And when he feels the cross's peace,
His eyes are wet with gracious tears,
And loud he sings in lovely tone,
Hosanna to the Lord *alone*.



H Y M N 196.

" My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken
thou me," Psalm cxix. 25.

1.

HOW damp and earthly is my heart!
How apt thro' sloth to gather rust!
From Jesus Christ it loves to start,
And like a child, roll in the dust!
This hour, perhaps, is heav'n-ward bound,
The next, is burrowing under ground.

2.

I cannot hold my heart, I feel;
All tricks I try, but all in vain;
It slips my hand, much like an eel,
And slides into the mud again;
And there would lay and famish too,
In spite of all that I can do.

3.

But, O my Lord, thy check it fears,
And pays obedience to thy word;
Thy soft commanding voice it hears,
And hearing springs up to the Lord,
Shakes off it's dust, and claps it's wings,
And soars aloft, and sweetly sings.

4.

If thou wilt take my heart in hand,
And lodge it near thy bleeding breast,
It must and will adoring stand,
And cling and clasp the Saviour fast;

Forget it's kindred to the earth,
And triumph in it's heavenly birth.

H Y M N 197.

"Where the carcase is, there will the
eagles be gathered together," Matt.
xxiv. 28.

1.

MY Jesus crucify'd and slain,
A noisome carcase is to most;
A loathed food and slighted gain,
By men in mirth and pleasure lost
Who basely spurn the holy feast,
Or pass it heedless by at least.

2.

But where the Saviour brings his light,
And gives the soul an eagle-eye,
The carcase is a pleasing sight,
And draws the hovering eagles nigh;
They ken the banquet of his death,
And on the carcase feed by faith.

3.

This banquet only suits the poor,
Who feed, and full contentment find;
Borne up with eagles-wing they soar,
And leave all earthly thought behind;
Forget their woe, and drop their care,
And sing and breathe in heavenly air.

Y 3.

4.

Upon thy carcase let me feed;
 And richly prize the feast divine;
 For sure thy flesh is meat indeed,
 And sure thy blood is choicest wine;
 And all, who learn to banquet here,
 No thing in death shall feel or fear.

H Y M N 198.

" And Noah went into the ark, and his wife, and his sons, and his son's wives, and some of beasts clean, and unclean, and of fowls, and of every creeping thing," Gen. vii. 1, 8.

1.

JESUS, my heavenly ark thou art,
 My Noah too, my gospel rest;
 Thou callest some of every sort,
 Of cleanly and of unclean beast;
 And beasts, tho' furious fierce before,
 Come at thy call, and seek the door.

2.

The door is fixed in thy *side*,*
 And *safely* thou dost shut them in, †
 Subdue their rage, and quell their pride;
 And make them kind, and wash them clean:
 At length on Mount Ararat's top, ‡
 They land and view their heavenly hope.

* Gen. vi. 16. † Gen. vii. 16. ‡ Gen. viii. 4.

3.

Some gentle call I feel of grace,
And softly to thine ark repair;
But such a monster rough and base,
As never yet came waddling there;
Of wanton heart, and growling throat,
A mess of lion, bear, and goat!

4.

If in thine ark I may be hid,
Transform the lion to a lamb,
The bear into a kindly kid,
And bid the goat a sheep become;
Then land me on the heavenly mount,
And loud I will thy love recount.

H Y M N 199.

"Thou art weighed in the ballance, and
found wanting," Dan. v. 27.

1.

HEAR, O my soul, what God has said,
And let thine ear retain the sound,
"In scales of justice thou art weigh'd,
"And in the ballance wanting found!"
Stern justice cries, thou art undone,
And where canst thou for safety run?

2.

To Jesus, Father, I will fly,
And in his full atonement trust,
Confess myself condemn'd to die,
And own the awful sentence just;

Cry out against my guilty head,
And Jesu's mighty merit plead.

3.

Convinc'd I am that warmest pray'rs,
And kindest service I can pay,
And floods of penitential tears,
Will never wash my guilt away;
My every action is too light,
And death is due for want of weight.

4.

But if no merit I can claim,
The blood of Jesus will prevail,
Alone prevail to save from blame,
And in my favour turn the scale;
Thro' faith in him I stand complete,
Who undertook and paid my debt.

H Y M N 200.

"Wait ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the
day that I rise up to the prey," Zeph. iii. 8.

1.

O Thou with battering tempest tost,
Perplex'd and shatter'd here and there,
Bewilder'd on a *legal* coast,
And finding no deliverance near,
On Jesus calling with sad thought,
But Jesus seems to mind thee not!

2.

To furious beasts thou art a prey,
Which yell and make an hideous din,

And rend thy bosom night and day,
And leave no room for peace within;
Discover'd is thy beastly heart,
And guilty terrors make thee start!

3.

Soon as thy heart can meaning cry,
What must a wretched sinner do?
To Jesus lift thy weary eye,
For whither else can sinners go?
And Jesus will not fail thy hope,
But *on him wait*, till he rise up.

4.

He will rise up the prey to take,
His mighty arm he will make bare,
He will, for his own mercy-sake,
Bereave thee of thy guilty fear,
And tame the beasts within thy breast,
But *on him wait*, till he give rest.

H Y M N 201.

"He (Jesus) shall build my city, not for
price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts,"
Isai. xlv. 13.

1.

A Ruin'd fabric man is found,
Where once Jehovah fix'd his throne,
But sin profan'd the holy ground,
It's great inhabitant is gone;
The heart a tyrant now receives,
Who makes the breast a den of thieves!

2.

A thousand men with subtil wit
 A thousand simple tricks have try'd,
 To mend the house, and furnish it,
 But Satan all their wit defy'd;
 He laugh'd to see such weakness shewn,
 And puff'd the paper-building down.

3.

No one but Jesus Christ can build,
 The work divine is all his own;
 His arm with matchless strength is fill'd
 To lay the ground and crowning stone;
 A workman by the Lord prepar'd,
 Who builds the house *without reward*.

4.

Thou, O my Jesus, build for me
 An house to stand the rudest shock,
 Completely furnished by thee,
 And grounded on thyself, the Rock;
 But build the house, an house of pray'r,
 And let me feel my Father there.

H Y M N 202.

"He (Jesus) shall let go my captives, not
 for price nor reward, *saieth the Lord of
 hosts,*" *Isai. xlv. 13.*

1.

SAY, wast thou not a captive born,
 And art thou not a captive led,

With fetters loaded every morn,
And chained down each night in bed?
Do not thy lusts beset thee still,
And take thee captive at their will!

2.

Do not rough tempers, proud and base,
Insult and rend thy helpless soul?
And what can tame the lusts, but grace,
Or what the tempers will control?
No man has wit or might enough,
To file a single fetter off.

3.

We hear indeed of wondrous men,
Who boast of skill and valour brave,
To snap at will the stoutest chain,
Who yet shall live and die a slave;
The work for Jesus is prepar'd,
Who does the work without reward.

4.

His blood must purge the conscience clean,
And shew a reconciled God;
His Spirit write the law within,
And guide us on the gospel-road;
And all, that seek to him, shall know
That Jesus *lets the captives go.*



H Y M N 203.

" O God, my God, early will I seek thee,"

Pfalm lxiii. 1.

1. **A** Godliness which feeds on form,
And lip-devotion, barren cheer,
Will satisfy an earthly worm,
Who learns to think and call it pray'r;
Contented with the husky part,
A moving lip, and silent heart.

2. **W** All such of praying weary grow,
Where God with no desire is sought,
It proves a scene of dreary woe,
Without a single cheering thought!
No presence of the Lord they find,
But all is dull, and dead, and blind.

3. **O** Lord, thy Spirit's aid impart,
And fill me with devotion's fire;
Create anew my earthly heart,
And heavenly breathings there inspire;
Bid heart and flesh cry out for thee,
And thou my joyful portion be!

4. **L**et incense smoking from my breast
In praise and pray'r ascend thy hill;

And where I rove, or where I rest,
Do thou, my God, surround me still;
My heavenly intercourse increase,
Till as a river, flows my peace.

H Y M N 204.

“ The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and
the love of God, and the communion of
the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.”
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1.
WE bless the lovely, bleeding Lamb,
The Saviour of a sinful race;
A man, and yet the great *I am*,
Procuring cause of gospel-grace;
The church's peace and glorious head,
Who rose triumphant from the dead.

2.
And, Father, we adore that love,
Which most divinely fills thy breast,
And sent us Jesus from above,
To make a ruin'd sinner blest;
Love, flowing from thy gracious heart,
And not from rebel-man's desert.

3.
Most Holy Spirit, all divine,
Whose office is to teach and seal,

* John viii. 58.

266 SION'S SONGS.

And bring the heart to God, and join,
And make it sweet communion feel;
Breathe on us now, and shed abroad
The grace of Christ, and love of God.

4.
In name * and nature link'd we know,
The holy, holy, holy *Three*;
To each eternal thanks we owe,
To each eternal honours be;
And let the earth with heavenly host
Bless Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N 205.

" My soul is even as a weaned child,"
Psalm cxxxi. 2.

1.
DEAR Jesus, cast a look on me,
I come with simplest pray'r to thee,
And ask to be a child;
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Infantly meek and mild.

2.
No wild ambition I would have,
No worldly grandeur I would crave,
But fit me down content;

* All the Three Persons are in scripture distinctly called by *one name*, *Jehovah*, or *God*.

Content with what I do receive,
And chearful praises learn to give
For all things freely sent.

3.

Well weaned from the world below,
It's pining care, and gewgaw show,
It's joy and hope forlorn,
My soul would step a stranger forth,
And, smit with Jesu's grace and worth,
Repose on him alone.

4.

I would love him with all my heart,
And all my secret thought impart,
My grief, and joy, and fear;
And while the pilgrim life shall last,
My soul would on the Lord be cast
In sweet believing pray'r.

5.

His presence I would have each day,
And hear him talking by the way
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when he speaks and gives a smile,
My soul shall listen all the while,
And every accent bless.



H Y M N 206.

" Sir, we would see Jesus," John xii. 21.

1.
ON wings of love the Saviour flies,
 And freely left his native skies,
 To take an human birth;
 The wise and righteous men go near,
 His wonders see, his sermons hear,
 And think him nothing worth.

2.
 A remnant small of humble souls
 His grace mysteriously controls
 By sweet alluring call;
 They hear it, and his person view,
 They learn to love and follow too,
 And take him for their all.

3.
 One of this remnant I would be,
 A soul devoted unto thee,
 Allured by thy voice;
 No more on gaudy idols gaze,
 No longer tinsel grandeur praise,
 But fix on thee my choice.

4.
 Thou knowest well my secret smart,
 And readest all my aching heart,
 And hearest every sigh;

Can any creature give me rest,
Or any blessing make me blest,
Unless my Lord is nigh?

5.

While walking on the gospel-way,
"I would see Jesus" every day,
And see in all his grace;
See him my prophet, priest, and king,
See him by faith, and praises sing,
Then see him face to face.

H Y M N 207.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto
me and drink," John vii. 37.

1.

LET him who thirsts for heavenly joys,
Come unto Me, the Saviour cries,
And drink at my spring-head;
Leave all your boasting self behind,
And from the Saviour you shall find
A glorious life indeed.

2.

I come, O Lord, and thirst for thee,
Some living water give to me,
Or I shall faint and die;
All other means my heart has try'd,
All other streams are vain, beside
What flows from Calvary.

Z 3

3.
 I long to taste the purple flood,
 And feel the virtue of thy blood,
 And gaze and tarry here;
 So shall I sweetly sing and pray,
 And serve thee kindly ev'ry day
 Without a guilty fear.

H Y M N 208.

"My house is the house of prayer, but ye
 have made it a den of thieves," Luke
 xix. 46.

1.
MY bosom was design'd to be
 An house of pray'r, O Lord, for thee,
 A temple undefil'd;
 But vile outrageous thieves broke in,
 And turn'd the house into a den,
 And all it's glory spoil'd.

2.
 There anger lays, and lust and pride,
 And envy bafe it's head will hide,
 And malice brooding ill;
 There unbelief the Lord denies,
 And falshood whispers out it's lies,
 And avarice gripeth still.

3.
 O Lord of Hosts, lift up thine eyes,
 Behold, thine house a nuisance lies,
 And riot reigns within;

No worship of the Lord is there,
The thieves have stol'n away all pray'r,
And made the house unclean.

4.

Thy help, Almighty Lord, impart,
And drag the tyrants from my heart,
And chase the thieves away,
Within my bosom fix thy throne,
And there be lov'd and serv'd alone,
And teach me how to pray.

5.

The work is thine to cleanse the place,
I can but look up for thy grace,
Nor this without thine aid;
Then let thine indignation burn,
And all thy foes o'erturn, o'erturn,
And rear again my head.

H Y M N 209.

"The very hairs of your head are all num-
bered. Fear ye not therefore," Matt. x.
30, 31.

HOW watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet his providential word
To children that believe!
Your very hairs are number'd all,
Not one by force or chance can fall
Without your Father's leave.

I

2.

Why should I fear, when guarded so;
Or shrink to meet a deadly foe!

His mouth is held with bit:
I need not dread his utmost spite,
Nor can he bark, nor can he bite,
Unless the Lord permit.

3.

No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,

Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he sends 'em forth.

4.

Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head, and guard my heart,

And guard my very hair,
Teach me with childlike mind to fit
And sing at my dear Saviour's feet
Without distrust or fear.

5.

So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,

Till all my warfare ends;
Keep in a calm and chearful mood,
And find that all things work for good,
Which Jesus kindly sends.



HYMN 210.

"Our sufficiency is of God;" 2 Cor. iii. 5,

1.

O Lord, with shame I do confess
My universal emptiness,
My poverty and pride;
I cannot keep thee in my sight,
Nor can I think one thought aright,
Unless thy Spirit guide.

2.

I cannot from my idols part,
Nor love the Lord with all my heart,
Nor can myself deny;
I cannot pray, and feel thee near,
Nor can I sing with heavenly cheer,
Unless the Lord is nigh.

3.

Since life divine in Adam fell,
On spiritual things we cannot dwell,
The heart is turn'd aside;
And none can raise to life the dead
But he, who rais'd himself indeed,
And for dead sinners dy'd.

4.

On him almighty help is laid,
An all-sufficient Saviour made,
And stands within my call;

Tho' nothing in myself I am,
But deaf and dumb, and blind and lame,
Thro' him I may do all.

5.

Then let this mighty Jesus be
An all-sufficient help for me,
Creating pow'r and will;
Thy grace sufficed saints of old,
It made 'em strong, and made 'em bold,
And it sufficeth still.

H Y M N 211.

"They should seek the Lord, if haply they
might feel after him and find him," Acts
xvii. 27.

1.

MEN seek the Lord with careless thought,
And say their pray'rs like children
taught,

With no sweet love or fear;
They tramp along the beaten road,
And pray, but feel not after God,
Nor find his presence near.

2.

They lift their eyes, and lift the hand,
And decently devout they stand,

But no communion find;
Well pleased when the pray'r is done,
And weary of it when begun,
They loathe it in their mind.

3.
With mind so dark, and temper such,
Men evermore hate praying much,
And hate all them that do;
Yet vainly think the Lord will hear
Such most offensive tinkling pray'r,
And pay them for it too.

4.
I cannot like such heathen saint;
Communion with my God I want,
Or when I sit or kneel:
Of pray'r and praise I weary grow,
The work is dry, the heart is low,
Unless my God I feel.

5.
As Enoch walked, so would I,
Beholding God with stedfast eye,
And never from him rove;
Enjoy his presence every hour,
Surrounded with his mighty pow'r,
And nourish'd by his love.

H Y M N 212.

"I will take away the stony heart out of
your flesh, and will give you an heart of
flesh," Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1.
MY heart by nature is a stone,
And unconcern'd can look upon
Eternal misery,

Feels no affection for it's Lord,
Takes no impression from his word,
But lumpish is and dry.

2.

Some tell me, I must change my heart,
And undertake the Saviour's part;
A proud and fruitless strife!
I might as soon the seasons change,
Or make the clouds in order range,
Or raise the dead to life.

3.

My shoulders will not bear the load;
The work is only fit for God,
A work of heavenly grace;
The Lord, who first created man
Must now create him new again,
And rear the fallen race.

4.

Then unto him I lift mine eye,
My Maker, hear me when I cry,
And give the heart of flesh;
An heart renew'd by faith and love,
That seeks the joys which are above,
And will not feed on trash.

5.

An heart well aw'd with godly fear,
And taught to feel thy presence near,
And in thyself delight;

An

An heart, which may thine altar be,
Where sacrifice devout and free
Is flaming day and night.

6.

An heart submissive, mild, and meek,
Which hears, if Jesus softly speak,
And on his word can feast;
An heart, which prays for great and small,
And dearly loves thy children all,
Yet thinks itself the least.

H Y M N 213.

“ Instead of the brier shall come up the
myrtle-tree, and it shall be to the Lord
for a name,” Isa. lv. 13.

1.

THE thorn and brier were not set,
Nor baneful weeds sprung up as yet,
Till Adam brought them in;
They shot up mainly with the curse,
And shew the ground itself grew worse,
Polluted by man's sin.

2.

On ev'ry soil the briers grow,
Infest all lands, infesting too
The ground of each man's heart;
I find them in my bosom here,
This breast they often wound and tear,
And cause a fearful smart.

A a

3.

My self-will, pride, and peevishness,
 The briers are, that would distress
 Myself and friends around ;
 And oft I try to root them out,
 And dig and hoe them round about,
 And yet they keep their ground.

4.

Right weary of the work I am,
 For nothing comes of it but shame,
 No myrtle can I raise :
 Lord Jesus, take the work in hand,
 And shew the pow'r of thy command,
 And I will give thee praise.

5.

Thy word spoke nature into birth,
 And summon'd ev'ry creature forth,
 The noblest and the least :
 Thy word still maketh myrtles rise,
 And breathe their incense to the skies ;
 Lord, plant 'em in my breast.

H Y M N 214.

“ I will heal their backsliding, and love
 them freely,” Hosea xiv. 4.

1.

WITH grief I feel a treacherous heart,
 Which daily from the Lord would
 start,
 And leave substantial joys ;

Forgetful of his grace and love,
It steals away, and longs to rove
In search of gilded toys.

2.

No skill of mine this heart can hold,
It is so guileful and so bold,
So slippery in it's ways;
With fair pretence and friendship's guise,
A thousand various tricks it tries,
A thousand pranks it plays.

3.

But tho' my native strength is gone,
And wit or prudence I have none,
A roving heart to heal;
I must not perish in despair,
When help is offer'd free and near,
For Jesus says, "I will."

4.

I will both heal and love thee too,
And well and freely this will do,
And by a pleasant way;
A golden fetter I have got,
The roaming heart to put about,
And keep it, lest it stray.

5.

Lord, clap this fetter on my mind,
And twine it round, and firmly bind,
And link it on thy vest:

Yet more than golden it must prove,
A fetter of almighty love,
And that will hold me fast.

H Y M N 215.

" Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for
then would I fly away, and be at rest,"
Psal. lv. 6.

1.

FULL oft I view with envious eye
The warbling songsters of the sky;
And mark their easy flight;
No anxious cares perplex their breast,
No guilty fears disturb their rest,
But all is calm as light.

2.

With morning breeze they raise their notes,
And tune their little chearful throats,
And sound their hymns abroad;
Or perch'd, or soaring on the wing,
With all their utmost might they sing,
And praise their unknown God.

3.

Ten thousand mercies close me round,
Which these sweet songsters never found,
Yet am I cold and dry;
And if I chide my drowzy heart,
And bid it rise, and act it's part,
It will not soar on high.

4.

In cottage coop'd of human clay,
Or sick or dull I penfive lay,
And know not how to rise;
Dear Jesus, give me vigour meet,
Put wings upon my heart and feet,
And bear me to the skies.

5.

Or fast I cleave unto the earth,
Or like a snail am creeping forth,
And linger-langer go;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
Then would I fly, and soar above,
And sing my sonnets too.

H Y M N 216.

"If the Lord (Jehovah) be God, follow him;
but if Baal (be God), follow him,"
1 Kings xviii. 21.

1.

JEHOVAH is the Lord indeed,
And, like a father, loves to feed
His children on the earth:
All other gods beside are vain,
The monsters of an human brain,
Which hatch'd them into birth.

2.

Yet, Lord, with shame I must confess,
My heart would worship idols base,
And God with Baal join;

A a 3

It would afford thee Sunday-praise,
Yet follow pleasure, wealth, and ease,
And think no harm is done.

3.

I dare not take thy name in vain,
Nor would thy sabbath-days profane,
Nor let the needy starve;
But still my heart would hold it right
To make the world its chief delight,
And God and mammon serve.

4.

So base and crafty is my heart,
It fain would act a double part,
And serve the Lord by half;
The Lord of Hosts it will adore,
Yet do, as Israel did before,
Serve God, and serve a calf.

5.

Mine utmost service is thy due,
Of body, soul, and spirit too,
And thine alone should be;
Oh, may my heart to Jesus cleave,
And ev'ry hateful idol leave,
And only *follow* thee.



H Y M N 217.

"And they knew that they were naked, and
sewed fig-leaves together, and made them-
selves aprons," Gen. iii. 7.

1.

WHEN finners view their nakedness,
And feel a pang of deep distress,
As Adam did, they do,
Some covering of their own provide,
To screen the guilty breast and side,
Which is their apron too.

2.

To God they come and meekly bow,
And humbly weep, and proudly vow
To walk well in his sight;
Some sin perhaps they now forsake,
Or cover some poor naked back,
Which sets the matter right.

3.

But sure no ransom will take place,
Except the costly work of grace,
Which Jesus Christ has wrought:
His precious blood and righteousness
Is made our peace and glorious dress,
And free salvation brought.

4.

The fallen pair was kindly drest
In skins of *sacrificed* beast,
In coats by Jesus *made*;

The coats conceal their guilty shame,
And clothe them too, and thus proclaim
How legal debts are paid.

5.

Lord, put thy raiment on my soul,
To make me clean, and make me whole,
And stand in thee complete;
So shall I free salvation know,
And love and serve my Lord below,
And be for glory meet.

H Y M N 218.

"Jesus found nothing on a fig-tree, but
leaves only, and said unto it, Let no
fruit grow on thee, henceforward for
ever, and presently the fig-tree withered
away," Matt. xxi. 19.

1.

LORD, in the gospel glass we see,
How fearful is a curse from thee,
How instant is it's pow'r!
A fig-tree rears a blooming head,
Is well and drooping, sick and dead,
In less than half an hour!

2.

Almighty is thy might, O Lord!
And most effectual is thy word,
Or when it blasts or heals!
It comes with such a piercing call,
It makes the trees to listen all,
And gives them life, or kills.

3.

Let children of the house depend
On Jesus Christ, a constant friend,
And not mistrust his care;
Yet bear in mind from first to last,
The christian life is hid in Christ,
And duly seek it there.

4.

And look, professors, to your walk,
Who learn to sing, and learn to talk,
And learn to pray by rote;
The lord will blast a full-blown head,
And strike all leafy honours dead,
Unless ye bring forth fruit.

5.

And, O my Lord, whate'er I am,
Or deaf or dumb, or blind or lame,
Or poor, or sick, or worse;
Whatever woes my life attend,
Whatever burdens thou shalt send,
Oh, send me not thy curse.

H Y M N 219.

"By the obedience of one shall many be
made righteous," Rom. v. 19.

1.

THE sinner's friend a surety stands,
Pays legal debts with his own hands,
And pays them all for me;

He perfect lives, and painful dies,
 And law and justice satisfies,
 > Not for himself, but thee.

2.

By Christ's obedience fully paid,
 A soul in law is righteous made;
 For what can justice say?
 When every debt is well discharg'd,
 The debtor sure must be enlarg'd,
 And sing and march away.

3.

Yet also Jesus, by his grace,
 Gives meetness for his dwelling-place,
 And sanctifies the heart;
 His peace creates the tempers kind;
 And love, to all good works inclin'd,
 Fills up the christian part.

4.

Then let my Lord impute to me
 His own obedience full and free,
 As title to his bliss;
 And let his Spirit too implant
 All christian graces that we want,
 As pledge of happiness.



H Y M N 220.

"Jesus was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted," Matt. ix. 36.

1.

A Multitude with wonder drawn,
Had follow'd Jesus up and down,
And now began to faint;
The watchful Saviour quickly spies
Their weary limbs and languid eyes,
And gracious pity lent.

2.

Here note the time that Jesus will
Exert his mercy, love, and skill,
To ease a burden'd soul;
When thou art sick and weary quite,
And sinking underneath a weight,
He comes to make thee whole.

3.

His pow'r is then divinely shewn,
His mercy is completely known,
His love exceeding sweet;
The ravish'd soul adores the grace,
And sees it shine in Jesu's face,
And sinks beneath his feet.

4.

With tears of love he softly sighs,
With thankful lips he sweetly cries,
Hosanna to the King,

Hofannah to his dearest name,
May all his works adore the same,
And taste his grace and sing.

5.
Instruct me, Lord, in all distress,
In weakness, darkness, heaviness,
To cast my soul on thee;
Or if it fainteth under fear,
May Jesus bring his mercy near,
And set my spirit free.

H Y M N 221.

"Jesus saith to the man, Stretch forth thy
(wither'd) hand, and he stretched it forth,"
Matt. xii. 13.

1.
HOW many hapless souls we see,
That come to wait, dear Lord, on thee,
And cannot stretch their hand;
They cannot pray without a book;
But wither'd are, when off they look,
Nor can a word command.

2.
While forms *alone* direct the tongue,
And jog the costive thoughts along,
It seems a still-born pray'r;
For pluck the borrow'd helps away,
No longer can you hear 'em pray,
But like a mute they stare.

3.
Sure none but Jesus Christ can teach,
An helpless sinner how to stretch
A praying hand to God;
His Spirit is the gracious prop
To lift and keep the hand lift up
Along the praying road.

4.
Not one is fit to teach but he,
And none but Jesus shall teach me
The work of pray'r and praise;
Lord, give devotion kindly birth,
And bid me stretch my lame hand forth,
And keep it stretch'd always.

H. Y M N : 222.

" Shall the throne of iniquity have fellow-
ship with thee?" Psalm xciv. 20.

1.
A Throne is planted in the heart,
Where Satan acts a tyrant's part,
And plays the man of sin;
Yet lurketh so upon his throne,
Not one of all his subjects own
That Satan dwells within.

2.
His voice is heard in curfings loud,
In noisy brawls among the croud,
In quarrels ev'ry where;

His rule is felt, when bosoms burn
 With pride, and peevishness, and scorn,
 Yet none believe him there.

3.
 Till Jesus casts the tyrant down,
 Iniquity must rule each one,
 And rule 'em by their choice;
 But God no fellowship can hold
 With slaves who unto sin are sold,
 And in it's work rejoice.

4.
 Professor, mark the solemn word,
 No fellowship is with the Lord,
 While sin has thine embrace;
 No heart can harbour Jesu's foe,
 But indignation he will shew,
 And turn away his face.

5.
 Oh, let my Lord his pow'r display,
 And take the reign of sin away,
 And make a captive free;
 To Satan I was born a slave,
 A better service I would have,
 And Jesu's freeman be.



HYMN 223.

"The king of Assyria came unto Ahaz,
and distressed him, but strengthened him
not," 2 Chron. xxviii. 20.

A Jewish king, by war oppress,
Reduced much, and wanting rest,
For foreign help will send;
Assyria's prince an army brought,
Distresses him, but strengthens not,
And proves a forry friend.

2.
How oft is Ahaz' case our own?
How oft is Jesu's child o'erthrown,
By seeking unto man?
If plunged into deep distress,
He flies to man for some redress,
And nothing finds but pain.

3.
With lifted voice to God we pray,
Yet look and peep another way
To find a creature-prop;
And all, who look with double eye,
Nor will on Christ *alone* rely,
Shall find a blasted hope.

4.
That man, the Lord affirms, is curst,
Who in a creature puts his trust,
And maketh flesh his arm;

His heart a wilderness shall be,
His eye no cheering good shall see,
But shall see rueful harm.*

5.
Then give me, Lord, the simple heart,
The single eye, the childlike part,
To rest upon thy lap;
To call when fears oppress my mind,
And leave it with the Lord to find
A way for my escape.

HYMN 224.

" Rachel said to Jacob, Give me children,
or else I die," Gen. xxx. i.

1.
OR give me children, or I die,
Was Rachel's fond and peevish cry,
To Jacob vented forth;
Her wish was granted to her cost,
The children came, and Rachel lost
Her life, to give them birth.

2.
Poor Rachel tells us with a tear,
How vain all earthly wishes are,
How fatal oft they grow!
Tho' harmless things are only sought,
Yet if pursu'd with eager thought,
Death may attend them too.

* Jerem. xvii. 5, 6.

3.

How things may prove, or good or ill,
No man with all his wit can tell,
And wishes must be vain;
What seems desirable at first,
Of all bad things may prove the worst,
And slay the heart with pain.

4.

This wishing trade I fain would leave,
And learn with sweet content to live
On what the Lord shall send;
Whate'er he sends, he sends in love,
And good or bad things blessings prove,
If blessed by this friend.

5.

Then let no care perplex me now;
My only wish and care be thou,
Be thou my whole delight;
Bid ev'ry sigh of rising thought,
And ev'ry pant of breath go out
For Jesus day and night.

H Y M N 225.

"The preparations of the heart in man, and
the answer of the tongue is from the
Lord;" Prov. xvi. 1.

1.

THE means of grace are in my hand,
The blessing is at God's command,
Who must the work fulfil;

B b 3

And tho' I read, and watch, and pray,
Yet here the Lord directs my way,
And worketh all things still.

2.

I cannot speak a proper word,
Nor think aright, but from the Lord
Preparing heart and tongue;
In nature I can see no good,
But all my good proceeds from God,
And does to grace belong.

3.

I see it now, and do confess
My utter need of Jesu's grace,
And of his Spirit's light;
I beg his kind and daily care,
O Lord, my heart and tongue prepare
To think and speak aright.

4.

Prepare my heart to love thee well,
And love thy truth which doth excel,
And love thy children dear;
Instruct me how to live by faith,
And feel the virtue of thy death,
And find thy presence near.

5.

Prepare my tongue to pray and praise,
To speak of providential ways,
And heavenly truths unfold,

To strengthen well a feeble soul,
Correct the wanton, rouse the dull,
And silence sinners bold.

H Y M N 226.

"He, that is surety for a stranger, shall
smart for it," Prov. xi. 15.

FOR sorry *strangers* such as I,
The Saviour left his native sky,
And surety would become;
He undertakes for sinners lost,
And having paid the utmost cost,
Returns triumphant home.

2.

A judgment-bond against me lay,
Law-charges too, which he must pay,
But found a smarting debt:
The garden scene begins his woes,
And fetcheth agonizing throws,
And draws a bloody sweat.

3.

His back with hardy stripes is hew'd,
Till flakes of gore, and streams of blood
Besmear the frighted ground:
A scornful and a *smarting* crown
His holy head is thrust upon,
And thorns begird it round.

4.

He smarts with nails that pierce his feet,
 And smarts with hanging all his weight
 Upon the cursed tree ;
 He smarts beneath a Father's rod,
 And * roars aloud, Why, O my God,
 Hast thou forsaken me?

5.

May all my Saviour's love and smart
 Be sweetly graven on my heart,
 And with me fast abide ;
 And let me sing thy praises well,
 And love thee more than I can tell,
 And trust in none beside.

HYMN 227.

" Much food is in the tillage of the poor,
 but some are destroyed for want of judg-
 ment," Prov. xiii. 23.

1.

SOME tillage for the poor is found,
 A little farm, a piece of ground,
 The ground of his own heart ;
 It proves a rocky, barren soil,
 And mocks the human tiller's toil,
 Defying all his art.

* Ἐβόησεν ὁ Ἰησοῦς φωνῇ μεγάλῃ· " Jesus roared with a
 vehement cry."

2.

No wife or wealthy men have skill,
This little human farm to till,
Their projects all are vain;
For want of judgment in the case,
Ill-scented weeds spring up apace,
And stifle all the grain.

3.

The poor man understanding hath,
(If poor in spirit, rich in faith)
To occupy this farm;
He knows that human wit and might,
And human worth are scanty quite,
And do a world of harm.

4.

He trusts the heav'nly husbandman,
To send him sun, and send him rain,
And makes no fretful haste:
He ploughs his ground with many pray'rs,
And sows his seed with many tears,
And reaps with joy at last.

5.

He useth means, and layeth still,
Expecting God to work his will,
And send the promis'd grace;
And food in plenty such will find,
A peaceful and a loving mind,
And feet that run apace.

* Isai. xxviii. 16.

6.

I would be such a needy man,
 The poorest of the Saviour's train,
 And smallest in the flock;
 Then will my tillage on me smile,
 And furnish corn, and wine, and oil,
 And honey from the rock.

H Y M N 228.

"Take his garment that is surety for a
 stranger," Prov. xx. 16.

1.

THRO' native pride I could not see
 My soul was banish'd, Lord, from thee,
 And in a dungeon pent;
 Born like my neighbours vain and blind,
 I could not view my frightful mind,
 And so remain'd content.

2.

But now thro' Jesu's help I view
 My hapless state, and feel it too,
 And own my nakedness;
 To screen my back, and warm my side,
 No raiment can my hands provide,
 No real righteous dress.

3.

Yet some fond hope ariseth still,
 That Jesus Christ in mercy will
 Relieve my ragged case;

He bids me take a surety's coat,
Who for a stranger gives his note,
And stands in debtor's place.

4.

A friendly word the Lord has spake,
And sure I will thy garment take,
For Surety is thy name;
Thy garment will exactly suit,
And clothe me well from head to foot,
And cover all my shame.

5.

So clad, I shall outstrip the moon,
And shine in splendour as the sun,
And may to court repair;
No robe like this in heav'n is seen,
No angel's coat is half so clean,
Nor may with it compare.

H Y M N 229.

"Whosoever is simple, let him turn in
hither," Prov. ix. 4.

1.

WHEN Jesus would his grace proclaim,
He calls the simple, blind or lame,
To come and be his guest;
Such simple folks the world despise,
Yet simple folks have sharpest eyes,
And learn to walk the best.

2.

They view the want of Jesu's light,
Of Jesu's blood, and Jesu's might,
Which others cannot view;

They walk in Christ, the living way,
And fight, and win the well-fought day,
Which others cannot do.

3.

The simple have a childlike soul,
Go hand in hand to Jesu's school,
And take the lowest place;

Their only wish is Christ to know,
To love him well, and trust him too,
And feed upon his grace.

4.

They all declare, I nothing am,
My life is bound up in the Lamb,

My wit and might are his,
My worth is all in Jesus found,
He is my rock, my anchor's-ground,
And all my hope of bliss.

5.

Such simple soul I fain would be,
The scorn of man, the joy of thee,
Thy parlour guest and friend;
Do make me, Lord, a little child,
Right simple-hearted, meek, and mild,
And loving to the end.

H Y M N 230.

“ There is a friend that sticketh closer than
a brother,” Prov. xviii. 24.

1.

THERE is a friend, who sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name;
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

2.

He loves his people, great and small,
And grasping hard embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part;
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, or fiends of hell,
Shall tear 'em from his heart.

3.

His love before all time began,
And thro' all time it will remain,
And evermore endure;
Tho' rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
And man may change, he changeth not,
His love abideth sure.

4.

A method strange this friend has shewn
Of making love divinely known
To rebels doom'd to die!

Unask'd he takes our humblest form,
 And condescends to be a worm,*
 To lift us up on high.

5.

The law demanded blood for blood,
 And out he lets his vital flood
 To pay the mortal debt!
 He toils thro' life, and pants thro' death,
 And cries with his expiring breath,
 " 'Tis finish'd," and complete.

6.

Let all the ransom'd of the Lord
 Exalt his love with one accord,
 And hallelujah sing;
 Adore the dying friend of man,
 And bless him highly as you can,
 He is your God and King.

H Y M N 231.

" In the light of the King's countenance is
 life, and his favour is like a cloud of the
 latter rain," Prov. xvi. 15.

1.

THE man, who walks a formal round,
 And only visits holy ground
 To read or hear a pray'r;
 Can see no light in Jesu's face,
 And feel no life from Jesu's grace,
 'Tis nonsense in his ear.

* Psalm xxii. 6.

2.

But whoſo lives the life of faith,
And fellowſhip with Jeſus hath,
Enjoys the pleaſing ſight;
A faith divine the ſoul will bring
Full in the preſence of his King,
And ſhew the cheering light.

3.

But if believers ſaunt ring walk,
And ſink in ſloth, or frothy talk,
The Lord withdraws his face;
A darkneſs broodeth o'er the mind,
No light from Jeſus can they find,
Until they mend their pace.

4.

As when ſome long expected rain
Deſcends upon a parched plain,
The fields are gay, and ſpring;
So when the Lord his face reveals,
And paſt backſlidings freely heals,
Believers laugh and ſing.

5.

Thine heavenly light, O Lord, impart,
To guide my feet, and cheer my heart,
Along the wilderneſs;
So will thy pilgrim fear no toil,
But walk and pray, and ſing and ſmile,
And Jeſus ſweetly bleſs.

HYMN 232.

"Thy words were found, and I did eat
them, and they were unto me the joy of
mine heart," Jer. xv. 16.

1.

WHAT if we read and understand
The written word of God's command,
And give it credit meet;
The word is but a looking-glass,
And only shews a man his face,
Unless the word we eat.

2.

It raiseth no man from the dead,
While seated only in the head,
But leaves him dry and faint;
It maketh matter for some talk,
But cannot give him legs to walk,
Nor make a man a saint.

3.

The word consists of letters fair,
But letters merely dead things are,
And cannot change the heart;
The letter only bringeth death,*
Unless the Spirit by his breath
A quick'ning pow'r impart.

* 2 Cor. iii.

4.

May thy commands obedience get,
And promises yield comfort sweet,
And threat'nings awe my soul;
Let exhortations spur me on,
And cautions make me watchful run,
And love inspire the whole.

5.

According as my wants require,
Adapt thy word as food and fire,
To nourish and to warm;
Let ev'ry page afford new wealth,
Convey some life and godly health,
And guard my steps from harm.

H Y M N 233.

"Doth he (the Master) thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I suppose not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants; we have only done that which was our duty to do," Luke xvii. 9, 10.

1.

A Solemn and an humbling word
Is utter'd strongly by the Lord
To all above, below;

Tho' God's commands be kept with care,
Unprofitable still we are,
No thanks the Lord will owe.

2.

Alas! how vainly sinners talk,
Who limp and stumble in their walk,
And yet of merit dream;
Of merit talk with lofty breath,
Whilst God declares that wrath and death
Are only due to them.

3.

I daily feel death is my due,
And try to keep this point in view,
To slay my pride outright:
At best, I am a sinner poor,
At worst, a hateful creature sure,
A rebel in God's fight.

4.

And if I could perfection claim,
No thanks are owing for the same,
No merit would arise;
Aside all merit I must cast,
And owe my heaven to grace at last,
And Jesu's sacrifice.

5.

Then let me learn my Lord to prize,
And view him with adoring eyes,
Confiding in his name;

Pay chearful homage to my king,
And sweet hosannas daily sing,
And spread abroad his fame.

H Y M N 234.

“ He that is not with me, is against me,”
Matt. xii. 30.

1.

A Christian acts a soldier's part,
And with a bold and upright heart
Anear his captain stands;
If foes against the Lord arise,
He neither like a coward flies,
Nor sits with folded hands.

2.

No neuters in this holy war!
A neuter is a traitor here,
Condemned by the word:
If I can sink my head away
In some sad hot or rainy day,
I am against the Lord.

3.

Yet small professors ev'ry where
Will court the Lord in weather fair,
And smile, and kiss his feet;
But if he raiseth clouds and storms,
They creep into their holes, like worms,
And prudently retreat.

4.

So Demas was a prudent man,
And shuffling danger all he can,

Leaves Paul for worldly gains :

So Judas was a prudent knave,

Yet for his prudence he must have

A halter for his pains.

5.

O Lord, give me an heart upright,

An heavenly courage for the fight,

And zeal that is alert ;

Not raving mad, but meekly bold,

And not seduc'd by fear or gold

My Saviour to desert.

6.

Such faith in Jesus fill my mind,

Such love to Jesus may I find,

Such worth in Jesus see ;

That I may hold his truth and name,

More dear than wealth, or ease, or fame,

More dear than life to me.

H Y M N 235.

“ He that gathereth not with me, scattereth
abroad,” Matt. xii. 30.

1.

A Christian serjeant, sent to list,
Must fill his speech with Jesus Christ,
And gather with his name ;

Else, not a soul obeys his call,
The hearers will be scatter'd all,
And wander as they came.

2.

Abundance of good folks, I find,
Are gathering goodness for the wind
To scatter it about;
They seek with human care and skill,
Their vessels with good wine to fill,
But all the wine leaks out.

3.

A fretful soul his fault may spy,
And struggle much, and often try
Some patience to obtain;
Yet after many toilsome years,
And many sighs, and many tears,
He has not got a grain.

4.

He, that with Jesus gathers not,
May plough and sow, and weed his plot,
But scatters all his corn;
No real goodness long can stand,
Which planted is by human hand,
It dies as soon as born.

5.

They reap and scatter all the while,
They reap and gather nought but toil,
'Tis labour lost I see;

O Lord, do thou instruct my heart,
With my own reaping-hook to part,
And gather all with thee.

6.

In Christ my treasure gather'd is,
My wisdom, wealth, and might are his,
My peace at his command;
With him is free and plenteous store,
And faith may have enough, and more,
When gather'd from his hand.

H Y M N 236.

"The Son of Man is come to save that
which was lost," Matt. xviii. 11.

1.

WHEN our first head and nat'ral root
Had tasted of forbidden fruit,
In that same day he dy'd;
Of life divine he stood bereft,
And found his only portion left
Was wretchedness and pride.

2.

And surely such a tainted spring
Polluted streams can only bring,
And so we find they are;
No life divine the children have,
No intercourse with God they crave,
Nor once about it care.

3.

By nature and by trespass dead,
His own sad ruin none can read,
For death seals up his eyes;
No soul appears a sinner lost,
Till quicken'd by the Holy Ghost,*
And then to Christ he flies.

4.

This truth whoever sees not well,
No hunger after Christ can feel,
No work for Christ can find:
To save *lost* sinners Jesus came,
The spiritual deaf, and dumb, and lame,
The wretched and the blind.

5.

All ye that weary are of sin,
And feel your natures all unclean,
And labour under guilt;
Who find within no dawn of hope,
To Christ your weary eyes lift up,
His blood for you was spilt.

6.

Go, sinner, go, by sin distress,
And Jesus Christ will give thee rest,
And act the Saviour's part;
He came to save the lost and poor,
And such are welcome to his door,
And welcome to his heart.

* John vi. 63.—xvi. 8.

"There was a strife amongst them, which
of them should be accounted the greatest,"
Luke xxii. 24.

1.

SMALL wonder happens, when we see
The world contend for mastery,
It is an usual case:
Yet here in Jesu's chosen band,
A strife ensues who shall command,
And take the leading place.

2.

When call'd by grace to follow Christ,
We little understand at first
The workings of our pride;
It is a subtle serpent sin,
Which winds it's body slyly in,
And it's foul head will hide.

3.

But sweetly Jesus Christ reproves
The lurking pride of them he loves,
And shews the gospel-way;
He shall sit foremost in my hall,
Who can be servant unto all;
The slave shall bear the sway.

4.

This beauteous truth mine eyes discern,
But oh, my heart will never learn,
Unless my Saviour teach;

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My heart will on submission frown,
 Until thy Spirit break it down,
 And well the lesson preach.

5.
 Then let the Lord his grace bestow,
 To make me small and smaller grow,
 The smallest of the least;
 Obedient run at every call,
 And be that willing slave of all,
 Whom Jesus loves the best.

H Y M N 238.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and
 smoking flax shall he not quench, till he
 send forth judgment unto victory," Matt.
 xii. 20.

1.

A Sinner, who can read his case,
 Lament his guilt and bondage base,
 And view himself most vile;
 Behold! on such afflicted souls,
 And treated by the world as fools,
 The Lord will cast a smile.

2.

A bruised reed he will not break,
 But bind up gently what is weak,
 And heal a bleeding wound;
 A costly balsam he has got,
 Which oft is try'd, and faileth not,
 And was at Cal'ry found.

D d

3.

The flax that smoketh with it's flame;
 He blows up into kindly flame,
 And warms the heart with peace:
 His incense on the smoke is thrown,
 And then the flame is quickly blown,
 And kindles heavenly bliss.

4.

Afflicted souls must not despair,
 But trust in Jesu's love and care,
 To give the weary rest;
 His words are gentle, meek, and kind,
 A picture of his loving mind;
 Believe, and you are blest.

H Y M N 239.

"In Jesu's name shall the Gentiles trust,"
 Matt. xii. 21.

1.

A Gentile is an earthly man,
 Who follows pastime all he can,
 Nor loves a praying-place;
 A Gentile has an earthly heart,
 And cares not with his lusts to part;
 And is not this thy case?

2.

I own it, Lord, and feel with shame,
 Born with a heathen heart I am,
 A Gentile true by birth;

No good in me by nature dwells,
No good my heart desires or feels,
But what the world brings forth.

3.

Yet, O my Lord, if Gentiles be
Allow'd to put their trust in thee,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Thou canst my heathen lusts subdue,
And change my heart, and make it new,
And train it for the skies.

4.

My heart with weeds is overgrown,
And oft is lifeless as a stone,
Nor careth for thy ways;
Yet, Lord, this Gentile heart inspire
With holy love, and heavenly fire,
And it will sing thy praise.

H Y M N 240.

"Jesus said unto him, What wilt thou that
I should do unto thee?" Mark x. 51.

1.

A Beggar poor had lost his eyes,
And unto Jesus Christ applies
With loud and fervent pray'r;
Tho' charged much to hold his peace,
He louder begs for Jesu's grace,
And Jesus lends an ear.

D d. 2

2.

He comes conducted to his Lord,
And Jesus drops a chearing word,
What wilt thou have me do?
A word, which has a further look,
A word, to Bartimeus spoke,
And yet is meant for you.

3.

Art thou arriv'd at Jesu's door,
Exceeding blind, exceeding poor,
And mighty wretched too?
Fear not, he loves a beggar's knock,
And softly says, at every stroke,
What wilt thou have me do?

4.

The Lord upbraids no guilty heart,
But makes the conscience act this part,
And pierce a sinner thro';
And when the sinner pours a pray'r,
Sweet Jesus whispers in his ear,
What wilt thou have me do?

5.

However sad be our complaint,
Or blind or lame, or sick or faint,
To Jesus we may go;
And when we raise a faithful cry,
His mercy drops a sweet reply,
What wilt thou have me do?

6.

Well, since the Saviour is so free,
Two eyes I beg that well can see,
And tongue that well can pray;
A loving heart, well wash'd from sin;
With hands that bounteous are and clean,
And feet that will not stray.

H Y M N 241.

"In the mount the Lord will provide," Gen.
xxii. 14. See the margin of the Bible.

1.

SEE Abram walking up the hill,
With Isaac fondling by him still,
And prattling in his ears;
At length the lovely child is bound,
The hand is stretch'd, the knife is found,
And then the Lord appears.

2.

If thou art sprung from Abram's stock,*
A sheep of Jesu's little flock,
For trials arm thy mind;
Temptations will beset thy feet,
A thousand dangers thou shalt meet,
A thousand struggles find.

3.

As every trial passeth o'er,
Expect another full as fore,
Perhaps a sorer yet;

* Gal. iii. 7.

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And when the clouds begin to rise,
They blacker grow, and fill the skies,
And threaten ruin great.

4.

Perhaps the Lord with-holds his light,
And keeps his help far out of sight,
Thine utmost faith to try;
Yet this remember, O my friend,
When thou art brought to thy wit's-end,
That Abram's God is nigh.

5.

On danger's brink when thou art brought,
In sad perplexity of thought,
Then Jesus draweth near;
He speaks a word divinely mild,
And cheers the poor distressed child,
And scatters all his fear.

H Y M N 242.

"That which is born of the flesh, is flesh,
and that which is born of the Spirit, is
spirit," John iii. 6.

1.

THE man, that's only born of man,
Is only flesh, and only can
Desire the flesh to please:
He courteth riches, honours, fame,
And follows pleasure as his game,
And studies well his ease.

2.
Much nobler birth a few receive;
Of Spirit born, believers live

With new and spiritual pow'r;
A seed they have of heavenly birth,
Which brings a spiritual service forth,
Delightful more and more:

3.
The Spirit brings the grace of pray'r,
And bids a new-born child go near,

And Abba, Father, cry;
Reveals the way of grace and truth,
Inspireth hope, and worketh faith,
With peace, and love, and joy.

4.
Much intercourse they have with God,
They hear his voice, and fear his rod,
And love him kindly too;
On wings of strong desire they fly,
And train'd up sweetly for the sky,
Their heav'n begins below.

5.
Such noble seed of spiritual plant,
Is what an earthly heart will want
To raise it up to God;
Such noble seed sow in my breast,
And keep, O Lord, the plant well dress'd,
And water'd with thy blood.



HYMN 243.

"Of Christ's fulness have all we received,
even grace for grace," John i. 16.

1.

OUR father was completely drest
With heavenly robes around his breast,
And Adam was his name;
But all the gracious dowry lent
Was by the father quickly spent,
And nothing left but shame.

2.

And if the Lord could place no trust
In creatures formed wise and just,
Much less in them that fell;
If upright man his birthright sold,
The froward children would be bold
For trash the same to sell.

3.

Now Jesus takes the whole command,
And lays the stock up in his hand,
To save from future harms;
He will for his own flock provide,
But keeps them hanging on his side,
And living on his alms.

4.

A soul, that hungry is and poor,
May find in Jesus precious store,
All fulness dwells in him;

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His royal grace, a sweet spring-head,
An empty conduit-pipe will feed,
And fill it to the brim.

5.

As from the father sons receive
The sundry features which they have,
And limb for limb we trace;
So from the Lord his children find
The features of their heavenly mind,
Receiving grace for grace.

6.

Upon thy fulness let me feed,
And send me store of heavenly bread,
And heavenly comforts give;
My famish'd soul thy guest would be,
Receiving all support from thee,
And only in thee live.

H Y M N 244.

"Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer
thee? I will lay my hand upon my
mouth," Job xl. 4.

1.

OF Job we read, he perfect was;
And God himself relates his case,
A faithful witness sure;
Job guides his steps with holy care,
His household trains in godly fear,
And clothes and feeds the poor.

2.

I wonder not in Job to find
 A much too much complacent mind,
 His conduct was upright;
 And if, as vainly think the most,
 A sinner were allow'd to boast,
 Of all men sure he might.

3.

Some rods are sent with stinging smart,
 To empty Job of his desert,
 Yet rods are sent in vain:
 Some friends, with arguments prepar'd,
 Accuse him much, and press him hard,
 Yet Job replies again.

4.

When Jesus speaks, he will o'ercome;
 And Jesus brings the matter home,
 Job listens all the while;
 A naughty heart he now can read,*
 And crieth out, amaz'd indeed,
 "Behold, Lord, I am vile!"

5.

So let me always read my heart,
 And act the penitential part,
 Be vile in my own eyes;
 Count all desert as gaudy dross,
 And mourning at the Saviour's cross,
 Trust in his sacrifice.

* Jer. xvii. 9.

H Y M N 245.

"And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both," Luke vii. 42.

1.

MEN owe the Lord a different score,
Some owe him less, some owe him more;
Yet none can pay his debt;
No man can wipe his conscience clean,
For death is due to every sin,
The small as well as great.

2.

No room for merit can appear;
She must not thrust her visage here,
Where all are doom'd to die;
Of mercy much we stand in need,
By mercy only are we freed,
And should for mercy cry.

3.

If stinging debts the conscience wring,
Go, take them, sinner, to the King,
Where mercy may be found;
His look is sweet, approach him near,
His heart is kind, thou need'st not fear,
His mercy has no bound.

4.

What if thy guilt should reach the sky,
His mercy reacheth twice as high,
And over it will soar;

* Rom. vi. 23.

Or if thou sink in Jonah's hell,*
His mercy deep can reach thee still,
And draw thee safe on shore.

5.

This mercy unto Christ we owe;
He bought the pearl, and dearly too,
And now bestows it free;
A vast redemption-price he paid,
Himself a sacrifice was made,
To buy the pearl for thee.

H Y M N 246.

* The devils cried out, What have we to
do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God?"
Matt. viii. 29.

1.

JESUS, thou Son of God most High,
We know thy name, the devils cry,
No Saviour thou for us!
They lodged in a human breast,
And gave the frantic man no rest,
But set him raving thus.

2.

And where the fiends possess a heart,
They always act this frenzy-part,
And roar at Jesus Christ:
While men lay in the wicked one,†
The same reviling work goes on,
And Jesus they resist.

* Jonah ii. 2. † 1 John v. 19.

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3.

But Jesus casteth devils out,
And then poor sinners turn about,
And Jesus Christ adore;
They feel the virtue of his death,
And being taught to live by faith,
They love him evermore.

4.

Well, since the world will shew it's spite,
And Satan roar with all his might,
Hosanna let us cry;
Hosanna to the Son of God,
Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood,
Amen, Amen, say I.

H Y M N 247.

" His brethren come to Jesus, but could
not get near him for the croud,"
Luke viii. 19.

1.

IF unto Jesus thou art bound,
A croud about him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly croud to din thine ears,
And crouds of unbelieving fears
To hide him from thy sight.

2.

Yet all the vain and noisy croud
Is but a thin and low'ring cloud,
A mist before thine eyes;

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If thou press on, the crouds will fly,
Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And he will send supplies.

3.

This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
Of crouds that daily come;
Yet, tho' beset by crafty foes,
And passing thro' a thousand woes,
They get securely home.

4.

And such as seem to run the race,
And meet no croud to check their pace,
Are only rambling still;
Not fairly enter'd on the list,
The gate and narrow way they mist,
Which lead to Sion's hill.

5.

O Lord, a chearing look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me thro',
And draw me up to thee;
And when thro' fear I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet thou canst come to me.



H Y M N 248.

" Enoch walked with God, and he was
not found, for God took him," Gen. v.
24.

1.

O F Enoch we read,
He walked with God;
True pilgrim indeed,
Few such on the road!
Kept up his communion
Full three hundred years,
And after such union
No more he appears.

2.

No pattern more plain
Or striking than this,
To shew unto man
What godliness is,
Not merely rehearsing
A hymn or a pray'r,
But with God conversing,
And feeling him near.

3.

Oft roving astray,
My fancy has been;
Lord, shew me the way
That Enoch walk'd in;
With good faith abounding,
And acting it's part;

And Jesus surrounding
And warming my heart.

4.

No more I would grieve
For empty things here;
'Tis time to take leave
Of vanity fair;
Be thou my heart's-longing,
And make my soul blest,
Nor let idols throng in,
And rife my breast.

5.

Wherever I rove,
On thee I would rest,
And carry thy love
About as my guest;
Fix'd in meditation
While running my race,
And sweet contemplation
On Christ and his grace.

6.

In all my affairs
I beg I may see
Thy fatherly cares
Employed for me;
And for ev'ry blessing
I thankful would prove,
And pray without ceasing
Till call'd up above.

H Y M N 349.

" Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe,"

Pfalm cix. 117.

1.

THE wisdom of man
Rejects offer'd grace,
And fancies he can
Be brisk for the race;
By shrewdness discover
Mount Sion's fair town,
And trip the road over
By strength of his own.

2.

But David, who knew
Himself and the road,
Cries out, as I do,
For help to his God;
He dare not confide in
Weak nature's effort,
But seeks better guiding,
And stronger support.

3.

Such succour is meet
For cripples like me;
Lord, hold up my feet,
And safe I shall be;
Thine arm be thrust under
The folds of my heart.

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To bear up my shoulder,
And strengthen each part.

4.

All weakness I am,
Unfit for a fight;
Decrepid and lame,
And cowardly quite;
Unable to wrestle
With fiends or with men;
And if they but whistle,
I shudder again.

5.

But Jesus is bold,
And stronger than hell;
This Satan has told,
And saints too can tell;
His arm has been glorious
In beating down foes,
And proveth victorious
Wherever he goes.

6.

His arm be my prop,
And buckler and shield,
To bear my soul up
For fight in the field;
And when I can rest in
His promised word,
My soul is much blest in
The joy of the Lord.

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HYMN 250.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of
a broken heart, and saveth such as be of
a contrite spirit," Psalm xxxiv. 18.

1.

YE broken hearts all,
Who cry out, Unclean,
And taste of the gall
Of indwelling sin;
Lamenting it truly,
And loathing it too,
And seeking help duly,
As sinners should do.

2.

The Lord, whom ye seek,
Is nigh to your call,
Attends when you speak,
Nor lets a word fall;
Your sorrow and sighing
Are felt in his breast;
He pities your crying,
And will give you rest.

3.

If often he hides
His face from his friends,
And silent abides
For merciful ends,

At length he uncovers
Himself from his cloud,
And sweetly discovers
His face and his blood.

4.

All penitent souls
His Spirit imparts,
And fetcheth out sighs
From sin-feeling hearts;
He puts you in mourning,
The dress that you want,
A meek suit adorning
Both sinner and saint.

5.

A time he has set
To heal up your woes,
A season most fit
His love to disclose,
And till he is ready
To shew his good-will,
Be patient and steady,
And wait on him still.

H Y M N 251.

"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the
way which thou shalt go," Psal. xxxii. 8.

1.

O H, where shall I find
A guide to direct,

Right skilful and kind,
And brave to protect?
To lovely Mount Sion
My heart is now bound,
But many a lion
Is in the way found.

2.

Our Jesus will teach
The way ye should go,
And out his arm reach
To help you on too:
The doubts that perplex you,
The fears that distress,
The tempers that vex you,
His grace will redress.

3.

Then let the Lord give
Me faith in his name,
A faith that will live
In water and flame;
A faith that endureth,
And feasts on his blood;
A faith that ensureth
My sonship with God.

4.

Yet teach me to love
Thy person most sweet,
Nor let my heart rove,
But keep at thy feet;

Be with thee delighted,
 And clasp thee and twine,
 Most firmly united
 To thy living Vine.

5.

And further I seek
 The charms of thy mind,
 The grace to be meek,
 And lovely and kind,
 Forbearing, forgiving,
 And loving always,
 And only be living
 To publish thy praise.

H Y M N 252.

"Make haste, my Beloved," Cant. viii. 14.

1.

WHY, sure I must love
 Christ Jesus, my Lord;
 His grace I approve,
 His worship and word;
 I mourn for him absent,
 And can have no rest;
 And when he is present,
 I feel myself blest.

2.

These are the out-lines
 Of inward respect,
 And such gracious signs
 I must not reject;

Why should I be moved
With perplexing doubt?
He is my Beloved,
I will speak it out.

3.

Yet still I do find
A sinful *self* too,
Which steals on my mind,
Wherever I go;
A fiend, very hateful
In Jesus his eyes,
And sure the most fretful
Thing under the skies.

4.

I seek, but in vain,
To banish this guest;
He hears me complain,
Yet lurks in my breast;
Oh, let him not grieve me
By bearing the sway;
Make haste to relieve me,
Dear Jesus, I pray.

5.

Thou hast a full right
To all my poor heart,
Yet creatures invite
And scramble for part;
The world too would tease me
And draw me away;

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Oh, let 'em not seize me,
And worry their prey.

6.

When heavenly blifs
Flows into my soul,
And Christ, with a kiss,
Possesseth me whole,
My tongue crieth ever,
O Lord, quickly come,
Make haste, my dear Saviour,
And carry me home.

H Y M N 253.

"Though all be offended, yet will not I,"
Mark xiv. 29.

1.

HOW easily man
Mistakes his own heart,
And fancies he can
Act up to his part,
Has no apprehension
Of weakness within,
But thinks good intention
Will guard him from sin.

2.

So Peter once thought,
And honestly spake,
But quickly was brought
To see his mistake;

I

His

SION'S SONGS.

337.

His valour was tried
And cowardice prov'd,
He stoutly denied
The Master he lov'd.

3.

In Peter I see
My nature display'd,
High-minded to be,
Yet quickly dismay'd :
Presuming on valour,
And wisdom, and strength,
We tumble the fouler
And faster at length.

4.

Enfeebled we are,
Yet stout in self-will ;
No strength for the war,
Yet confident still ;
Ashamed to tarry
When call'd to the fight,
Yet sure to miscarry
When left to our might.

5.

If Peter could fall,
And fall such a length ;
Then woe be to all
That trust in their strength,

F f

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The strength of their nature,
Or strength of their grace;
They sooner or later
Will suffer disgrace.

6.

No more I would walk
In such empty shew,
No more I would talk
Of feats I can do;
But build a safe nest in
The Saviour's own tow'r,
And put my whole trust in
His mercy and pow'r.

H Y M N 254.

"Serve God acceptably, with reverence
and godly fear," Heb. xii. 28.

1.

O Lord, thou art great,
And worthily fear'd;
By all at thy seat
Ador'd and rever'd;
The highest in graces
With shame-blushing heart,
Do cover their faces,
So holy thou art!

2.

Thy saints upon earth,
Tho' bid to draw near,
Yet sing thy praise forth
With reverent fear;

SION'S SONGS. 339

Thy greatness adoring
With hearts that will bend,
And mercy imploring
Thro' Jesus their friend.

3.

What saints of thee knew,
Lord, make to me known,
And let my eyes view
A glimpse of thy throne;
Thy glory discover,
As mortals can see,
And all my soul cover
With sweet awe of thee.

4.

Such fear may I prove,
As suiteth a child,
Arising from love,
Obedient and mild;
A fear of offending
The Father of grace,
And pleas'd with attending
And seeking his face.

H Y M N 255.

" I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge,
Psalm xci. 2.

1.

WHILST other men boast
Of merit and might,

F f 2

And sail on the coast
 Of legal delight;
I will say of Jesus,
My refuge he is,
 None other can ease us
 And save us but this.

2.

To thee will I fly
 When conscience is sore,
 And each guilty cry
 Will bring to thy door;
 My wounds shall be healed
 With thy precious blood,
 And all my peace sealed
 By Jesus, my God.

3.

When evil desire
 Is springing within,
 And nature on fire
 Grows wanton for sin;
 Thy grace and thy Spirit
 The flame shall subdue,
 And thou shalt inherit
 The praise of it too.

4.

If scorers arise,
 For mischief prepar'd,
 And hate me because
 I trust in the Lord;

SION'S SONGS. 341

I need no direction
From lawyers or law,
But all my protection
From Jesus will draw.

5.

If famine would stare
Me thro' with distress,
Or sickness would scare
Me by it's pale face,
Or death hurry fast on
With painfulllest grief,
To Jesus I'll hasten
And look for relief.

6.

My hope he shall be,
Whilst drawing my breath;
A refuge for me
In life and in death;
I give up all other
And take him alone;
He is a try'd brother,
To rest my heart on.

H Y M N 256.

"What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it
were the company of two armies," Cant.
vi. 13.

1.

NO beautiful form
In Jesus was seen;

F f 3

He seemed a worm,
Much scorned of men;
And daughters of Salem
Hence Shulamites call'd,
Find many revile 'em,
As Jesus of old.

2.

No gallant outside
The Shulamite bears,
No trappings of pride,
These are not her wares;
Her wish and her charm is
In love to abound,
Yet war-waging armies
Within her are found.

3.

Fall'n nature and grace
Are ever at strife,
And can have no peace,
Tho' linked for life,
With fixed intention
Seek each other's death,
Nor drop the contention
Till dropping their breath.

4.

Old nature thinks hard
To be a down-cast,
She play'd the first card,
And would play the last;

But grace, tho' the younger,
Comes down from the skies,
And proveth the stronger,
And carries the prize.

5.

This struggle within
Rash finners deride;
A warfare with sin
They cannot abide;
Two armies are truly
In Shulamites found,
But nature does wholly
Take up the world's ground.

6.

Such warfare is right,
And marketh a faint;
Lord, help me to fight,
And never to faint;
My shield of faith lengthen,
My helmet secure,
My heart and feet strengthen,
And make me endure.

H Y M N 257.

"It is enough for the disciple to be as his
Master," Matt. x. 25.

1.

OUR Master was born
Where oxen are fed,

No house of his own
To cover his head;
Content, tho' he lived
As mean as you can;
Then why art thou grieved
To be a poor man?

2.

Soon did he begin
The carpenter's trade,
And drudged therein,
Of toil not afraid;
He never was fretful
At earning his bread:
Then think it not hateful
To work as he did.

3.

He travell'd on foot
When preaching of peace,
And carefully fought
Poor sinners to bless,
Went with an heart cheary
At any one's call;
Then why am I weary
To wait upon all?

4.

Ill was he repaid
For blessings he gave;
Reviled as mad,
Blasphemer and knave;

His person they slighted,
And spat on his face;
Then why am I frightened
At scorn and disgrace?

5.

The Master in chief
A mourner appears,
And versed in grief
A daily cross bears;
Each night and each morrow
Some fresh trouble came,
Then why do we sorrow
To suffer the same?

6.

I see it right clear,
And good is the word,
That servants should fare
As fareth their Lord;
Yet nature is feeble,
And presently trips;
O Lord, make me able
To tread in thy steps.

H Y M N 258.

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,"
Psalm lxxx. 1.

1.

LOOK down from above
Kind Shepherd and Friend,

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And tell us thy love
Which never shall end ;
Supply us with manna
And streams from the Rock,
And daily hosanna
Shall come from the flock.

2.

Watch over the sheep
By day and by night,
And teach 'em to keep
Their Shepherd in sight ;
With silence attending
Upon his soft voice,
And hear him commending
The flock of his choice.

3.

Where pasture is best
Incline 'em to lay ;
And guard off each beast
That watcheth for prey ;
The foxes who chatter
With craftiest note,
And wolves who would scatter
And take by the throat.

4.

To shepherd dogs give
Intelligent skill,
Thy word to receive,
And bark at thy will ;

Right patient and heedful,
And fond of their care;
Yet ready, if needful,
To lug by the ear.

5.
Give peace in the fold,
And fellowship sweet,
And make young and old
Lay down at thy feet;
The elder ones bleating
With lustiest praise,
And lambkins repeating
The wonders of grace.

6.
Some strays we yet lack,
Which in the world roam;
Lord, whistle them back,
And fetch 'em safe home;
And thousands which lost are,
And never yet found,
Allure 'em to feast here
On mercy's fair ground.

H Y M N 259.

"Who is this that cometh up from the
wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"
Cant. viii. 5.

1.
A Virgin appears
Of comeliest hue,

348 SION'S SONGS.

Uncumber'd with cares,
And raiment all new ;
Some daughter of Zion,
Her steps tell her name,
As bold as a lion,
Yet meek as a lamb !

2.

A friend she has got
Who keeps at her side,
And says he has fought
Her out for a bride :
She leans on his shoulder
And hangs her head down ;
And thrusts her arm under
The fold of his gown.

3.

Whenever he speaks
Or looks in her face,
Her silence she breaks
And sings with all grace ;
Her heart is soon moved,
Her eyes are soon wet,
She calls him Beloved,
And sinks at his feet.

4.

He raiseth her up
And draws to his breast ;
Sweet pillar of hope !
And there she finds rest ;

I

And

And while she is trusting
His love and his power,
No sorrow can roost in
Her heart for an hour.

5.

The world in her view
A wilderness seems,
Where sorrows are true,
And joys are all dreams;
So up she is hasting
To Sion's fair hill,
In joy true and lasting
To take her whole fill.

6.

A virgin so rare,
Dear Lord, I would be,
And scatter my care
By leaning on thee;
Indulge me thy bosom,
And farewell all woes;
My desert shall blossom
And smell as the rose.

H Y M N 260.

"I am the door," John x. 9.

1.

AN insolent thief
Most sure I have been,
A villain in chief,
A traitor in sin;

G g

For glory I panted
And deathless renown,
And truly I wanted
To steal the King's crown.

2.

His palace I view'd
And batter'd it round,
The stones and the wood,
The roof and the ground;
I dug and expected
To break up the floor,
And nothing neglected
Excepting *the door*.

3.

One day the King's Son,
A wonderful man!
Who saw what was done,
And knew of my plan;
Steps forth a right time in,
And softly drew nigh,
Just as I was climbing
A window full high.

4.

Ah, villain! he cry'd,
Yet smil'd as he spoke,
The neck of thy pride
Shall surely be broke;

Thou needest a halter,
So knavish thou art;
But Jesus can alter
And vanquish thy heart.

5.

See, there is the door,
Without any lock;
A gate for the poor!
Go to it and knock:
The *door* gives a passage
Into the Lord's room;
Go there with thy message,
And wait till I come.

6.

The *door* is the way
Into the King's court;
There honest men pray
And daily resort;
But thieves put a hope in
A foolish attempt,
To break my house open,
And bring me contempt.

7.

From Jesus, a Friend,
Expect to receive
What mercy can lend,
Or majesty give:

I'll feed thee, and clothe thee,
 And wash thee all o'er,
 And kindly betroth thee
 In love evermore.

8.

A crown, I perceive,
 Would suit you right well;
 And freely I give
 What you may not steal,
 But wear it in honour
 Of Jesus his grace,
 And worship the donor,
 And love him and praise.

9.

O Jesus, my Lord,
 A rebel I am,
 Yet grace be ador'd,
 Still sav'd by the Lamb!
 Hosanna to Jesus
 Who came to redeem,
 And loveth to bless us;
 Hosanna to him!

10.

I never could guess
 This passage to life;
 But now *the door* bless,
 Which endeth my strife;

" Lord, fasten my ear in
 " The post of thy door,"
 That I may dwell therein,
 And ramble no more.

H Y M N 261.

" I am the true vine," John xv. 1.

1.

IN Jesus I see
 The growth of my wine,
 Desirable tree,
 A true living vine!
 Not lofty as cedar,
 Nor stubborn as oak,
 But humble and tender,
 And bends to my look.

2.

This plant of renown
 May boast of it's birth,
 From heaven came down,
 And rooted on earth:
 It grew, and was running
 With shoots † on it's side,
 Till thro' Pilate's pruning,
 It bled till it dy'd.

3.

The life was resign'd,
 But caught a new flame;

* Exod. xxi. 6. † The twelve apostles.

It's stem* was refin'd,
 The root† was the same;
 And now it is growing
 In each humble dale,
 And freely bestowing
 It's wine to regale.

4.

Whoever shall taste
 A sip of this wine,
 Will think it the best,
 And call it divine;
 It certainly healeth
 All guiltiest smart;
 And sweetly revealeth
 All joy to the heart.

5.

A graff in thy stem,
 Sweet Vine, I would be;
 Bear fruit in the same,
 And bear it for thee:
 Thine arms be my shelter,
 Thy bark be my coat,
 And let the graff welter
 In sap from the root.

* The earthly nature.

† The divine nature.



H Y M N 262.

"Jesus was made a surety of a better covenant," Heb. vii. 22.

1.

A Debtor I am,
I very well know;
And all of our name
Have ever been so:
Deriv'd from a father,
Old Adam we call,
Who broke altogether,
And ruin'd us all.

2.

Arrested he was
In body and soul,
For breaking the laws
He should have kept whole;
And now we inherit
His debts and his pride,
His high and hot spirit,
With bondage beside.

3.

Unable to dig,
So lame in each part!
Ashamed to beg,
So lofty in heart!
Past debts are all charged,
Which we cannot pay;
And these are enlarged
By new ones each day.

4.

Each debt is for hell,
 Sad durable woe!
 It's dole who can tell
 But spirits below?
 Who roar with distraction
 Of horror and pain;
 Feel what is damnation,
 And roar out again.

5.

But, lo! a kind Lord
 Has pity'd our state,
 Who pledged his word,
 And paid off the debt;
 'Tis Jesus, the surety,
 That friend of our race,
 Who made a secure tie
 Of heaven thro' grace.

6.

Go, poor sinner, go,
 His mercy intreat,
 Thy broken heart shew,
 And fall at his feet:
 He calleth for debtors,
 As many as list;
 Go, carry thy fetters,
 And wait upon Christ.

7.

With chearfullest words
 He will thee receive,

And loosen the cords
Which Moses did weave:
Thy legal obedience
In life he has paid,
And thy legal vengeance
In death he was made.

8.

As surety, he stands
Engaged on high
To bring to thy hands
The pearls he did buy;
To set thee a grieving,
And help thee to pray,
To teach thee believing,
And how to obey.

9.

From first unto last
The work is his own;
He calls the outcast,
And puts on the crown;
From Egypt to Canaan
The leader and rock;
Sends first and last rain on
His pastures and flock.

10.

Then lift up thy voice
In lustiest praise,
And learn to rejoice
In Jesus always;

He should have thanksgiving
 Again and again
 From all that are living,
 Amen and Amen.

H Y M N 263.

"They that are whole need not a physician,
 but they that are sick," Matt. ix. 12.

1.

FULL many a year
 I seem'd to be found,
 Was lighter than air
 And sprung on the ground:
 I trod on a mountain,
 And lofty was seen,
 And wanted no fountain
 To wash my heart clean.

2.

But now I am sick,
 And full of complaint,
 Exceedingly weak,
 And ready to faint;
 My heart an old den is*
 Of filth and deceit;
 And all it's revenues
 Spring out of conceit.

3.

By breast is a cage
 For birds of all note,†

* Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19. † Rev. xviii. 2.

Where anger may rage,
And fulkiness bloat,
Where envy repineth,
And slander will hiss,
And flattery joineth
Them all with a kiss!

4.

My stomach would feed
On ashes and earth,*
Rejecting the bread
Of heavenly birth!
A palsy perplexeth
My tongue when it prays;
And goutiness vexeth
My ankles always!

5.

Right sorry indeed
I am in each part:
Oh! sick is my head,
And faint is my heart;
So bad my condition,
So rooted my woe,
None other physician
But Jesus will do!

6.

He loveth us much,
And dealeth in grace;
And heals by a touch
The worst evil case;

* Isai. xliv. 20.

He only wants notice,
 A tap at his door,
 And then bringeth gratis
 His balms to the poor.

7.

An hospital croud
 Attend on his gate,
 Who keep knocking loud,
 Both early and late;
 And while they are pressing
 Him much to draw nigh,
 He comes with a blessing—
 "Hosanna they cry!"

8.

He drops a fond smile,
 And whispers, All hail!
 They bless him the while,
 And sing a love-tale;
 All honours deck his head
 The dear Lamb of God,
 "Who loved and washed
 "Us in his own blood!"*

9.

"Amen," say the skies,
 And warble the sound:
 "Amen," earth replies,
 Let blessing go round:

* Rev. i. 5, 6.

And then trumpets blew a shout
Full chorus above,
"Amen, hallelujah,"
For Jesus his love.

H Y M N 264.

"Thou art the King of Israel," John i. 49.

1.

WE joyfully sing
With angels above
Of Jesus our King,
His power and love;
His look, full of greatness,
Commandeth the sky;
His heart, full of sweetness,
Relents at our cry.

2.

He suffer'd our pain,
And took up our curse;
And dying to reign,
He triumphed thus:
Death-conquering Jesus
Our king we proclaim,
He reigneth to bless us,
And bless we his name.

3.

A lion thou art,
Yet gentle as brave,

* Rev. xix. 4.

† Rev. v. 5.

And right free of heart
A captive to save;
He bringeth a ransom
For any that please;
And does it so handsome,
He winneth our praise.

4.

My wish is to be
A subject of thine,
Triumphantly free
From bondage of sin,
Released from sorrow,
And chearful as May,
No thought for the morrow,
But happy each day.

5.

Thy kingdom of grace
Set up in my breast,
Affording me peace
And sanctify'd rest;
Bid all my affection
Cry out for the Lord,
And bring in subjection
My will to thy word.

6.

Yea, cover the earth
With knowledge and truth,
And spread the new birth,
And raise up thy youth;

As dews of the morning,
So many be they;
A multitude born in
The course of a day.

H Y M N 265.

"I will betroth thee unto me for ever,"
Hosea ii. 19.

1.

YE maidens, who want
Rich husbands and fair,
Nor can be content,
Till wedded ye are;
Mark, how I miscarry'd,
As many have done,
And after was marry'd
Unto a King's Son.

2.

Much kindness I had
For Moses indeed,
And suit to him made,
And thought I should speed;
You know he is noted
"For beautiful mein;"
And on him I doted,
As plainly was seen.

* Acts vii. 20.

His snarling I bore
 For many a year,
 Which grieved me sore,
 And drew a sad tear.

One folly committed
 No pardon will find;
 And tho' much intreated,
 He still is unkind.

4.
 My sorrowful case
 A neighbour did spy,
 Who look'd on my face,
 And cast a sweet eye;
 He saw me perplexed,
 He heard me complain,
 And said, be not vexed
 At Moses' disdain.

5.
 His Master I am,
 The Lord of the house,
 My name is the Lamb,
 I seek for a spouse;
 Come hither, come faster,
 Thy hand let me have;
 Take Jesus the Master,
 Not Moses the slave.

6.
 Ah, Lord, I am sick,
 And ugly, and poor,

No coat on my back,
But ragged all o'er—
He smil'd, and replied,
'Tis all very true;
Yet is my heart tied
Most strangely to you.

7.

Bad health I repair;
Bad debts I will pay,
And make thee all fair
And blooming as May;
A robe of my linen
Shall gird thee about,
And thou shalt be seen in
A vest without spot.

8.

Your Moses of life
Will prattle, and health;
And talk to his wife
Of honours and wealth;
And more than a little
His merit displays,
Yet ne'er does a tittle
Of all that he says.

9.

My truth from my word
Shall never depart;
Believe a kind Lord,
Who pledgeth his heart:

H h 3

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My honours I give you,
My name you shall take;
I cannot deceive you,
And will not forsake.

10.

The duty you owe
For offers this day,
My teaching shall shew,
And help you to pay:
Well; are you contented?
What says the poor maid?
He kist; I consented,
And so we were wed.

H Y. M. N. 266.

"Thou art a priest for ever," Psalm cx. 4.

1.

WHEREWITH shall I come
Before the Most High,
Who am but a worm,
And doomed to die?
My nature unholy
Was tainted in birth;
And nursed by folly,
Brings all evil forth!

2.

Whatever I do,
Some baseness appears;

* Jer. xxxiii. 16.

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Wherever I go,
It rings in mine ears;
Pursues me and rages
With fulsome breath,
And tells me it's wages
Are hell after death.

3.

No labours of mine
With fasting and tears,
Can purge away sin,
Or shorten arrears;
One only sweet fountain
Of blood that was spilt,
Can loosen the mountain
Of high-crying guilt.

4.

O Jesus, my Priest,
And sweet Lamb of God,
No balm bringeth rest
But that of thy blood!
This only is pleasing
In thy Father's sight;
This only is easing
A sinner outright!

5.

All thanks to thy love
And pity and grace,
Which could thy heart move
To die in our place!

We set thee a grieving;
 Yet such was thy choice;
 Set us a believing,
 And we shall rejoice.

6.

Thy wonderful cross
 With pleasure we trace;
 It's blood be on us,
 And all of our race;
 A spring to refresh us,
 And nourish the soul,
 A Jordan to wash us
 And make lepers whole.*

H Y M N. 267.

"I perceive thou art a prophet," John iv.
 19.—Acts iii. 22.

1.

A Prophet we want
 Of delicate skill,
 Our nature to paint,
 Just as it looks ill;
 To shew us our blindness,
 And woful bad case,
 And set out the kindness
 Of God in his grace.

2.

Deceitful and vile
 And helpless we are!

* 2 Kings v. 14.

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Yet finners will smile
Such tidings to hear;
Disdaining to read it,
They call it absurd;
And cannot give credit
To God in his word.

3.

I was of their mind
To cover my fore,
And thrust it behind
The back of my door;
I would not hear of it,
But now I perceive
Christ is a true prophet,
And him I believe.

4.

He probed my soul,
And lanced my skin;
And shew'd I was foul
Without and within;
He, like a physician,
With wonderful art,
Disclos'd my condition,
The plague of my heart.

5.

All thanks to my Lord
For giving this light;

* Kings viii. 29.

His Spirit and word
 Have cleared my sight;
 I see ev'ry feature
 Distorted indeed!
 I am a lost creature,
 And Jesus I need!

6.

Now shew me thy face
 In smiles from above,
 And help me to trace
 The depths of thy love;
 Be evermore healing
 My wounds in each part,
 And sweetly revealing
 Thy love to my heart.

H Y M N 268.

"A wise man built his house upon a rock,"
 Matt. vii. 24. "And that rock was
 Christ," 1 Cor. x. 4.

1.

MY heavenly hope
 I built on the sand;
 And rear'd my house up,
 And thought it would stand:
 Without it was painted,
 And seem'd a neat fort;
 Within it was fainter
 With worth of all sort.

2.

But lo, a storm fell,
A terrible blast,
With thunder and hail,
And down my house cast!
It stagger'd and cracked,
And broke with the shock,
And out I ran *naked*,
And crept to a rock.

3.

No sooner my arm
Was on the Rock laid,
But vanish'd the storm,
And vanish'd all dread!
My bosom was cheared
And felt a new bliss;
My feet were up-reared,
And walked in peace.

4.

All clamorous strife
Is banish'd from hence;
And waters of life*
Are flowing from thence;
And combs full of honey†
From all the sides drop;
And oil without money†
Is bought on it's top!

* Exod. xvii. 6. † Psalm lxxxi. 16.

† Deut. xxxii. 13.

5.

O Rock of delight,
 On thee may I stand,
 And view from it's height
 The promised land:
 Thy strength I would rest in,
 And with thee abide
 And build a safe nest in
 The cave of thy side.

6.

Thy honey refresh
 And sweeten my soul;
 Thy purple stream wash:
 And make my heart whole;
 Thy pure oil of gladness*
 My spirit anoint,
 To drive away sadness,
 And supple each joint.

7.

Here build me a tent
 For present abode,
 A dwelling-place lent,
 An inn for the road:
 And let me be viewing
 Thy love, a sweet stock;
 And good works be doing,
 Yet rest on my rock.

* Isai. lxi. 3.

HYMN

H Y M N 269.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" John i. 36.

1.

THE sweet Lamb of God
Comes forth to be slain,
And offers his blood
To purge off our stain;
With bitterest anguish
And groans on the tree,
The Saviour did languish
For sinners, like me.

2.

Look on him, my soul,
And gaze on his smart;
His cries may control
The lusts of thy heart;
His blood has set often
The worst broken bones,
His love too can soften
Hearts harder than stones.

3.

Right worthy indeed
He is of high fame;
And saints have all need
To trust in his name;

Not feed on their graces,
 Nor strut with a frame,
 But fall on their faces,*
 And worship the Lamb.

4.

Lo, here is a feast
 Of delicate food,
 For prodigals drest,
 Yet costly and good!
 Our Father provided
 This Lamb for a treat;
 And if you are minded,
 You freely may eat.

5.

None other repast,
 My spirit would have;
 Thy flesh let me taste,
 Sweet Lamb, and yet crave;
 Thy blood ever flowing
 My pleasant cup be;
 Thy fleece on earth growing
 Make clothing for me.

6.

Thus cover'd and fed
 At thy proper cost,
 The path I would tread
 Which pleaseth my host;

* Rev. vii. 9, 10, 11.

Thy patience inherit,
Thy lowliness prove,
Catch all thy sweet spirit,
And burn with thy love.

H Y M N 270.

"Unto you that fear my name, shall the
Sun of Righteousness arise with healing
in his wings," Mal. iv. 2.—Psalm lxxxiv.

II.

1.

THE spiritual lame
And spiritual poor,
Who fear the Lord's name,
And dwell at his door;
With darkness are frightened,
And storms in the skies,
Nor can be delighted
Until the sun rise.

2.

And while a black night
Drags heavily thro',
They cannot strike light
By all they can do;
But joy is returning
To visit their heart;
A smile of the morning
Bids sorrow depart.

3.

Thou heavenly Sun,
 True light of the world,*
 Most fair to look on,
 Thy beauties unfold;
 Step forth from thy chamber †
 And shew thy sweet face,
 With locks bright as amber,
 And sparkling with grace.

4.

Enlighten me well
 With heavenly truth,
 And fairly reveal
 The weeds of my growth;
 My bosom uncover,
 My nakedness shew,
 And kindly discover
 The depths of my woe.

5.

Yet comfort me too
 With beams from above,
 And let my heart know
 The depths of thy love;
 With mercy surround me,
 Too sweet to be told,
 To shew thou hast found me
 And brought to thy fold.

* John viii. 12. † Psalm xix. 4, 5.

6.

One other request,
And then I have done;
Let Sion be blest
With rays of thy Sun;
Grow modest and wealthy
In gifts and in grace,
And teem with an healthy
And numerous race.

H Y M N 271.

"Christ is the head of his body, the
church," Col. i. 18.

1.

THE carcase of man,
Disjoin'd from it's head,
With limbs may be seen,
But all of them dead;
The foot or the finger
No motion can have,
And only can linger
Awhile in a grave.

2.

So dead is the soul
Disjoined from Christ!
No light in the whole,
Nor hunger nor thirst;

I i 3

No spiritual feeling,
 Discernment or taste;
 It looks for no healing,
 Nor sees itself lost.

3.

But Jesus supplies
 His body right well;
 As head, he brings eyes,*
 And hearing, and smell;†
 Brings palate for manna,
 Fresh palate each day;
 Lips singing hosanna,
 And tongue that can pray.

4.

And thus the church stands
 Upheld by close ties,
 Redeem'd by Christ's hands,
 And near his heart lies;
 With him it has union
 Thro' faith in his blood,
 And thereby communion
 In spirit with God.

5.

Then, Lord, let me be
 Supply'd from thy head;
 A small limb of thee,
 Yet quicken'd and fed;

* Prov. xx. 12. † Isa. xi. 3. Bible-margin.

The foot or the shoulder,
It matters not much;
And as I grow older,
Still closer thee touch.

H Y M N 272.

"Where a testament (or last will) is, there
must be the death of the testator; for a
will is only of force, after men are dead,"
Heb. ix. 16, 17.

1.

THE first of our race
Was comely and good,
Yet sully'd his face,
And tainted his blood;
Of glory bereaved,
He fell into thrall;
And dying, bequeathed
A curse to us all.

2.

Thus ruin'd I am,
Yet often thro' pride
Would cover my shame,
As Adam first did;
Well pleased to swagger
And prate of my worth,
Tho' born but a beggar,
And blind from my birth.

3.

Condemned to die
We stand on record,
A voice from on high
Hath utter'd the word;
To vanity given,
We fret and complain;
And whilst we are living,
And living in pain.

4.

But lo! a kind friend,
Beholding our case,
His love to commend,
Steps into our place,
Takes on him our nature
In lowliest form,
And God in the creature
Appears like a worm.*

5.

Tho' shrunk to a reed,
And mournful in mein,
The Godhead indeed
Was thro' the vail seen;
Winds, waters, and devils,
Submit to his nod,
And healing all evils
He shews himself God.

* Psalm xxii. 6.

6.

With ferventest zeal
He acted and spoke,
And well did fulfil
The law that we broke;
Then, little bewailed,
Hung on a sad cross,
And fast to it nailed
Our shame and our curse.

7.

Let mountains and hills
A lofty song raise,
And vallies and rills
Re-echo his praise;
Shout, all the creation,
Below and above,
And sing of salvation
From Jesus his love.

8.

And now his will stands
In force after death,
Conveying good lands
To men full of faith;
Arrears are forgiven,
And sinners find peace,
With title to heaven,
And meetness thro' grace.



"He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities, and cast all our sins into the depths of the sea," Micah vii. 18, 19.

1.

ART thou a sad soul,
Surrounded with fears,
Whose heavy days roll
In sighing and tears,
Bemoaning the hidings
Of Jesus thy Lord,
And hearing no tidings
Of joy from his word?

2.

Mark what the Lord says
To men of sad heart,
Who love the Lord's ways,
Yet under sin smart;
"Mine anger for ever
"I will not retain,"
No, no, the kind Saviour
Will heal up thy pain.

3.

"Sweet mercy I love,"
And mercy will shew;
And mercy shall prove
A balm for thy woe;

Fair mercy shall blossom
And smile on thy face;
And ent'ring thy bosom,
Thy heart shall embrace.

4.

"I will turn again,"
And gladden thy days;
My sun and my rain,
An harvest shall raise;
Thy pestilent nature
My grace shall subdue,
And alter each feature,
Creating it new.

5.

The sins which are past,
And clamour at thee,
Thy Jesus will cast
Them into the sea;
Thy sins shall all under
The deepest wave pass;
And cause thee to wonder,
And love me and bless.

6.

Then let us proclaim
Christ's love to our race,
And honour his name,
His mercy and grace;
His mercy enduring,
And never to cease;
His grace well insuring
Our health and our peace.

H Y M N 274.

"Thy love is better than wine," Cant. i. 2.

1.

OUR Jesus bestows
 Good cheer on his friends;
 What in his land grows,
 He blesses and sends;
 Pure love is a blossom
 Of heavenly birth,
 And thro' the Lord's ransom
 It blooms upon earth.

2.

Love from his pierc'd heart
 Does pleasantly spring,
 And water each part
 And plant of the King;
 All heaven it filleth
 With joys ever new,
 And here it distilleth
 In sweet honey-dew.

3.

The Comforter brings
 This joy to the soul,
 At which the heart springs,
 And feels itself whole;
 Love summons all graces,
 And kindles all praise,
 And sweetens all faces,
 And gladdens all days.

Hosannas

4.

Hofannas they send
To Jesus on high,
And follow their friend
With shouts to the sky;
His blood's precious merit
They boldly proclaim,
And thro' his good Spirit
Can trust in his name.

5.

No cordial on earth
Heart-grief will remove;
No wine has the worth
Of Jesus his love;
This banisheth sorrow
From ev'ry sad breast,
And welcomes the morrow
With joy for it's guest.

6.

This pilgrimage feast
For Sion below,
Lord, give me to taste,
My pilgrimage thro';
So shall I unceasing
Attend to my race,
And live and die blessing
The riches of grace.



HYMN 275.

"I am black, because the sun hath looked
upon me," Cant. i. 6.

1.
NO wisdom of man
Can spy out his heart,
The Lord only can
Shew this hidden part;
Nor yet are men willing
To have the truth told,
The sight is too killing
For pride to behold.

2.
A look from the Lord
Discovers our case,
And bringeth his word
Attended with grace;
The man is convicted
And feeleth his hell,
And groweth afflicted
More than he can tell.

3.
If once the sun shines
Upon a soul clear,
He reads the dark lines
Which sin has wrote there;
Begins to discover
His colour and make,
And cries, I'm all over
As any fiend black.

4.

But when the Lord shews
A reconcil'd face,
And buries our woes
In triumphing grace,
This blessed look stilleth
The mourner's complaint,
And with a song filleth
The mouth of the saint.

5.

Sweet love and sweet shame
Now hallow his breast;
Yet black is his name,
Tho' by his Lord blest;
I am, he says, homely,
Deform'd in each part,
All black, and yet comely,
Thro' Jesu's desert.

6.

A look of thy love
Is all that we want;
Ah, look from above,
And give us content:
Looks set us adoring
Thy person most sweet,
And lay us abhorring
Ourselves at thy feet.



HYMN 276.

"Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; he, that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," John. xi. 25.

1.

A Soul dead in sin,
Must sleep in his grave,
Till Jesus begin
The sinner to save:
His word is with power,
And opens blind eyes;
He calls at his hour,
And up the dead rise.

2.

In Laz'rus we view
A sinner's sad case,
Bound hand and foot too,
And bound on his face;
No arm may release him,
And give a new birth,
Till Jesus says, "Loose him,"
And then he comes forth.

3.

But all the life still
Is drawn from his aid;
Or vain were his will
To quicken the dead:

SION'S SONGS.

389

For never can flourish
The spiritual flame,
Unless the Lord nourish
And fan up the same.

4.

The body and soul
Herein well agree,
That life in the whole
Depends not on thee;
Thy skill cannot save it,
Tho' means are all try'd;
He only, who gave it,
Can make it abide.

5.

O thou, who dost keep
Death's key in thine hand,
Behold how men sleep,
And hard at hell stand;
We call, but they slumber,
And hear not our word;
They are a great number,
Oh, waken them, Lord.

6.

On Sion send peace,
Distilling like dew;
Their graces increase,
Their comforts renew.

K R 3

390 SION'S SONGS.

In faith and love build up
Thy family here,
And keep the folds fill'd up
With lambs of each year.

H Y M N 277.

"Without me, ye can do nothing,"
John xv. 5.

WITHOUT thee, O Lord,
I nothing appear,
No will for thy word,
No liking to pray'r;
No heart to adore thee,
No feet for the race,
No thirst for thy glory,
No hunger for grace.

2.
Of honour bereft
By nature I am,
And nothing is left
But limping and shame;
Yet, with an high spirit,
And frothy delight,
We boast of our merit,
And wisdom, and might.

3.
I zealously fought
To keep my own heart,
And verily thought
It was my own part;

But as I grow older,
Am learning at length
To borrow Christ's shoulder,
And walk in his strength.

4.
And now I confess,
His word to be true,
Apart from his grace
I nothing can do;
My wisdom is folly,
My arm utter weak,
My heart is unruly,
My stomach quite sick.

5.
Lord, bid me renounce
This pride of my will,
And give up at once
Myself to thy skill,
No longer rely on
My watch and my ward,
But trust in the Lion
Of Judah to guard.

6.
Such royal faith give,
As honours thy throne,
A faith that will live
On Jesus alone,
Thy arm my protection,
Thy labours my rest,
Thy word my direction,
Thy Spirit my guest.

HYMN 278.

"Thy Maker is thine husband," Ifai. liv. 5.

ith.

1.

THE Lord of the earth,
To Adam ally'd,
Sends messengers forth
To fetch him a bride;
To many he chuseth
His love to impart,
And none he refuseth
Who give him their heart.

2.

Strange marriage indeed
For heaven's fair King,
Yet Jesus will wed
With any poor thing;
He liketh the maimed,
The halt and the blind,
The poor and defamed,
The lowest in kind.

3.

So after the banns
Are publish'd below,
Comes joining of hands
With joined hearts too;
Then debts are discharged,
Tho' heavy they be,
And she is enlarged,
From bondage set free.

4.

A rich wedding-suit
Is to the bride brought,
Of love the sweet fruit,
And by the King wrought;
With this he does cover
Her nakedness quite,
And deck her all over
As fair as the light.

5.

A ring for the bride
Is from the King sent,
With jewels beside
To deck her heart meant;
With these she grows loving,
And modest, and mild,
In good works improving,
And seemeth a child.

6.

Now Christ is her joy,
Her song, and her hope;
She for him will sigh,
And long to go up;
And he, from his tower
Peeps on her e'erwhile,
And tells his love to her,
And drops her a smile.

7.

At length the approach
Of wedding is come,

And, lo, a state-coach
 To fetch the bride home :
 Kind angels are bringing
 Her fast as she list,
 And up she goes singing
 Hosanna to Christ.

H Y M N 279.

"All thy saints shall bless thee, they shall
 speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
 and talk of thy power," Psalm cxlv.
 10, 11.

1.
A Ransomed race
 The Saviour should bless,
 And sing of his marvellous power and grace;

2.
 He gave us a birth,
 And formed the earth,
 And feedeth us kindly with all it brings
 forth.

3.
 He makes the heart warm,
 Defends it from harm,
 And holds up our steps with a fatherly arm.

4.
 He bids the sun rise
 To gladden our eyes,
 And calls up night-watches to spangle the
 skies.

5.

His provident eye
Is watchfully nigh,
To guide us, and guard us, and bring us
supply.

6.

But grace is the thing
That makes the heart ring,
And fetcheth out lustiest praise to the King.

7.

Sweet mercy comes here
To scatter our fear,
And bowels of love in the Godhead appear.

8.

A ransom has been
Concerted for men,
And God in our nature the ransom is seen.

9.

Blood only was meet
To cancel our debt,
And bleeding most freely he cancell'd it quite.

10.

And thus a new road
Is found unto God,
Offensive to nature, thro' faith in his blood.

11.

His Spirit prepares
The ransomed heirs
For kingdoms of glory, eternally their's.

12.

Hearts changed and new
Are ready for you;
The grace of our Jesus all things can subdue.

13.

He stilleth all wants,
And husheth complaints,
Oh, sing him hosannas becoming the saints.

HYMN 280.

"And David brought forth the Ammonites, and put them under saws and harrows of iron, and axes of iron,"
2 Sam. xii. 31.

1.

STRANGE tidings I hear,
Which grate on mine ear,
King David from outrages cannot forbear.

2.

Tormenting his foes,
No pity he shews,
But heaps upon Ammonites wonderful woes.

3.

He saweth their necks,
And plougheth their backs,
With axes he choppeth, with harrows he
rakes.

I

4. Yet

4.

Yet here I may view
My lovely Lord too,
Who Ammonites spares not in me or in you.

5.

Whenever a child
Is running quite wild,
Our David will smite him, tho' loving and
mild.

6.

Brisk rods he will send,
Until the child mend,
Saws, axes, and harrows, and plagues with-
out end.

7.

He spareth no lust,
The least or the worst,
But chops, till he layeth it's head in the dust.

8.

Ye children, beware
Of sin and it's snare,
With watchfulness walk, and with diligent
pray'r.

9.

And woe to the man
That sins without pain,
Who feels no correction, but sins on again.

L 1

10.

By feeling no smart
 He cheers up his heart,
 But Paul tells him roundly, a bastard thou
 art.*

11.

Much thanks to the Lord
 We owe for his word,
 And for the instruction his harrows afford.

12.

When thee I neglect,
 And wisdom reject,
 Correct me, O Lord, but in mercy correct.

H Y M N 281.

"The Lord thy God led thee these forty
 years in the wilderness, to humble thee,
 and prove thee, and make thee know
 what was in thine heart," Deut. viii. 2.
 "Who led thee through that great and
 terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery
 serpents, and scorpions, and drought,
 that he might humble thee, and prove
 thee, to do thee good at thy latter end,"
 Deut. viii. 15, 16.

1.

BEHOLD the Lord's plan
 Of dealing with man,
 Thro' all generations repeated again.

* Heb. xii. 8.

2.
His people of old
To Pharaoh were sold,
A notable tyrant, in wickedness bold.

3.
He binds heavy bands,
And wearies their hands;
To Jesus they cry, and salvation he sends.

4.
The sea is pass'd o'er;
They sing and adore,
And view all their enemies dead on the shore.

5.
With chearfullest praise
They trip up steep ways,
And hope to see Canaan in six or ten days.

6.
All evils now seem
Quite vanish'd from them;
Of milk and sweet honey they only can
dream.

7.
But, lo, a sad thirst
Distresses them first;
And now their fine song, and brave courage
is lost.

8.
Then quickly we read
A murmur for bread,
A sigh for old Egypt, a wish to be dead.

9.

No end of complaint!
More water they want,
And now would kill Moses in sad discontent.

10.

And thus the Lord shews,
By bringing fresh woes,
The horrible evils, which in the heart grows.

11.

Where faith is not right,
It never can fight;
The wilderness trials will slay a man quite.

12.

But if the Lord's grace
A sinner embrace,
The wilderness proveth a blossoming place.

13.

The heart is well read,
While under the rod,
And learns to walk humbly and closely with
God.

14.

So may I be found,
When trials abound,
And learn to walk steady on wilderness-
ground.



H Y M N 282.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,"
Matt. xi. 28.

1.

GOOD tidings I bring
From Judah's fair King,
To cheer up a mourner and make his heart
sing.

2.

The Lord his love sends
To all his sad friends,
And much his grace to them and truth re-
commends.

3.

His love is to all,
The great or the small,
Who weary of sin are, and come at his call.

4.

True mourners he makes,
Invites 'em, and takes
With lighter or heavier load on their backs.

5.

His bosom has room
For all that will come,
And early or late you may find him at home.

6.

He knoweth your case,
How wretched and base,
And yet he says, Come, and be saved by
grace.

7.

No fury he hath,
Come to me, he saith,
Come lowly in prayer, and boldly in faith.

8.

Tho' sadly distressed,
Come to me for rest,
And Jesus will wash the guilt out of your
breast.

9.

Tho' wholly unclean,
Come loathing of sin,
And grace will not suffer corruption to reign.

10.

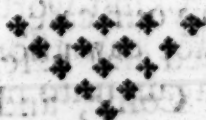
Come just as you are,
Without any fear,
And come at all seasons my mercy to share.

11.

The call, that I read,
Is chearing indeed,
And just such a Saviour a sinner does need.

12.

I come to thy door,
Am weary and poor,
Relieve me, and use me, as thine evermore.



H Y M N 283.

"Thou hast played the harlot with many
lovers, yet return again to me, saith the
Lord," Jer. iii. 1.

1.

HEAR what the Lord says,
And turn from your ways,
Ye lovers of mammon, and pleasure, and
praise.

2.

Tho' idols beset
Your wandering feet,
And harlots encompass your heart in a net:

3.

Though folly beguile
Your heart with a smile,
And courting damnation, you laugh all the
while:

4.

Yea, tho' you have gone
In baseness long on,*
Committing all evils that can be well done:

5.

Or if growing slack,
You have slidden back,
And turned from Jesus, and cast off his yoke:

6.

To you a kind word
Free grace can afford,
"Return yet again unto me, saith the Lord."

* Jer. iii. 5.

7.

Return unto me,
 Tho' late it now be,
 And mercy, rich mercy is ready for thee.

8.

To Jesus return,
 And tenderly mourn,
 And he will receive thee among his new-born.

9.

Thy peace he will seal,
 And pardon reveal,
 Thy bent to backsliding he also will heal.

10.

Then let us proclaim
 His merciful name,
 And sing of his grace, and accept of the same.

11.

Return we now may;
 Yet turn us, we pray,
 Or still we shall wander, and further shall stray.

H Y M N 284.

"If any man desire to be first, the same
 shall be last of all, and servant to all,"
 Mark ix. 35.

1.

AMBITION we find
 In every mind;
 Yet earthly ambition is paltry and blind.

2.

Each man would excel;
 So far it is well,
 Yet each pushes foremost, and so is last still.

3.
Our Jesus did shew
Where honour will grow,
But rough is the path, and untrodden we
know.

4.
Who seeks to be first
Must rank himself last,
And learn with complacence to wait on the
least:

5.
He must become small,
And run at each call;
As Jesus, the highest, was servant of all.

6.
So angels, that fit
The foremost in state,
On heirs of salvation most chearfully wait.

7.
These patterns are true,
Tho' notic'd by few,
And should be held ever more up to our view.

8.
Here honour is found
Upon it's own ground,
Not empty and flashy, but noble and sound.

9.
Dear Jesus, impart
A spice of thy heart,
To season us well for this servant-like part.

10.

Make others appear
 Deserving our care,
 How low in their station soever they are.

H Y M N 285.

"Whither I go, thou canst not follow me
 now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards,"
 John xiii. 36.

1.

GOOD tidings I hear
 Saluting mine ear,
 A word from the Saviour to rid us of fear.

2.

An honey-comb sweet,
 And savoury meat,
 To cheer up a pilgrim, and quicken his feet.

3.

Rough Peter ador'd
 His Master and Lord,
 Believ'd in his name, and regarded his word:

4.

He could suffer loss,
 And hardy he was,
 Yet courage he wanted to die on a cross.

5.

But Jesus has grace
 For such a sad case,
 And Peter's sweet promise a saint should
 embrace,

6.

The way that I go,
Is hard for thee now,
But shall be made easy for Peter and thou.

7.

'Tho' like a young tree,
Unstable thou be;
A reed groweth lusty, when grafted on me.

8.

By grace a poor worm
Can weather a storm;
And what I command thee, my grace shall
perform.

9.

Keep on in thy way,
Trust in me and pray,
And strength shall be suitable unto thy day.

10.

Such aid we implore,
Nor need we ask more
Than suitable help for the feeble and poor.

H Y M N 286.

"Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou
the Master any further? Jesus saith, Be
not afraid, only believe," Mark v. 35, 36.

1.

OR sooner or late,
Diseases will wait
On every household, and knock at the gate.

2.

A ruler in chief,
 Much laden with grief,
 From Jesus seeks for his sick daughter relief.

3.

But news very sad
 He meets on the road,
 "Cease troubling the Master, thy daughter
 is dead."

4.

Such news I oft hear
 Assaulting mine ear,
 When unto my Saviour I come with a pray'r.

5.

Mine enemies flirt,
 And make me their sport,
 And unbelief crieth out after this fort.

6.

Thou poor silly fool,
 Sad dunce of Christ's school,
 Cease troubling the Master, thou art a dead
 foul.

7.

Long hast thou laid in
 A grave full of sin,
 Dead prayers, dead praises, and all dead
 within.

8.

Such news I receive,
 And listen, and grieve,
 Till Jesus says, "*Fear not, but only believe.*"

1

9. His

9.

His pow'r is then known,
And sweetly is shewn,
To heal a sick sinner, or raise a dead bone.

10.

Lord, give me such faith,
As fetcheth it's breath,
And hopes against hope in the feelings of
death.

11.

So will my short race
Be passed in peace,
Not resting on feelings, but leaning on grace.

H Y M N 289.

" I pray thee let me go over, and see the
good land," Deut. iii. 25.

1.

THERE is a good land,
And layeth at hand,
Yet little sought after, and few on it stand.

2.

A land of free grace,
Abounding with peace,
And many fine clusters of sweet righteous-
ness.

3.

Saints, dwelling below,
It's blessedness know,
And here they find Jesus, and feast on him
too.

M m

4.

Near Jordan it lies,
Well water'd with joys,
An image, tho' faint, of the land in the skies.

5.

And wouldst thou it see?
Put Moses from thee,
And let the Lord Jesus thy forerunner be.

6.

Yet reckon it good
To wash in his blood,
This bringeth thee peaceably nigh unto God.

7.

So when thou hast found
This wonderful ground,
Be watchful and prayerful all the year round.

8.

For many a beast
The country infest,
And, if you are dronish, will mangle your
breast.

9.

Walk well upon guard,
For battle prepar'd,
And trust in your Captain all danger to ward.

10.

With Jesus in fight
All matters go tight,
His whistle puts all the foul monsters to
flight.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

H Y M N 290.

"The clouds poured down water; thy thunder was in the heavens; the lightnings flashed through the world; the earth trembled and shook," Psalm lxxvii.

17, 18.

To be sung in a tempest.

1.

HOW awful art thou seen, O God,
When lightnings issue forth,
And rattling thunders roll abroad,
To shake and rend the earth.

2.

If here we dread thy fiery breath,
Nor scarce with it can dwell;
O Lord, how dreadful is thy wrath,
Which blazeth out in hell?

3.

The forked lightnings know thy will,
And mark thy beck'ning hand;
They harmless pass, or blasting kill,
As thou dost give command.

4.

Thou only art our fence and tow'r,
Our help is in thy grace;
Preserve us in this awful hour,
And guard our dwelling-place.

M m 2

5.
Such tempests, like the fiery law,
Thy majesty proclaim;
Oh, may we learn with rev'rent awe
To glorify thy name.

H Y M N 291.

"There was a marriage in Cana, and Jesus
was invited to the marriage," John iii.

1, 2.

At a christian wedding.

1.

O UR Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast;
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4.

In purest love their souls unite,
And link'd in kindly care,
To render family burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5.

True helpers may they prove indeed
In pray'r, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build the household up.

6.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live
In faithful friendship join'd.

H Y M N 292.

"I will sing of thy mercy in the morning,"
Psalm lix. 16.

A Morning Hymn.

1.

THRO' Jesu's watchful care
I safely pass'd the night!
His providential arm was near,
And kept off every fright.

2.

No pains upon my bed
Prevented my repose;
But laying down my weary head,
Refresh'd with sleep I rose.

3.

And here I stand possess
Of strength and vigour new;
And with my limbs and senses blest,
Another morn I view.

M m 3

4.

From thee my mercies flow,
 In pearly drops they fall;
 But give a thankful bosom too,
 The sweetest pearl of all.

5.

Be thou my guide to day,
 My arm whereon to rest,
 My fun to cheer me on the way,
 My shield to guard my breast.

6.

From Satan's fiery dart
 And men of purpose base,
 And from the plague within my heart,
 Defend me by thy grace.

H Y M N 293.

"Praise the Lord likewise at evening,"

1 Chron. xxiii. 30.

An Evening Hymn.

1.

THE Lord's almighty arm
 Has been my shield to-day,
 He watcheth every rising harm,
 And thrust it far away.

2.

Nor sick I am nor lame,
 My limbs and senses sound,
 Supported is my feeble frame,
 And mercies close me round!

SION'S SONGS.

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3.

Along with mercies kind,
A thankful sense impart,
To raise sweet wonder in my mind,
And melt and tune my heart.

4.

Be thou my guard to-night,
And safe my dwelling keep,
Defend my heart from every fright,
And send refreshing sleep.

5.

No teasing care molest,
Nor wanton thought intrude,
And harmless keep my dozing breast
From fancy's idle brood.

6.

Or sleeping or awake,
Do thou surround my bed,
And with thy peace a pillow make
To rest my weary head.

H Y M N 294.

"Servants, obey your masters, and please
them well, not answering them again, nor
pilfering, but shewing all good fidelity,"
Titus ii. 9, 10.

A Morning Hymn for an household servant.

1.

TO Jesus, my dear Lord, I owe
The rest I had this night;

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By him preserv'd from every woe,
I wake to view the light.

2.

Accept, O Lord, my early praise,
It is thy tribute due;
And let the morning-song I raise,
Rise with affection too.

3.

My dear Redeemer, while on earth,
A servant was to all;
With ready foot he stepped forth,
Attentive to each call.

4.

If unto labour I am bred,
My Saviour was the same;
Why then should I a service dread,
Or count it any shame?

5.

Yet, Lord, I need a patient mind,
And beg a ready will,
To pay my *master* service kind,
And every task fulfil.

6.

No faucy language I would use,
Nor act a treacherous part,
But serve *him* with the purest views,
And work with freest heart.



SION'S SONGS. 417

H Y M N 295.

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all reverence, not only to the good and gentle, but also to such (masters) as are froward," 1 Pet. ii. 18.

An Evening Hymn for an household servant.

1.

ACCCEPT, O Lord, an evening song,
And sure it need be warm;
For mercy watch'd me all day long,
To screen me well from harm.

2.

Sound limbs and senses I possess,
Nor food or raiment want;
Good cause I have the Lord to bless,
And should be well content.

3.

While some with hunger pine and starve,
And feel a thousand cares,
The master, whom I daily serve,
My daily food prepares.

4.

His just commands may I fulfil,
His person kindly treat,
His substance never waste or steal,
Nor wink when others cheat.

5.

Or if ungentle he should prove,
And treat me with disdain;
May yet no wrath my bosom move,
To answer pert again.

6.

Lord, send me quiet rest to-night,
 And safe the household keep,
 Preserv'd from all alarming fright,
 And blest with kindly sleep.

☞ Observe, if the servant waits on a mistress, then *mistress* must be said instead of *master*, and *her* instead of *him* or *his*.

H Y M N 296.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground,"
 Gen. iii. 19.

Morning Hymn for a christian labourer.

1.

I Thank my Lord for kindly rest
 Afforded in the night;
 Refresh'd, and with new vigour blest,
 I wake to view the light.

2.

What need I grieve to earn my bread,
 When Jesus did the same?
 If in my Master's steps I tread,
 No harm I get, or shame.

3.

Oh, let me bless, with thankful mind,
 My Saviour's love and care,
 That I am neither sick, nor blind,
 Nor lame, as others are.

4.

A trusty workman I would be,
And well my task pursue;
Work when my master does not see,
And work with vigour too.

5.

And whilst I ply the busy foot,
Or heave the labouring arm,
Do thou my withering strength recruit,
And guard me well from harm.

6.

To sweeten labour, let my Lord
Look on, and cast a smile;
For Jesus can such looks afford,
As will the hours beguile.

H Y M N 297.

"The sleep of a labouring man is sweet,"
Ecclef. v. 12.

Evening Hymn for a christian labourer.

1.

THE Lord be prais'd for labour done,
And strength to work this day;
The clock has struck, the time is gone,
And calls from work away.

2.

When all my rolling years are past,
And labouring days shall cease,
Then let my soul have rest at last
In thy sweet world of peace.

3.

And whilst I dwell on earthly ground,
 And toilsome work pursue;
 Preserve my limbs and senses sound,
 And daily strength renew.

4.

May Jesus on my labour smile,
 And each day's earning bless;
 Then, like the widow's meal and oil,*
 It yields a daily mess.

5.

Direct my feet in wisdom's ways,
 And keep my heart from care,
 Refresh it with thy love and praise,
 And guard it with thy fear.

6.

My humble cottage safely keep,
 It will not move thy scorn;
 And let thy labourer have sweet sleep,
 And rise refresh'd at morn.

H. Y. M. N. 298.

"This is the day, which the Lord hath made,
 we will rejoice in it," Psal. cxviii. 24.

Lord's-day morning.

1.

ON this sweet morn my Lord arose,
 Triumphant o'er the grave!
 He dies to vanquish deadly foes,
 And lives again to save!

* 1 Kings xvii. 12, &c.

2.

I bless my Lord, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's birth-day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To doze the hours away.

3.

A day for holy joy and rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

4.

No heavenly fire my heart can raise
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

5.

On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet refreshing Sunday show'r
Will make 'em sing and pray.

6.

Direct the shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heavenly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.



N a

H Y M N 299.

"A day (spent) in thy courts, is better
than a thousand (spent elsewhere),"

Pfalm lxxxiv. 10.

Lord's-day Evening.

1.

HOW lovely are thy courts, O Lord,
How sweet thy dwelling-place,
When thou dost bless the gospel-word,
And shew thy gracious face!

2.

While Jesus in his chariot rides,
And truth and mercy brings,
My heart will taste no joy besides,
And nauseates earthly things.

3.

One savoury day in his house spent
More sweetness yieldeth far,
Than thousands pass'd in merriment,
Or than whole ages are.

4.

The gospel word may Jesus bless,
To quicken sinners dead,
To give the children growth in grace,
And raise the mourner's head.

5.

Refresh my soul with thy sweet love,
Well water'd let it be,
And, soaring up to things above,
Cry out and thirst for thee.

6.

Let each new sabbath bring new rest,
New faith and love impart,
Croud sweeter praise within my breast,
And hallow more my heart.

H Y M N 300.

"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth,
good-will towards men," Luke ii. 14.

On the birth of Christ.

1.

AN heavenly host triumphant bring
The news of Jesu's birth,
They sing and say the heavenly King
Is come to dwell on earth:

2.

Is come to save a guilty race,
By opening mercy's door;
Is come to purchase stores of grace,
'To set up sinners poor.

3.

So God's good-will to man is told,
And friendship is begun:
What can the Father now with-hold,
Who freely gave his Son?

4.

Lift up a song to God most High,
For love so free, so dear;
Exalt his praise above the sky,
And make his angels hear.

N n 2

5.

And thou, most precious Prince of Peace,
Accept my homely heart;
Thy name I love, thy feet I kiss,
For pleasant sure thou art!

6.

A manger I have got for thee,
It is my bosom, Lord;
And if the Lord can dwell with me,
It will be richly stor'd.

H Y M N 301.

"Great is the *mystery* of godliness; God
manifest in the flesh!" 1 Tim. iii. 16.

On the birth of Christ.

1.

O Sweet mysterious grace
On mortal man bestow'd!
My God comes down with human face,
To fetch me home to God!

2.

Tho' might was all his own,
And boundless too his sway,
He veils his glory, quits his throne,
And takes an house of clay.

3.

From everlasting sure;
Yet of a mortal span!
And will from age to age endure,
Yet proves a dying man!

4.

He formed man and beast,
And rear'd the worlds around;
Yet suckled at a creature's breast,
And in a manger found!

5.

Mysterious love indeed!
Who can it's depth explore?
Yet as it suits my saddest need,
It's depth I must adore!

6.

The wonders of his birth
An heavenly song could raise,
And sure the ransom'd sons of earth
Should sing and shout his praise.

H Y M N 302.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Look and see, if there be any sorrow
like unto my sorrow, wherewith the
Lord has afflicted me, in the day of his
fierce anger," Lam. i. 12.

On the crucifixion of Christ.

1.

YE sons of mirth, and sons of pride,
Cast here a pensive eye;
Behold the Saviour crucify'd,
Nor pass him heedless by.

N n 3

2.

With kind concern he says, " Look up,
 " Behold, I die for you ;
 " The sorrows in my deadly cup,
 " O sinner, were thy due !

3.

" For thee my back is lash'd and torn,
 " With thorns my head is crown'd ;
 " For thee I hang a wretch forlorn,
 " Fast on a gibbet bound !

4.

" Thy guilt brings all my sorrows down,
 " More sad than I can tell ;
 " And now my God begins to frown,
 " And sure his frown is hell !

5.

" O Father dear, some pity take,
 " And ease my tortur'd breast ;
 " O God, my God, do not forsake,
 " I sink, I sink oppress !"

6.

And were these pangs, dear Lord, for me,
 These cries and deadly smart ?
 And by thy bonds am I set free ?
 Then take my ransom'd heart.



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H Y M N 303.

"Jesus said, It is finished: and he bowed
his head, and yielded up his Spirit,"
John xix. 30.

On the crucifixion of Christ.

1.

THE dreadful scene is past;
" 'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries:
Redemption's work is done at last;
He bows his head, and dies.

2.

" 'Tis finish'd;" Mark it well!
All legal debts are paid:
He freely took our curse, our hell,
And full atonement made.

3.

The law he magnify'd,
And gave it honour due;
Complete obedience he supply'd,
Not for himself, but you.

4.

His *life* a title brings
To glory, full and fair;
His *death* robs death of all it's stings,
And sets the guilty clear.

5.

The Father reconcil'd,
No frowning vengeance shews,
But hasting to a weeping child,
A pardoning kiss bestows.

6.

Thy cross be all my boast,
 Thou bleeding love divine!
 Redeem'd I am, and at thy cost,
 Oh, take and keep me thine.

H Y M N 304.

"Jesus is not here, he is risen: come, see
 the place where the Lord lay," Matt.
 xxviii. 6.

On the resurrection of Christ.

1.

AT length the joyful morn is come,
 A triumph o'er the grave;
 The stone is rolled from the tomb,
 And Jesus quits his cave.

2.

An angel, with commission sent,*
 The Saviour sets at large;
 To shew that justice was content,
 And gave a full discharge.

3.

Eternal laurels gird thy brow,
 And grace thy temples well!
 All hail, my Lord, triumphant now
 O'er sin, and death, and hell!

4.

The battle thou hast nobly fought,
 The wine-press trod alone;

* Matt. xxviii. 2.

Thy single arm salvation brought,
The glory all thine own!

5.

With songs exalt the Prince of peace,
And give a joyful shout;
His love we must arise and bless,
Or will the stones cry out.

6.

Within his cave I would abide,
And bid the world good night,
There bury all my guilt and pride,
And soar to endless light.

H Y M N 305.

"If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things
which are above," Col. iii. 1.
On the resurrection of Christ.

1.

IN vain the sealed cave,
In vain the Roman guard,
My Lord will quit his silent grave
Just at the time prepar'd.

2.

An earthquake tells the hour,*
Of Jesu's second birth,
An angel opes the prison-door,
And lo! he springeth forth!

3.

All hail, my risen Lord,
Triumphant Saviour now!

* Matt. xxviii. 2.

Sin, death, and hell, with one accord
Before thy footstool bow.

4.

The fight is bravely fought,
The work is nobly done,
A full salvation thou hast bought,
And endless honour won.

5.

Oh, bid thy little flock
Their risen Lord pursue,
Gaze after him with wishful look,
And warm affections too.

6.

Instruct the saints below
To seek the things above,
And soaring upwards, sweetly grow
In light and heavenly love.

H Y M N 306.

"While Jesus blessed them, he was parted
from them, and carried up into heaven:
and they *worshipped* him," Luke xxiv.
51, 52.

On the ascension of Christ.

1.

AND now the Saviour goes,
The parting hour is come,
A parting blessing he bestows,
Then mounts triumphant home!

2.

With easy flight he soars
Beyond our feeble ken:
Unfold, unfold, ye heavenly doors,*
And let the Saviour in.

3.

Amaz'd the skies reply,
Who is this mighty Lord?
The King of glory, angels cry,
By all but fiends ador'd!

4.

'Tis Jesus from the dead,
Who lives to die no more!
Bow down, ye gates, your lofty head,
And hail him, and adore!

5.

Now girt with glory round,
With praises ever blest,
My King on Sion's hill is crown'd,
Where none can break his rest.

6.

He sits and rules on high,
And sends his heralds forth,
Who run to raise a gospel-cry,
And spread his fame on earth.

Psal. xxiv. 7.



HYMN 307.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost,
and spake with *other* tongues, as the
Spirit gave them utterance," Acts ii. 4.

On the pouring out of the Spirit at Pentecost,

1.

BEHOLD! the promis'd help is come,
And holy fire sent down at last!
The heralds are no longer dumb,
When warmed with the Holy Ghost.

2.

With *other* tongues they freely speak,
And blow the gospel-trumpet loud,
Proclaim the word to Jew and Greek,
And much amaze the list'ning crowd!

3.

So now, when heralds come abroad,
With gospel on their bosom seal'd,
And full commission feel from God,
With *other* tongues their mouth is fill'd.

4.

A son of *thunder* first appears,
To shake the earth, and plough the ground,
To wake the dead with guilty fears,
And make a sinner feel his wound.

5.

But when the lofty cedars bow,
And sink and fall at Jesu's feet,
A Son of *consolation* now,
His lips, like honey-combs, are sweet!

6.

If peace salute the guilty mind,
And faith has found the joyful rock,
An *other* voice the shepherds find,
On Jesus Christ to *build* the flock.

7.

Such tongues the heralds now receive,
Not such as in the *Acts* we read,
Yet such as God alone can give,
And suited well to every need.

H Y M N 308.

"Jesus shall baptize you with the Holy
Ghost," Mark i. 8.

On the baptism of the Spirit. A Pentecost
Hymn.

1.

BAPTISMAL water I have had,
And hold the water needful too;
Yet sure I need the Spirit's aid
To wash my heart, and make it new.

2.

No spark of spiritual life I find,
Without the Spirit's quick'ning breath;
Supine and earthly is my mind,
And slumbers in the arms of death.

3.

Come, breathe thine influence, Holy Ghost,
And light and heavenly love impart;
Bring down a gracious Pentecost,
And kindle fire in every heart.

O O

4.

Without thy breath we are but clay,
 Our harp is on the willows hung,
 Devotion droops and dies away
 On fainting heart, and faltering tongue.

5.

Thy heavenly unction let us feel,
 And give us faith, and faith's increase;
 The blessings of the covenant seal,
 And bring the year of sweet release.*

16. M Y H

Our spirit unto God unite,
 And keep us meekly in his fear;
 Thy holy law within us write,
 And make the treacherous heart sincere.

H Y M N 309.

* Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest, is
 sick," John xi. 3.
 For a believer in sickness.

1.

FROM thee, O sin, our sorrows flow,
 Our short and painful years!
 And life becomes a scene of woe,
 A mournful vale of tears!

2.

No sooner is one sickness past,
 But others quickly come;
 They break the earthly case at last,
 And lodge it in the tomb.

* Deut. xv. 1, 2.

3.

O Jesus, thou the healer art
Of human pain and grief;
Thy balms alone assuage the smart,
And bring us kind relief.

4.

See, Lord, thy servant here is sick!
We trust, beloved well,
Yet pray thou wouldst in mercy speak,
And all thy kindness tell.

5.

In every faint and trying hour,
Thy arm be round *his* bed,
Supporting by thy secret pow'r
His drooping heart and head.

6.

With heavenly peace refresh *his* mind,
And keep the bosom still,
To live or die alike resign'd,
As suits thy holy will.

H Y M N 310.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth,"

Prov. liii. 12.

For a believer in sickness.

1.

O UR heavenly Father must correct
A well-beloved child;
Or fure he would his will reject,
And wanton grow, and wild.

O O 2

2.

He knows how apt we are to start,
And cast his fear aside;
And by his rod's instructive smart,
He brings us near his side.

3.

O Father, make thy love appear,
But every doubt remove,
By whispering in the sick child's ear,
"I smite, because I love."

4.

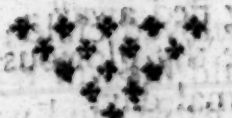
While rods are in the Father's hand,
A father's heart reveal,
And teach the child to understand
Thy loving-kindness well.

5.

Support *his* heart, and hold *his* head;
And sanctify the rod;
Purge out the dross which health has bred,
And draw *his* heart to God.

6.

Bestow a calm and patient mind,
With strength to suffer pain,
And in the furnace let *him* find
Some rich and solid gain.



H Y M N 311.

"The Lord will be thine everlasting light,
and the days of thy mourning shall be
ended," Isa. lx. 20.

For a believer in much weakness of body.

1.

AFFLICTED soul, lift up thine eyes
To Jesu's glorious throne;
Thy mourning days, and pensive sighs,
Will all be quickly gone.

2.

The Shepherd, while on earth, did weep
A thousand tears for thee;
Nor can his lambs, nor can his sheep
From grief exempted be.

3.

Beset we are with sins and fears,
Our peace they much annoy;
But they that sow awhile in tears,
Shall reap with endless joy.

4.

The loving Saviour has prepar'd
A rest for all his saints;
And when he brings the rich reward,
Farewel to all complaints.

5.

There sin and pain are banish'd quite,
And mourning fled away;
The Lord will be thy glorious light,
And make eternal day.

6.

Such heavenly peace he will impart,
 As here we cannot prove;
 And fill up well thy ravish'd heart,
 With endless joy and love.

H Y M N 312.

"Look upon my affliction and my pain,"
 Psalm xxv. 18.

For a believer in strong pain.

1.

O Lord, bow down thy gracious ear,
 And listen to our grief;
 Look on a child afflicted here,
 And send him some relief.

2.

With pain and anguish sore oppress,
 He makes a piteous moan;
 Behold the torture of his breast,
 And mark each labouring groan.

3.

Thou knowest well our feeble frame,
 The house is built of clay;
 And if thou only crush the same,
 It moulders fast away.

4.

Some pity take, O Lord, relieve
 His agonizing pain;
 And bid the aching limbs receive
 Some cheering rest again.

5.

But if thy hand renew his smart,
And grant him no release;
Yet let thy hand uphold his heart,
And yield it heavenly peace.

6.

And if the house, which tottering stands,
Should make the tenant fly;
A better house not made with hands,
Provide him in the sky.

H Y M N 313.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise
him," Psal. xlii. 5.

For a believer in great darkness and distress.

WHY so cast down, dejected soul?

A loving Christ is near;
Thy broken bones he can make whole,
And drooping spirit cheer.

2.

If guilty stings thy conscience feel,
And pierce thee thro' and thro',
Yet past backslidings Christ can heal,
And love thee freely too.

3.

If justice draw it's flaming sword,
And seems intent to kill;
On Jesus call, and trust his word,
And thou shalt praise him still.

4.

Thy soul with tempest may be tost,
 And Satan sorely thrust,
 Yet sure no soul shall e'er be lost,
 Who makes the Lord his trust.

5.

Dear Jesus, shew thy smiling face,
 And Calvary's peace impart,
 Display the pow'r of saving grace,
 And cheer a troubled heart.

6.

Refresh *his* eye with sweeter light,
 And whisper in *his* ear,
 "Thy soul is precious in my sight,
 "No need thou hast to fear."

H Y M N 314.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord,
 they rest from their labours," Rev. xiv. 13.

On the death of a believer.

1.

O Happy soul, who safely past
 Thy weary warfare here,
 Arriv'd at Jesu's seat at last,
 And ended all thy care!

2.

No more shall sickness break thy rest,
 Or pain create thee smart;
 No more shall doubts disturb thy breast,
 Or sin afflict thine heart.

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3.

No more the world on thee shall frown,
No longer Satan roar,
Thy *man of sin* is broken down,
And shall torment no more.

4.

" Adieu, vain world, the spirit cries,
" All tears are wip'd away;
" My Jesus fills my cup with joys,
" And fills it every day.

5.

" A taste of love we get below,
" To cheer a pilgrim's face;
" But every saint must die to know
" The feast of heavenly grace.

6.

" Delightful concord always reigns
" In Jesu's courts above!
" There hymns are sung in rapt'rous strains,
" With ceaseless joy and love!"

H Y M N 315.

" O death, where is thy sting?" 1 Cor.

xv. 55.

On the triumphant death of a believer,

1.

AT length he bow'd his dying head,
And guardian angels come;
The spirit dropt it's clay and fled,
Fled off triumphant home.

2.

An awful, yet a glorious sight, no more
To see believers die! no longer
They smile, and bid the world good night,
And take their flight on high! And

3.

No guilty pangs becloud the face, with A
No horrors make them weep, with A
Held up and cheer'd by Jesu's grace, with M
They sweetly fall asleep. And fill it

4.

On death they cast a wishful eye, A
When Jesus bids 'em sing, "In triumph"
"O grave, where is thy victory, now ever"
"O death, where is thy sting?" The

5.

Releas'd from sin and sorrow here, A
Their conflict now is o'er, "O Jesus"
And feasted well with heavenly cheer, "O T"
They live to die no more. "With cease"

6.

So may I learn by grace to live, H
And die in Jesus too; "O death"
Then will my soul that rest receive, T
Which all his people do, T
On the triumphant death of a believer.



A

SION'S SONGS. 1443

HYMN 316.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt
return," Gen. iii. 19.

A funeral hymn.

PRAY, cast a look upon that bier,
A corpse must preach to day,
It tells the old, and young, and fair,
Their house is built of clay.

2.

The strong may think their house a rock;
Yet soon as Jesus calls,
Some sickness brings a fatal shock,
And down the building falls.

3.

The limbs, now lifeless, only crave
A coffin for their bed,
With leave to find a silent grave,
And lodge among the dead.

4.

The funeral knell, you heard to day,
By tolling tells your doom:
The hours are passing fast away,
To lodge you in the tomb.

5.

But are you wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And thus prepar'd to die?
His blood alone gives peace with God,
And ripens for the sky.

H Y M N 316.

The Saviour yet invites you all
To knock at mercy's gate;
Arise, arise, for mercy call,
Before it be too late.

H Y M N 317.

"While the child was yet alive, I fasted and
wept; but now it is dead, why should I
fast or weep?" 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.
On the death of a child.

1.
AN early summons Jesus sends
To call a child above,
And whispers o'er the weeping friends,
'Tis all the fruit of love.

2.
To save the darling child from woe,
And guard it from all harms,
From all the griefs you feel below,
I call'd it to my arms.

3.
Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast or weep;
The child, tho' dead, is yet alive,
And only fall'n asleep.

4.
'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,
And feels no sorrow there;
'Tis by an heavenly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.

5.

To you the child was only lent;
While mortal, it was thine;
But now in robes immortal pent,
It lives for ever mine.

6.

Arise and run the heavenly road,
Nor in dumb mourning sit;
Look up toward the child's abode,
And haste to follow it.

H Y M N 318.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour,
that appeareth for a while, and then va-
nisheth," James iv. 14.

A Funeral Hymn.

1.

AS vapours, issuing from the earth,
Dance in the liquid air,
But when the sun is peeping forth,
March off and disappear:

2.

So frail is man, so fleet his age,
A floating vapour true!
A while he danceth on the stage,
Then bids the world adieu.

3.

A thoughtless creature sure he seems,
And roams about to-day,

P p

446 SION'S SONGS.

And in the midst of earthly dreams,
Is check'd and snatch'd away.

4.
Or full of mirth, or full of care,
And heedless of his doom,
Till sickness stops his wild career,
And drops him in the tomb.

5.
One drops, and straight another falls,
And raise a passing-bell;
We startle at the solemn calls,
Yet soon forget the knell.

6.
Awake, O Lord, our drowzy sense,
And rouse the soul at last
To seek in Christ a sure defence,
Before the doom is past.

H Y M N 319.

"Prepare to meet thy God," Amos iv. 12.

A Funeral Hymn.

1.
AN awful work it is to die!
A work we all must do;
And every day is creeping nigh,
More nigh to me and you.

2.
Disease will shake our house of clay,
And make it reel and fall;
The spirit will be forc'd away,
When Jesus gives a call.

3.
Before his awful judgment-seat
Each mortal must appear;
And Christ will fix their doom complete,
In joy or sad despair.

4.
And are you deck'd in heavenly dress,
Prepar'd to meet your God;
Array'd in Jesu's righteousness,
And wash'd in Jesu's blood?

5.
Does heavenly love inspire your breast,
And find you sweet employ?
Is God's dear word your savoury feast,
And Christ your song and joy?

6.
Be wise before it be too late,
And seize your gospel-day;
The Lord yet waits at mercy's gate,
Awake, arise, and pray.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

H Y M N 320.

1.
THE table now is spread,
With guests around the board;
Dear Jesus, bless the wine and bread,
And heavenly peace afford.

P p 2

2.

Yea let the Lord appear
 With looks divinely mild,
 And whisper in each humble ear,
 "I love thee well, my child."

H Y M N 321.

1.

DEAR Jesus, end our legal strife,
 And send the Spirit down,
 Breathe on our souls the breath of life,
 And seal us for thine own.

2.

Our little grain of faith increase,
 Our feeble hope improve,
 Refresh us with thy cross's peace,
 And ground us well in love.

H Y M N 322.

1.

MY Saviour would become
 A man of griefs for me,
 My guilt he bury'd in his tomb,
 To set the sinner free.

2.

No longer I would rove
 In sin or folly's ways;
 Henceforth may all my heart be love,
 And all my life be praise.

SION'S SONGS. 349

H Y M N 323.

1.
DEAR Jesus, come and grace thy board,
And peep on every mourning guest;
The table now with food is stor'd,
But thy sweet presence makes the feast.

2.
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
And bring the gospel-banquet here,
Thy presence and thy peace afford,
And feast our souls with heav'nly cheer.

H Y M N 324.

"They shall look on me, whom they have
pierced, and mourn," Zech. xii. 10.

1.
DEAR dying friend, we look on thee,
And own our foul offences here;
We built thy cross on Calvary,
And nail'd and pierc'd thy body there.

2.
Yet let the blood, our hands have spilt,
Be sprinkled on each guilty heart,
To purge the conscience well from guilt,
And everlasting life impart.

3.
So will we sing thy lovely name
For grace so rich and freely giv'n,
And tell thy love, and tell our shame,
That one, we murder'd, bought our heav'n.

HYMN 325.

1.

THE Lamb of God slain
 We love and adore,
 Now risen again
 To reign evermore;
 All riches possessing,
 And wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing,
 And in his own right.

2.

While seraphs bestow*
 Their loftiest praise,
 His people below
 Hosannas should raise;
 And glory to Jesus
 We chearfully sing,
 His honours well please us,
 All joy to our King.

HYMN 326.

SPIRIT of glory come
 And light of life impart;†
 Bring Jesu's blessings home,
 And seal 'em on each heart;
 Well hallow every humble breast,
 And make it thine eternal rest.

* Rev. v. 11.

† John viii. 12.

SION'S SONGS. 245

H Y M N 327.

1.

FATHER, we adore thy grace,
Bless the love so richly shown,
Shown to an apostate race,
Up in arms against thy throne.

2.

Long we did thy Spirit grieve,
Now we humbly sue for peace,
And a blessing would receive,
Sealed with a Father's kifs.

3.

Shew thy heart is reconcil'd,
Call us sons and daughters dear,
Give us tempers of a child,
Godly love, and godly fear.

H Y M N 328.

MOST holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Three-One God, by saints ador'd!
Whose mercy shewn in covenant grace,
Restores a vile apostate race:
We bless the grace, and thankful own
Salvation is from God alone.*

H Y M N 329.

1.

BOUGHT I am, and dearly too,
Jesus paid my ransom due, †

* Psalm iii. 8. † 1 Cor. vi. 20.

452 SION'S SONGS.

Freely paid it with his blood,
Tells me I am bought for God.

2.

Lord, my all I would resign,
Soul and body now be thine,
Take and use me as thy own,
Let thy holy will be done.

H Y M N 330.

1.

DEFIL'D I am indeed,
Defil'd throughout by sin;
Thy purple fountain, Lord, I need,*
To wash a leper clean.

2.

The fountain open stands,
Yet on it's brink I dwell;
Oh, put me in with thy own hands,
And that will make me well.

H Y M N 331.

1.

ATONEMENT Jesus made,
For he our surety stood,
The ransom-price he fully paid,
And paid it with his blood.

2.

His blood for mercy cries,
And bids the sinner come.

* Zech. xiii. 1.

SION'S SONGS.

453

To feast upon the Sacrifice,
And whispers, "There is room."

3.

I bless thee, dying Friend,
For making my curse thine:
Such pity none but God could lend,
Such love is all divine.

H Y M N 332.

1.

OUR Father has prepar'd a feast,
Where prodigals may come and dine;
Each hungry soul may suit his taste,
Who wants to feed on food divine.

2.

Here kind repentance is bestow'd,
And precious faith is freely giv'n,
With bosom pray'r to suit the road,
And grace to train us up for heav'n.

3.

"All things are ready," you are told,*
A gracious God waits on you still,
And grace is not for merit sold,
But free for whosoever will.†

H Y M N 333.

1.

O Love divine, sweet Lamb of God,
Our sins are swallow'd up in thee;

* Matt. xxii. 4.

† Rev. xxii. 17.

The cleansing virtue of thy blood
 From bondage sets believers free ;
 Thy blood's sweet voice, thro' earth and skies,
 For mercy, boundless mercy cries.

2.

O let me plunge into this sea,
 Which drowneth guilt, and bringeth rest ;
 And if a billow threat'neth me,
 I'll dive into the Saviour's breast ;
 And viewing mercy all wrote there,
 Will sing away my grief and care.

H Y M N 334.

1.

A Monthly feast we keep,
 Where hungry souls may come ;
 Kind Shepherd, gather in more sheep,
 For in thy fold is room.

2.

Thy table would provide
 For many a twenty more ;
 No bread we lack, nor wine beside,
 Send guests, a precious store.

H Y M N 335.

1.

THRO' Jesu's death we live,
 Upon his cross we rest ;
 And faithful souls receive
 What makes a sinner blest ;

SION'S SONGS. 455

The Father's love, the Spirit's grace,
And Jesu's legacy of peace.

2.

Eternal love and praise
To Jesus Christ are due;
And ransom'd souls may raise
The new song, ever new;
A song, which from redemption came,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

H Y M N 336.

1.

THE flocks of Jesu's choice
The Shepherd's love should praise;
He chears them by his voice,
And guards them in their ways;
He hears and heals their sad complaints,
Hosanna to the King of saints!

2.

His precious name we bless,
His person we adore;
And what can saints do less
Than love him evermore?
Our souls and bodies are his due,
Our highest love and service too.

H Y M N 337.

1.

NOT worthy, Lord, we must confess,
That we of children's bread should taste,

* Rev. xiv. 3. xv. 3.

456 SION'S SONGS.

Yet trusting in thy righteousness,
We venture to the gospel feast;
The bread we ask which comes from heav'n,
And let some blessed crumbs be giv'n.

2.

Lord, set thy cross before our eyes,
With all it's wond'rous toil and smart,
And feast us on the Sacrifice,
And shew our names upon thy heart;
Till faith cry out, I Jesus view,
I trust him now, and feel him too.

H Y M N 338.

1.

POOR sorrowful soul,
To Jesus repair,
He makes sinners whole,
That broken heart are;
Whatever their plight is,
No matter for that,
He healeth all gratis
That come to his gate.

2.

No case is too hard,
So great is his skill;
No one is debarr'd,
So kind is his will;
Come sooner or later,
You find him at home;
The sooner the better,
Yet knock till he come.

2

AFTER

SION'S SONGS. 2457

AFTER SACRAMENT.

H Y M N 339.

TO Father and Son
And Spirit of grace
Full honour be done
By Adam's lost race;
And may a free blessing
Come down from above,
While we are rehearsing
Their covenant-love.

H Y M N 340.

ERE we leave thy table, Lord,
Drop us down a pledge of peace;
Give us all a parting word,
Sealed with a parting kiss.

H Y M N 341.

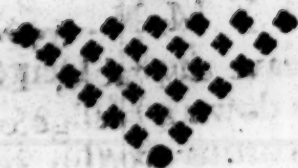
HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Ever live by us ador'd;
Ever should a sinner cry,
Glory be to God most High.

H Y M N 342.

THE Lord of the feast
We solemnly bless,
And pray that each guest
May grow in his grace:

443 **SION'S SONGS.**

Thanks for his preparing
This banquet of love;
Oh, may we all share in
The banquet above.



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